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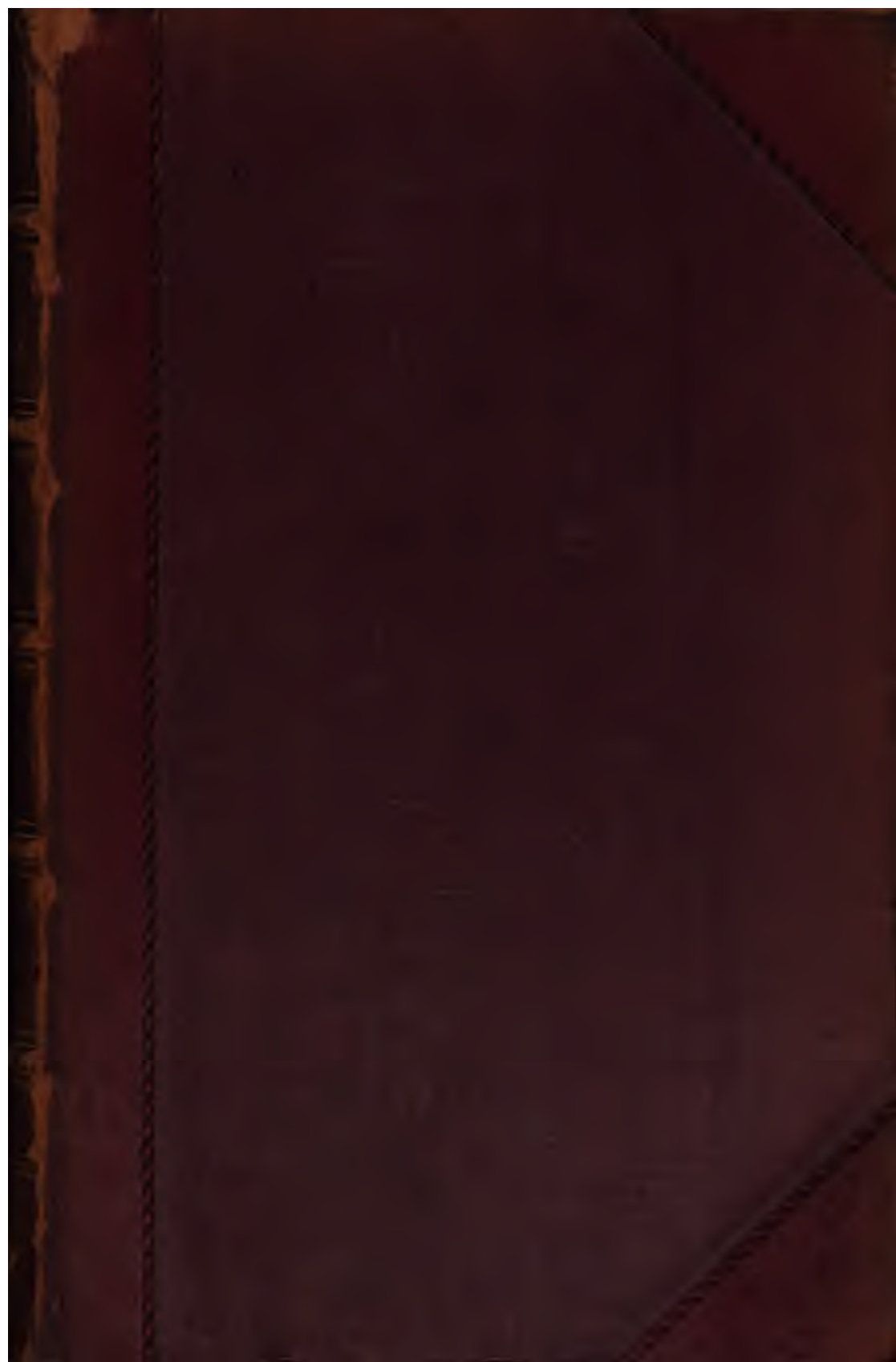
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# STORIES OF THE WARS.

1574-1658.













THE ATTACK ON ANTWERP, 1576, CALLED "THE SPANISH FURY."

# STORIES OF THE WARS.

1574-1658.

FROM THE

RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

TO THE

DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY

JOHN TILLOTSON,

AUTHOR OF "GREAT INVENTORS," "FIFTY FAMOUS MEN," "WONDERS OF THE WORLD," "OUR  
UNTITLED NOBILITY," ETC.



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## PREFACE.

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**N**O word of ours is necessary to commend the study of History to the up-springing generation. History is the mirror of the past, and the present and the past are so closely connected that we cannot understand the one without we know something of the other.

Among the happiest associations of the writer's childhood is that of learning—from a loving voice now hushed for ever on this side of the grave—stories from history, and connecting them with pictures which he has by him now. When he was very, very young it was his high ambition to write a history of England, and he *did* it in a small Roman character, as near like print as he could make it; and he issued it in penny numbers—with illustrations of his own—and attained the enormous and unprecedented circulation of *one* copy—that is, the manuscript copy; for he was his own printer and his own publisher, and the one subscriber who took it in was his own father!

That playing at being an author and a printer and a publisher all combined was very pleasant to him more than twenty years ago. When he grew old enough to read and, in a measure, understand grave historians, he saw something of the learning and the labour their work required—to say nothing of the genius they displayed—and *now* to write a history is what he would not venture on upon

any account. But he has thought, with the help of all the best books he could get upon the subject—freely acknowledging his *sources* of information—he might string together some interesting and important events in the ever memorable period which includes the last half of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth *centuries*.

He has tried to find the best authorities and to put the facts *impartially* before the reader. A profession of impartiality is *generally* affectation—*seldom* true—but the writer feels that if his *leaning* through all the “Stories” has been with the weak and the oppressed—strong only in the strength of their cause—the *generous* instincts of the reader will be with him, and forgive a *hasty* expression.

If the “Stories” amuse a leisure hour—if they awaken some lively sense of gratitude to the brave men who fought and died for freedom—if they lead to a closer and far more complete acquaintance with the period in which these heroes lived, and thus serve as a humble key to open a whole library of good, and learned books—if they do any one of these things, the labour of the writer will not be lost, and he will have the happiness of knowing that he has not altogether missed his aim.

JOHN TILLOTSON.

LONDON, *November 1st, 1864.*

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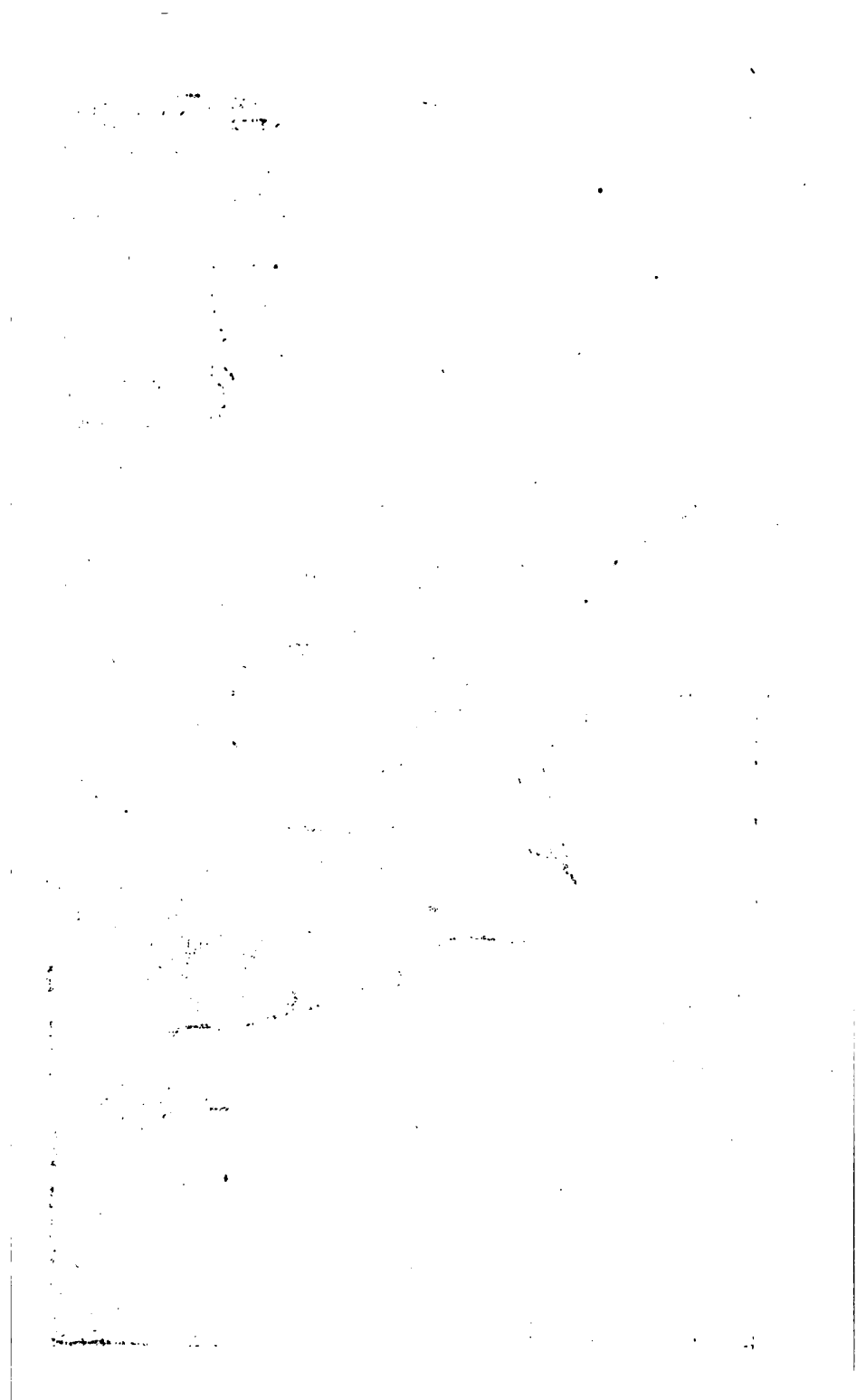
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William the Silent; to relate the story of that great Armada on which King Philip so confidently relied; and afterwards to sketch some of the busiest scenes in the days when King Charles and the Parliament did battle here in England on many a well-fought field. All the stories are of strong interest and each will be complete in itself, our object being not to write the history of Holland or of England, but to furnish some striking and illustrative narratives of the Wars of both countries.

In the first place, we solicit our readers to accompany us to Holland, and to gaze for awhile upon this Northern Venice.

“To men of other minds my fancy flies,  
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies;  
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,  
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
 Lift the tall vampire's artificial pride.  
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,  
 The firm, compacted bulwark seems to grow;  
 Spreads its long arms around the watery roar,  
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:  
 While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,  
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;  
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,  
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,  
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,  
 A new creation rescued from his reign.

The territory now called Holland shared the fate of most other nations in the days of Roman supremacy. When all kindreds and tongues were rendering the humiliating confession, “We have no king but Cæsar,” it is no discredit to the ancient Dutchmen to have joined in the chorus. It should, however, in justice be observed that they were not conquered, but concluded an alliance with the Romans, and only fell into subjection by degrees. When the yoke of the Romans was thrown off, the Saxons, as they did in the case of England under similar circumstances, overran the country and made themselves its masters. Then came Charles the Hammer, smiting like some mighty Thor, and dashing into fragments all who opposed him; and after him came Charles the Great, the man of iron—of iron will, iron heart, and iron hand—uniting the Netherlands to his dominions.

In the middle ages, that is from the tenth to the fourteenth century, Holland was divided into petty sovereignties under the Duke of Brabant, the Counts of Holland and Flanders, and others of less importance.

Towards the close of the fourteenth century the whole of the territory passed to the House of Burgundy, thence to Austria, and in 1548 was brought under the rule of Spain in the person of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

Throughout the whole history of the Netherlands the people were marked by one prevailing characteristic, the love of liberty, the instinct of self-government. They raised dykes to keep out the sea; and in a similar spirit they endeavoured to erect barriers that should effectually preserve them from the inroads of despotic power; while, on the other hand, the constant effort of the oppressor was to undermine these bulwarks.

The struggle between the Hollanders and the Spaniards became in-



Luther.

tensified when the voices of the Protestant Reformers were heard asserting religious liberty—spiritual freedom against Ecclesiastical Authority. “Let us have freedom in matters of faith,” was the firm demand of the Dutchmen:—“Be so obliging, priests and prelates, to recognise the fact that our souls are our own—we will render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, but unto God the things that are God’s.” Ecclesiastical Authority, unaccustomed to this bold language, proceeded to argue the matter with the spiritual revolters; reasoning by flaying alive, burning, hanging, drowning, and similar infallible arguments. It thundered its anathema, cursing the Protestants, “in praying, in speaking, in silence, in eating, drinking, and sleeping;” it blew out waxen tapers with the view of showing how the

heretics would be finally extinguished ; *but* the people still protested and would not be driven into the Church like sheep into a cattle market.

Matters became more dangerous to Ecclesiastical Authority as time went on. Big, burly Luther began to deal heavy blows against Church abuses. He was not a man to be turned from a purpose once boldly undertaken. He would march into yonder city though fiends were more plentiful than tiles on the house-roofs. Patient, bold, scholastic Erasmus, was in the purest style of phraseology showing the way to a reasonable reformation. Fanaticism had broken into ridiculous excesses, a contagious madness had spread among the common people, so that on all sides Ecclesiastical Authority found itself suspected, impugned, and even despised, with nothing to fall back upon but the sworn tormentors.



Erasmus.

Gutenberg, by the invention of printing, had helped on the work. By the aid of printed books education had made rapid progress. Ancient learning had been revived ; free thoughts circulated ; the mental machinery was set in motion by the sure but silent influence of literature. Learned societies were established ; the schoolmaster was verily *at home* in the Netherlands, the artisans and traders amused their leisure with rhetorical displays, gladiators in an intellectual arena ; the prosperity of the country was unexampled, everything flourished except Ecclesiastical Authority. Against this the people protested—they demanded spiritual liberty, and were answered by the faggot and the sword.

The prosperity of the Netherlands at the period to which we allude is a remarkable fact. It was a country won from the ocean. Its canals were as numerous as roads in England, the greater number serving to drain the land, many of them navigable by large vessels, nearly all by small craft. By this means the land had been rescued from the sea, and was protected from inundation by immense dykes. And within the circuit of this singular country were seventeen flourishing provinces, two hundred and eight walled cities, one hundred and fifty chartered towns, six thousand three hundred villages, with watch towers and steeples, the whole guarded by a belt of sixty fortresses. The people were intelligent and industrious, peaceful in their pursuits, phlegmatic in temperament, but cherishing an indomitable love of liberty.



Gutenberg's Monument.

Imagine such a people in such a country crushed by the iron heel of oppression, finding themselves exposed to indignity and outrage, and their beautiful cities turned into shambles. What should these Dutchmen do but beat their sickles into swords and do battle for the right?

In 1558, Charles the Fifth, the emperor, abdicated in favour of his son Philip of Spain, the husband of English Mary. There was a grand ceremonial observed when the old emperor retired, and two men, soon afterwards in open warfare with each other, conspicuously figured on this occasion. The one was Philip of Spain, a small meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and a shrinking timid

air. His forehead was broad, and his eyes blue; his nose aquiline, mouth large, and lower jaw protruding; his complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. The other was Prince William of Orange, afterwards known as William the Silent. He was at the time to which we refer a tall handsome youth of two-and-twenty. His appearance was rather Spanish than German; his complexion was dark, his features were regular, his forehead was lofty and spacious, his hair dark brown, with moustache and peaked beard. He was in all points as goodly a cavalier as ever drew sword, and the physical contrast between himself and Philip was no less remarkable than was the contrast of their minds.



Ancient Smithfield.

When Charles the Fifth retired from the throne Philip succeeded not only to the Kingdom of Spain, but to the government of the Netherlands. Thus the province received a new master. A man of foreign birth and breeding, not speaking their language nor adopting their habits, was placed in absolute authority over them. He was twenty-eight years of age; sluggish in character, deficient in all manly energy, but bitterly cruel and altogether unscrupulous. During the period of his union with Mary of England, he had shewn how deep was the hostility which he felt against the Protestants. In Spain he had been the patron and advocate of the Inquisition, in England he promoted every scheme for suppressing the Protestant faith. Queen Mary, no less bitter in her hatred to the

Protestants than warm in her love to Philip, condemned hundreds to the flames, and Smithfield Market became the scene of many a cruel martyrdom. The Hollanders knew well the man with whom they had to deal; he had shewn both in Spain and in England of what he was capable, and how foreign to his nature were justice, clemency, and mercy.

In Philip of Spain the Church found its warmest supporter. He resolved on the rooting out of heresy, and in the effort to carry out this purpose precipitated the civil war which ended in the defeat of Spain and the establishment of the Dutch Republic. Returning from the Netherlands to his own country, Philip delegated the government of the provinces to the Count of Egmont, Prince William of Orange, the Count of Meghem, and other nobles of less note. The Regency was entrusted to the Duchess of Parma, the natural daughter of Charles the Fifth.

Soon after the withdrawal of Philip from the Netherlands, the persecution of the Protestants began. Into any account of the frightful atrocities committed it is unnecessary to enter. The following anecdote, however, is too characteristic to be omitted.

The secular sheriff, familiarly called Red Rod, from the colour of his wand of office, meeting the inquisitor Titelmann one day upon the high road, thus wonderingly addressed him :

"How can you venture to go about alone, or, at most, with an attendant or two, arresting people on every side, while I dare not attempt to execute my office except at the head of a strong armed force, and then only at peril of my life?"

"Ah! Red Rod," answered Titelmann, jocosely, "you deal with bad people—I have nothing to fear, for I only seize the innocent and virtuous, who make no resistance and let themselves be taken like lambs."

"Mighty well," said the other; "but if you arrest all the good people, and I all the bad, 'tis difficult to say who should escape chastisement."

All remonstrances addressed to Philip were unavailing. The persecution was carried on with fiendish cruelty—it was a war of extermination against the Protestants. In these proceedings all law and justice were overridden, and the Hollanders saw with dismay not only their religious, but their civic freedom openly attacked. There were tumultuous meetings, riotous doings here and there, but nothing that the strong hand of Spanish authority could not readily subdue. It needed that those who would successfully resist Philip should act in concert; to do so they must find a leader, and a leader, happily for them, they found in William the Silent.

His surname was well chosen. Long years before he entered on the great work of his life, the foundation of the Dutch Republic, the schemes of France and of Spain for the destruction of all the Protestants in France (which ripened into the Bartholomew Massacre) and the Netherlands had been made known to William. Henry II., King of France, hunting in the Forest of Vincennes in company with the prince, divulged to him how skilfully a general massacre had been plotted, and what a master stroke of policy it was. William heard and was *silent*—he kept the secret—but his purpose was fixed from that hour.

William the Silent was a Catholic. He had been the favourite of the Emperor Charles the Fifth; upon his shoulder the emperor had leaned when he took farewell of the Netherlanders; by education, position, prospects—everything that governs the conduct of ordinary men, William was unlikely to bear a part in a revolt against Spain. But he was a man whose clear intellect penetrated the sophism of the tyrant and whose warm heart was honestly indignant at the cruelties daily committed on the innocent and the defenceless. He was a patient man, and indisposed to take part in the quarrel, could he help it. He delayed throwing his sword into the balance until nothing else remained for him to do. But the time came at last. The encroachments of the Spaniards, the presence of an immense force of foreign troops, the baseness and cruelty of the persecutors, everything tended to rouse the indignation of the Hollanders. They rose in revolt. The King of Spain had despatched Duke Alva, the most successful and experienced general of his age, at the head of a large army, for the purpose of suppressing the insurrection. It was then that Prince William became the hope of the Netherlands—the dread of Spain.

One of the most remarkable scenes in the great drama which followed, was the Siege of Leyden.

This story we have now to tell. It furnishes a remarkable instance of a novel expedient of ridding a nation of a troublesome foe. William the Silent has his head-quarters at Delft and at Rotterdam; the Spaniards are in great force, and confident of success. The scene is Leyden; the time, the early Summer of 1574: and the historian to whom we are chiefly indebted for the record is John Lothrop Motley.

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Leyden.

## THE STORY OF THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

[A.D. 1574.]

**P**LACED in the midst of broad and fruitful pastures, which had been reclaimed by the hand of industry from the bottom of the sea, stood the fair city of Leyden. It was fringed with smiling villages, blooming gardens, fruitful orchards. The ancient and at last decrepit Rhine, flowing languidly towards its sandy death-bed, had been multiplied into innumerable artificial currents by which the city was completely interlaced. These watery streets were shaded by lime-trees, poplars, and willows, and crossed by one hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly of hammered stone. The houses were elegant, the squares and streets spacious, airy, and clean; the churches and public edifices imposing; while the whole aspect of the place suggested thrift, industry, and comfort. Upon an artificial elevation, in the centre of the city, rose a ruined tower of unknown antiquity. By some it was considered to be of Roman origin, while others preferred to regard it as a work of the Anglo-Saxon Hengist, raised to commemorate his conquest of England. Surrounded by fruit-trees, and overgrown in the centre with oaks, it afforded, from its mouldering battlements, a charming prospect over a wide expanse of level country, with the spires of neighbouring cities rising in every direction.



It was from this commanding height, during the long and terrible summer days which were approaching, that many an eye was to be strained anxiously seaward, watching if yet the ocean had begun to roll over the land. For Leyden was unprepared to sustain a siege when it was beleaguered by the Spanish forces.

Valdez, the Spanish general to whom the siege of this city was entrusted, lost no time in securing himself in the possession of Maislandsluis, Vlaardingen, and the Hague. In the course of a few days Leyden was thoroughly invested, no less than sixty-two redoubts, some of them having remained undestroyed from a previous siege, now girdling the city, while the besiegers already numbered nearly eight thousand, a force to be daily increased. On the other hand, there were no troops in the town, save a small corps of "freebooters," and five companies of the burgher guard. John Van der Does, Seigneur of Nordwyck, a gentleman of distinguished family, but still more distinguished by his learning, his poetical genius, and his valour, had accepted the office of military commandant.

The main reliance of the city, under God, was on the stout hearts of its inhabitants within the walls, and on the sleepless energy of William the Silent without. The prince, hastening to comfort and encourage the citizens, although he had been justly irritated by their negligence in having omitted to provide more sufficiently against the emergency while there had yet been time, now reminded them that they were not about to contend for themselves alone, but that the fate of their country and of unborn generations would, in all human probability, depend on the issue about to be tried. Eternal glory would be their portion if they manifested a courage worthy of their race and of the sacred cause of religion and liberty. He implored them to hold out at least three months, assuring them that he would, within that time, devise the means of their deliverance. The citizens responded, courageously and confidently, to these missives, and assured the prince of their firm confidence in their own fortitude and his exertions. The citizens, by some singular carelessness, had neglected to supply themselves with ample stores of provisions when they might have done so without interference from the enemy. This procrastination on the part of the authorities intensified the horrors that were to follow—but the people and the rulers were true to each other in this their heavy time of calamity, and loyal to the brave and devoted man who had become their Prince and pride.

It was now thought expedient by the Spaniards to publish an amnesty. The trap was most liberally baited. The pardon, which had passed the seals upon the 8th of March, was formally issued by Requesens, the Grand Commander, on the 6th of June. By the terms of this document the king invited all his erring and repentant subjects to return to his arms, and to accept a full forgiveness for their past offences, upon the sole condition that they should once more throw themselves upon the bosom of the Mother Church. There were but few exceptions to the amnesty, a small number of individuals, all mentioned by name, being alone excluded; but although these terms were ample, the act was liable to a few stern objections. It was easier now for the Hollanders to go to their graves than to mass, for the contest, in its progress, had now entirely assumed the aspect of a religious war. Instead of a limited number of heretics in a state which, although constitutional, was Catholic, there was now hardly a Romanist to be found among the natives.

To accept the pardon, then, was to concede the victory, and the Hollanders had not yet discovered that they were conquered. They were resolved, too, not only to be conquered, but annihilated, before the Roman Church should be re-established on their soil, to the entire exclusion of the Reformed worship. They responded with steadfast enthusiasm to the sentiment expressed by the Prince of Orange: "As long as there is a living man left in the country, we will contend for our liberty and our religion." The single condition of the amnesty assumed, in a phrase, what Spain had fruitlessly striven to establish by a hundred battles, and the Hollanders had not faced their enemy on land and sea for seven years to succumb to a phrase at last.

For a moment the prince had feared lest the pardon might produce some effect upon men wearied by interminable suffering, but the event showed that the fear was unfounded. The offer of pardon was received with universal and absolute contempt. No man came forward to take advantage of its conditions, save one brewer in Utrecht, and the son of a refugee pedlar from Leyden. With these exceptions, the only ones recorded, Holland remained deaf to the royal voice. Certain Netherlands, belonging to the king's party, and familiarly called "Glippers," despatched from the camp many letters to their rebellious acquaintances in Leyden. In these epistles the citizens were urgently and even pathetically exhorted to submission by their loyal brethren, and were implored "to take pity upon their poor old fathers, their daughters,

and their wives." But the burghers of Leyden thought that the best pity was to keep them from the clutches of the Spanish soldiery ; so they made no answer to the Glippers save by this single line, which they wrote on a sheet of paper, and forwarded, like a letter :

*"Fistula dulce canit, volucrem cum decipit auceps."*

According to the advice early given by the Prince of Orange, the citizens had taken an account of their provisions of all kinds, including the live stock. By the end of June, the city was placed on a strict allowance of food, all the provisions being purchased by the authorities at an equitable price. Half a pound of meat and half a pound of bread were allotted



Rotterdam.

to a full-grown man, and to the rest a due proportion. The city being strictly invested, no communication, save by carrier pigeons, and by a few swift and skilful messengers, called jumpers, was possible. Sorties and fierce combats were, however, of daily occurrence, and a handsome bounty was offered to any man who brought into the city gates the head of a Spaniard. The reward was paid many times, but the population was becoming so excited and so apt, that the authorities found it dangerous to permit the continuance of these conflicts. Lest the city, little by little, should lose its few disciplined defenders, it was now proclaimed, by sound of church bell, that in future no man should leave the gates.

Prince William had his head-quarters at Delft and at Rotterdam. Between these two cities an important fortress, called Polderwaert, secured him in the control of the alluvial quadrangle, watered on two sides by the Yssel and the Meuse. On the 29th of June the Spaniards, feeling its value, had made an unsuccessful effort to carry this fort by storm. They had been beaten off, with the loss of several hundred men, the prince remaining in possession of the position, from which alone he could hope to relieve Leyden. He still held in his hand the keys with which he could unlock the ocean gates and let the waters in upon the land, and he had long been convinced that nothing could save the city but to break the dykes. Leyden was not upon the sea, but he could send the sea to Leyden, although an army fit to encounter the besieging force under Valdez, the Spanish general, could not be levied.

A battle fought at Mookerheyde had, for the present, quite settled the question of land relief, but it was possible to besiege the besiegers with the waves of the ocean. The Spaniards occupied the coast from the Hague to Vlaardingen, but the dykes along the Meuse and the Yssel were in possession of the prince. He determined that these should be pierced, while, at the same time, the great sluices at Rotterdam, Schiedam, and Delftshaven should be opened. The damage to the fields, villages, and growing crops would be enormous, but he felt that no other course could rescue Leyden, and with it the whole of Holland, from destruction. His clear expositions and impassioned eloquence at last overcame all resistance. By the middle of July the estates fully consented to his plan, and its execution was immediately undertaken. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," cried the patriots with enthusiasm, as they devoted their fertile fields to desolation. The enterprise for restoring their territory for a season to the waves, from which it had been so patiently rescued, was conducted with as much regularity as if it had been a profitable undertaking. A capital was formally subscribed, for which a certain number of bonds were issued, payable at a long date. In addition to this preliminary fund, a monthly allowance of forty-five guildens was voted by the estates, until the work was completed, and a large sum was contributed by the ladies of the land, who freely furnished their plate, jewellery, and costly furniture to the furtherance of the scheme.

Meantime, Valdez, on the 30th of July, issued most urgent and ample offers of pardon to the citizens, if they would consent to open their gates

and accept the king's authority ; but his overtures were received with silent contempt, notwithstanding that the population were already approaching the starvation point. Although not yet fully informed of the active measures taken by the prince, yet they still chose to rely upon his energy and their own fortitude, rather than upon the honeyed words which had formerly been heard at the gates of Harlem and Naarden. On the 3rd of August, the prince, accompanied by Paul Buys, chief of the commission appointed to execute the enterprise, went in person along the Yssel as far as Kappelle, and superintended the rupture of the dykes in sixteen places. The gates at Schiedam and Rotterdam were opened, and the ocean began to pour over the land. While waiting for the waters to rise, provisions were rapidly collected, according to an edict of the prince, in all the principal towns of the neighbourhood, and some two hundred vessels, of various sizes, had also been got ready at Rotterdam, Delftshaven, and other ports.

The citizens were, however, already becoming impatient, for their bread was gone, and of its substitute, malt-cake, they had but slender provision. On the 12th of August they received a letter from the prince, encouraging them to resistance, and assuring them of a speedy relief, and on the 21st they addressed a despatch to him in reply, stating that they had now fulfilled their original promise, for they had held out two months with food, and another month without food. If not soon assisted human strength could do no more ; their malt-cake would last but four days, and after that was gone there was nothing left but starvation. Upon the same day, however, they received a letter, dictated by the prince, who now lay in bed at Rotterdam with a violent fever, assuring them that the dykes were all pierced, and that the water was rising upon the "Land-schieding," the great outward barrier which separated the city from the sea. He said nothing, however, of his own illness, which would have cast a deep shadow over the joy which now broke forth among the burghers.

The letter was read publicly in the market-place ; and to increase the cheerfulness, Burgomaster Van der Werf, knowing the sensibility of his countrymen to music, ordered the city musicians to perambulate the streets, playing lively melodies and martial airs. Salvos of cannon were likewise fired, and the starving city for a brief space put on the aspect of a holiday, much to the astonishment of the besieging force, who were not yet aware of the prince's efforts. They perceived very soon, however,

as the water everywhere about Leyden had risen to the depth of ten inches, that they stood in a perilous position. It was no trifling danger to be thus attacked by the waves of the ocean, which seemed about to obey with docility the command of William the Silent. Valdez became anxious and uncomfortable at the strange aspect of affairs; for the besieging army was now in its turn beleaguered, and by a stronger power than man's. He consulted with the most experienced of his officers, with the country people, with the most distinguished of the Glippers, and derived encouragement from their views concerning the prince's plan. They pronounced it utterly futile and hopeless. The Glippers knew the country well, and ridiculed the desperate project in unmeasured terms.

Even in the city itself a dull distrust had succeeded to the first vivid gleam of hope, while the few royalists among the population boldly taunted their fellow-citizens to their faces with the absurd vision of relief which they had so fondly welcomed. "Go up to the tower, ye Beggars," was the frequent and taunting cry, "go up to the tower, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief"—and day after day they did go up to the ancient tower of Hengist, with heavy heart and anxious eye, watching, hoping, praying, fearing, and at last almost despairing of relief by God or man. On the 27th August, they addressed a desponding letter to the estates, complaining that the city had been forgotten in its utmost need, and on the same day a prompt and warm-hearted reply was received, in which the citizens were assured that every human effort was to be made for their relief. "Rather," said the estates, "will we see our whole land and all our possessions perish in the waves, than forsake thee, Leyden. We know full well, moreover, that with Leyden all Holland must perish also." They excused themselves for not having more frequently written, upon the ground that the whole management of the measures for their relief had been entrusted to the prince, by whom alone all the details had been administered, and all the correspondence conducted.

The fever of Prince William had, meanwhile, reached its height. He lay at Rotterdam, utterly prostrate in body, and with mind agitated nearly to delirium by the perpetual and almost unassisted schemes which he was constructing. Relief, not only for Leyden, but for the whole country, now apparently sinking into the abyss, was the vision which he pursued as he tossed upon his restless couch. Never was illness more

inexpedient. His attendants were in despair, for it was necessary that his mind should for a time be spared the agitation of business. The physicians who attended him agreed, as to his disorder, only in this, that it was the result of mental fatigue and melancholy, and could be cured only by removing all distressing and perplexing subjects from his thoughts: but all the physicians in the world could not have succeeded in turning his attention for an instant from the great cause of his country. Leyden lay, as it were, motionless and despairing at his feet, and it was impossible for him to close his ears to her cry. Therefore, from his sick bed he continued to dictate words of counsel and encouragement to the city; to Admiral Boissac, a brave and experienced officer, commanding the fleet, minute directions and precautions. Towards the end of August a



The Escorial, Madrid.

vague report had found its way into his sick chamber that Leyden had fallen; and although he refused to credit the tale, yet it served to harass his mind and to heighten fever. Cornelius van Mierop, Receiver-General of Holland, had occasion to visit him at Rotterdam, and, strange to relate, found the house almost deserted. Penetrating, unattended, to the prince's bed-chamber, he found him lying quite alone. Inquiring what had become of all his attendants, he was answered by the prince, in a very feeble voice, that he had sent them all away. The receiver-general seems, from this, to have rather hastily arrived at the conclusion that the prince's



WILLIAM THE SILENT, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

*(From a Dutch Original.)*





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disorder was the pest, and that his servants and friends had all deserted him from cowardice. This was very far from being the case. His private secretary and his maitre d'hôtel watched, day and night, by his couch, and the best physicians of the city were in constant attendance. By a singular accident, all had been despatched on different errands, at the express desire of their master; but there had never been a suspicion that his disorder was the pest, or pestilential. Nerves of steel and a frame of adamant could alone have resisted the constant anxiety and the consuming fatigue to which he had so long been exposed. His illness had been aggravated by the rumour of Leyden's fall, a fiction which Cornelius Mierop was now enabled flatly to contradict. The prince began to mend from that hour. By the end of the first week of September, he wrote a long letter to his brother, assuring him of his convalescence, and expressing, as usual, a calm confidence in the divine decrees—"God will ordain for me," said he, "all which is necessary for my good and my salvation. He will load me with no more afflictions than the fragility of this nature can sustain."

The preparations for the relief of Leyden, which, notwithstanding his exertions, had grown slack during his sickness, were now vigorously resumed. On the 1st of September, Admiral Boisot arrived out of Zeland with a small number of vessels, and with eight hundred veteran sailors. A wild and ferocious crew were those eight hundred Zelanders. Scarred, hacked, and even maimed, in the unceasing conflicts which their lives had passed; wearing crescents in their caps, with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish;" renowned far and wide, as much for their ferocity as for their nautical skill; the appearance of these wildest of the "Sea-beggars" was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give nor to take quarter, for they went to *mortal* combat only, and had sworn to spare neither noble nor simple, neither king, kaiser, nor pope, should either fall into their power.

More than two hundred vessels had now been assembled, carrying generally ten pieces of cannon, with from ten to fifteen oars, and manned with twenty-five hundred veterans, experienced both on land and water. The work was now undertaken in earnest. The distance from Leyden to the outer dyke, over whose ruins the ocean had already been admitted, was nearly fifteen miles. This reclaimed territory, however, was not maintained against the sea by these external barriers alone. The flotilla made its way with ease to the Land-scheiding, a strong dyke within five

miles of Leyden, but here its progress was arrested. The approach to the city was surrounded by many strong ramparts, one within the other, by which it was defended against its ancient enemy, the ocean, precisely like the circumvallations by means of which it was now assailed by its more recent enemy, the Spaniard. To enable the fleet, however, to sail over the land, it was necessary to break through this two-fold series of defences. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several dykes, which kept out the water; upon the level territory, thus encircled, were many villages, together with a chain of sixty-two forts, which completely occupied the land. All these villages and fortresses were held by the veteran troops of the king; the besieging force being about four times as strong as that which was coming to the rescue.

The prince had given orders that the Land-scheiding, which was still one-and-a-half foot above water, should be taken possession of at every hazard. On the night of the 10th and 11th of September this was accomplished by surprise, and in a masterly manner. The few Spaniards who had been stationed upon the dyke were all despatched or driven off, and the patriots fortified themselves upon it without the loss of a man. As the day dawned, the Spaniards saw the fatal error which they had committed in leaving this bulwark so weakly defended, and from two villages which stood close to the dyke the troops now rushed in considerable force to recover what they had lost. A hot action succeeded, but the patriots had too securely established themselves. They completely defeated the enemy, who retired, leaving hundreds of dead on the field, and the patriots in complete possession of the Land-scheiding. This first action was sanguinary and desperate. It gave an earnest of what these people, who came to relieve their brethren, by sacrificing their property and their lives, were determined to effect. It gave a revolting proof, too, of the intense hatred which nerved their arms. A Zelander, having struck down a Spaniard on the dyke, knelt on his bleeding enemy, tore his heart from his bosom, fastened his teeth in it for an instant, and then threw it to a dog, with the exclamation, "Tis too bitter." The Spanish heart was, however, rescued, and kept for years, with the marks of the soldier's teeth upon it, a sad testimonial of the ferocity engendered by this war for national existence.

The great dyke having been thus occupied, no time was lost in breaking it through in several places, a work which was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy. The fleet sailed through the gaps; but, after

their passage had been effected in good order, the Admiral found, to his surprise, that it was not the only rampart to be carried. The prince had been informed, by those who claimed to know the country, that when once the Land-scheiding had been passed, the water would flood the country as far as Leyden, but the "Green-way," another long dyke, three-quarters of a mile further inward, now rose at least a foot above the water, to oppose their further progress. Fortunately, by a second and still more culpable carelessness, this dyke had been left by the Spaniards in as unprotected a state as the first had been. Promptly and audaciously Admiral Boisot took possession of this barrier also, levelled it in many places, and brought his flotilla in triumph over its ruins. Again, however, he was doomed to disappointment. A large mere, called the Fresh-water Lake, was known to extend itself directly in his path about midway between the Land-scheiding and the city. To this piece of water, into which he expected to have instantly floated, his only passage lay through one deep canal. The sea which had thus far borne him on, now diffusing itself over a very wide surface, and under the influence of an adverse wind, had become too shallow for his ships. The canal alone was deep enough, but it led directly towards a bridge, strongly occupied by the enemy. Hostile troops, moreover, to the amount of three thousand occupied both sides of the canal. The bold Boisot, nevertheless, determined to force his passage, if possible. Selecting a few of his strongest vessels, his heaviest artillery, and his bravest sailors, he led the van himself, in a desperate attempt to make his way to the mere. He opened a hot fire upon the bridge, then converted into a fortress, while his men engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with a succession of skirmishers from the troops along the canal. After losing a few men, and ascertaining the impregnable position of the enemy, he was obliged to withdraw, defeated, and almost despairing.

A week had elapsed since the great dyke had been pierced, and the flotilla now lay motionless in shallow water, having accomplished less than two miles. The wind, too, was easterly, causing the sea rather to sink than to rise. Everything wore a gloomy aspect, when fortunately, on the 18th the wind shifted to the north-west, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose rapidly, and before the second day was closed the armada was afloat again. Some fugitives from Zoetermeer village now arrived, and informed the Admiral that by making a detour to the right, he could completely circumvent the bridge and the mere. They

guided him accordingly to a comparatively low dyke, which led between the villages of Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen. A strong force of Spaniards was stationed in each place, but, seized with a panic, instead of sallying to defend the barrier, they fled inwardly towards Leyden, and halted at the village of North Aa. It was natural that they should be amazed. Nothing is more appalling to the imagination than the rising ocean tide, when man feels himself within its power; and here were the waters, hourly deepening and closing around them, devouring the earth beneath their feet, while on the waves rode a flotilla, manned by a determined race, whose courage and ferocity were known throughout the world. The Spanish soldiers, brave as they were on land, were not sailors, and in the naval contests which had taken place between them and the Hollanders

had been almost invariably defeated. It was not surprising, in these amphibious skirmishes, where discipline was of little avail, and habitual audacity faltered at the vague dangers which encompassed them, that the foreign troops should lose their presence of mind.

Three barriers, one within the other, had now been passed, and the flotilla, advancing with the advancing waves, and driving the enemy steadily before it,



was drawing nearer to the beleaguered city. As one circle after another was passed, the besieging army found itself compressed within a constantly contracting field. The "Ark of Delft," an enormous vessel, with shot-proof bulwarks, and moved by paddle-wheels turned by a crank, now arrived at Zoetermeer, and was soon followed by the whole fleet. After a brief delay, sufficient to allow the few remaining villagers to escape, both Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen, with the fortifications, were set on fire, and abandoned to their fate. The blaze lighted up the desolate and watery waste around, and was seen at Leyden, where it was hailed as the beacon of hope. Without further impediment, the armada proceeded to North Aa, the enemy retreating from this position also, and flying to Zoeterwoude, a strongly-fortified village, but a mile and three quarters from the city walls. It was now swarming with troops, for the bulk of the besieging army had gradually been driven into a narrow circle of forts, within the immediate neighbourhood of Leyden. Besides Zoeter-

woude, the two posts where they were principally established were Lammen and Leyderdorp, each within three hundred rods of the town. At Leyderdorp were the head-quarters of Valdez; Colonel Borgia commanded in the very strong fortress of Lammen.

The fleet was, however, delayed at North Aa by another barrier, called the "Kirk-way." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind, which had again arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the vessels lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Prince William, rising from his sick bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy; his words, like those of the hero of Agincourt, "thaw'd cold fear" and inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity; and those eight hundred mad Zelanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners, who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the Prince. He reconnoitred the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirk-way, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery, on its arrival at North Aa; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavourable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while they were thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, and horseflesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long

as possible for their milk, still remained ; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily round the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement ; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were eagerly devoured. Women and children, all day long were seen searching the gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed for fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful—infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered ; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses—father, mother, children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell<sup>d</sup> like grass beneath its scythe." From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of the foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do, the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime-trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard,

imposing figure, with a dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leafed felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved :—

“What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me the strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive.”

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. “Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters,” they cried, “and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves for ever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our hands we will set fire to the city, and perish, men and women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted, and our liberties to be crushed.”

Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud; but at the same time he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. “As well,” shouted the Spaniards derisively to the citizens, “As well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief.”



On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that in a very few days at furthest the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the prince, that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favourable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2nd of October, came storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising above the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes.

In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water: No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through, according to the prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half submerged farmhouses rising around the contending vessels. The neighbouring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zelanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zelanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through.

Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and

Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly-deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zelanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dyke, and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.



The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitring the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the head-quarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange.

He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been despatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise condition, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, towards the tower of Hengist—"Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen; "yonder, behind that fort, are bread, and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cowgate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labour and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her

enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3rd of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures, who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had been living literally within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation; but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented.

The admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zelanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children—nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of Kings. After prayers the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos

terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note despatched to the Prince of Orange was received by him at two o'clock, as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of a letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot; the letter in which the admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended, after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the prince may be easily imagined, and, so soon as the sermon was concluded, he handed the letter just received to the minister, to be read to the congregation. Thus all participated in his joy, and united with him in thanksgiving.


The next day, notwithstanding the urgent intreaties of his friends, who were anxious lest his life should be endangered by breathing, in his scarcely convalescent state, the air of the city where so many thousands had been dying of the pestilence, the prince repaired to Leyden. He, at least, had never doubted his own or his country's fortitude. They could, therefore, most sincerely congratulate each other, now that the victory had been achieved. "If we are doomed to perish," he had said a little before the commencement of the siege, "in the name of God, be it so! At any rate, we shall have the honour to have done what no nation ever did before us, that of having defended and maintained ourselves, unaided, in so small a country, against the tremendous efforts of such powerful enemies. So long as the poor inhabitants here, though deserted by all the world, hold firm, it will still cost the Spaniards the half of Spain, in money and in men, before they can make an end of us."

The termination of the terrible siege of Leyden was a convincing proof to the Spaniards that they had not yet made an end of the Hollanders. It furnished, also, a sufficient presumption that, until they *had* made an end of them, even unto the last Hollander, there would never be an end of the struggle in which they were engaged. It was a slender consolation to the governor-general, that his troops had been vanquished, not by the enemy, but by the ocean. An enemy whom the ocean obeyed with such docility might well be deemed invincible by man. On the 4th of October, the day following that on which the relief of the city was effected, the wind shifted to the north-east, and again blew a tempest. It was as if the waters, having now done their work, had been rolled back to the ocean by an Omnipotent hand, for in the course of a few days the land was bare again, and the work of reconstructing the dykes commenced.

After a brief interval of repose, Leyden had regained its former position. The prince, with advice of the estates, had granted the city, as a reward for its sufferings, a ten days' annual fair, without tolls or taxes; and as a further manifestation of the gratitude entertained by the people of Holland and Zeland for the heroism of the citizens, it was resolved that an academy or university should be forthwith established within their walls. The University of Leyden, afterwards so illustrious, was thus founded in the very darkest period of the country's struggle.

The University was opened with a grand pageant, and all Leyden kept holiday in honour of the occasion. Over a pavement strewn with flowers, the procession moved slowly up and down the different streets, and along the quiet canals of the city. As it reached the Nuns' Bridge, a barge of triumph, gorgeously decorated, came floating slowly down the sluggish Rhine. Upon its deck, under a canopy enwreathed with laurels and oranges, and adorned with tapestry, sat Apollo, attended by the Nine Muses, all in classical costume; at the helm stood Neptune with his trident. The Muses executed some beautiful concerted pieces; Apollo twanged his lute. Having reached the landing-place, this deputation from Parnassus stepped on shore, and stood awaiting the arrival of the procession. Each professor, as he advanced, was gravely embraced and kissed by Apollo and all the Nine Muses in turn, who greeted their arrival besides with the recitation of an elegant Latin poem. This classical ceremony terminated, the whole procession marched together to the cloister of Saint Barbara, the place prepared for the new University, where they listened to an eloquent oration by the Rev. Caspar Kolhas, after which they partook of a magnificent banquet. With this memorable feast, in the place where famine had so lately reigned, the ceremonies were concluded.

The University soon attained to the highest estimation, being regarded as one of the best of the continental schools for the study of classics, law, medicine, and divinity. Among its professors are many illustrious names, and Grotius and Descartes were of the number of its students, as were also our own countrymen, Evelyn, Fielding, and Goldsmith. The University boasts of several beautiful portraits of distinguished men, chief amongst them, the portrait of its Founder and Leyden's Liberator—William the Silent, Prince of Orange.





Antwerp Cathedral.

## THE STORY OF THE SPANISH FURY.

[A.D. 1576.]

**A**NTWERP is still one of the finest cities in the Netherlands, but in the middle of the sixteenth century it was the finest city in the world. It was the centre of the world's traffic; its merchants, princes; their houses, palaces; a *resplendent* royal city into which the wealth of the golden Indies had been *freely* poured.

The magnificent Gothic cathedral, the main architectural attraction of the city to this day, even then lifted its beautifully delicate spire above the steeples and towers and gable roofs of the picturesque old town. The river deep and wide bore its fleet of trading vessels, argosies that had ridden out many a storm with golden ballast, that had borne the treasures of all the known world to the merchant princes of Antwerp, each ship a wealthy coffer that Barbary pirates would fain have seized.

The wealth of Antwerp was proverbial. It was the millionaire of cities. All that ever had been related in fable of wondrous lands where the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as hen's eggs were dragged from the river, was realized in Antwerp. Not that its streets were really paved with gold, nor that its walls were encrusted with glittering gems, but in the cellars of the merchants' houses, hidden away in the darkness, were actual heaps of wealth. Diamonds from Golconda, pearls from the Indian seas, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and gold in bars and nuggets and powder—gold that might have made all the poor in the world contented—that might, if rightly used, have made earth a heaven, and, badly employed, transformed it to a hell.

Antwerp merchants were provident enough, doubtless, to keep their tempting wealth in iron safes; to hide it from sight, lest plundering hands should seize upon it even at the price of blood. Doubtless they locked and double locked, bolted and barred their strong rooms, and were careful to keep the keys. But they omitted a very necessary precaution—they left their city undefended. And the times were ticklish. The Spaniards were still in the Netherlands—washed away from Leyden by the good sea's help, but not driven out of Holland: the war between the Netherlands and the Spaniards was in progress. Duke Alva had erected a great and strong citadel, defended by several fortresses commanding the city, and it was garrisoned by men totally unscrupulous, who had learned the art of war in newly-discovered America.

These dangerous neighbours made no show of friendly intercourse with the people. They swaggered, bullied and threatened, and stories of what their companions had done to those who ventured to oppose them, filled the Antwerp citizens with dread. The German troops quartered within the city were not, it was feared, to be relied on. They were disaffected, and as thirsty for gold—a draught from Pactolus—as the Spaniards. There lay the tempting snare—a golden city beset within by traitors, and without by murderers and thieves.



The burghers heard with blanched faces of how the Spaniards had served the good people of Maestricht. They had been driven out of that city; but eager to wipe out this disgrace were in mad haste to retake it. A bridge had to be crossed, and this bridge was defended by a strong battery. To cross under the deadly fire of the guns was an enterprise which even Spanish audacity declined; but they resorted to an expedient never practised before or since. They were stationed at a village where few men were to be found, but many women. Each soldier was ordered to seize a woman and placing her before his own body to advance across the bridge. Thus bucklered by female bosoms the gallant chivalry of Spain marched forward. The Dutchmen saw the case was hopeless; they would die sooner than destroy their countrywomen; so not a shot was fired from the battery, and the Spaniards triumphed. A frightful massacre followed. The plundering, burning, stabbing, drowning were so dreadful, that in the words of a contemporary historian "the burghers who had escaped the fight had reason to think themselves less fortunate than those who had died with arms in their hands."

The citizens of Antwerp heard of what had taken place, and they felt instinctively their own danger. They watched with the flutter and palpitation of a bird imprisoned with a snake, every movement of their destroyers—they looked in vain for help. No help from the citadel, built to overawe not to defend the city—and no help from traitors within their gates.

There was a Colonel Van Ende, a crafty rascal, who would have sold his soul for gold; the palaces and magazines of Antwerp, glittering with splendour and bursting with treasure, made him eager to gratify his lust. His soldiers shared his sentiments. The other officer in command, Count Oberstein, was unfortunately a blunderer at the best of times, and the worst of blunderers when drunk. He loved his liquor almost as well as Van Ende loved gold, and nothing loth he went one night to a meeting with Sancho d'Avila, the Spanish general in command of the citadel, and made a night of it. He drank deeply, so deeply that he might have been an original Van Dunk, except that his draughts thoroughly overcame him, and when he was requested to write his name to a document signed by his brother officer, Van Ende, he signed it with unsteady hand, but therewith signed away the only hope of relief for Antwerp.

When Oberstein sobered he discovered his blunder. He had agreed that the citizens of Antwerp should be disarmed; that their weapons

should be sent to the citadel; that the city should be held by himself under the command of the Spanish general; that no German troops should be admitted, and no orders obeyed received from the Council of State. In fact the whole disposition of the city was without reservation to be given to the Spaniards.

Count Oberstein endeavoured to find some means of escape from the error into which he had been trapped. The only remedy which occurred to him was not to keep his promise. The citizens were therefore permitted to retain their weapons; and the Spanish officer, concerning himself but little on this account, secretly dispatched messengers for reinforcements. He had fully resolved on the sack of Antwerp.

Before the arrival of the Spanish reinforcements a large force of Walloons and Germans, under the command of the Marquis of Havré, appeared under the walls of the city. The troops consisted of twenty-three companies of infantry, and fourteen of cavalry, amounting to five thousand foot and twelve hundred horse. The governor of Antwerp, Champagny, was unwilling to admit them. Oberstein had confessed to him the blunder into which he had been betrayed, and Champagny saw in the admission of these troops an immediate cause of quarrel with the Spaniards. But Havré was so peremptory, and the citizens so solicitous, that the governor at last complied, and at ten o'clock on the morning of November 3rd, the Walloons and Germans marched in and began to make themselves comfortable.

The Walloonish notion of being comfortable, consisted in living at free quarters, drinking as much good liquor and pocketing as much coin as they could get. Without waiting for instructions, they no sooner entered Antwerp, than they took possession of the best houses, called for the best, took the best, and behaved very much as they might have done had they taken the city by storm. This happened while the Governor, the Marquis of Havré and other great people of the city were holding solemn conclave as to what was to be done.

Havré had brought with him some intercepted letters, and from these they ascertained that the Spaniards meant to make short work with Antwerp. It was plainly necessary to put the city into an immediate state of defence, and no time was lost in carrying out this resolution.

As to the Walloons, they were ill-disposed for labour, but well disposed to eat, drink, sleep on feather beds, and rail at the citizens. It was no easy matter to rouse up these fellows, and set them to labour.

The citizens knowing their danger worked bravely—young and old, rich and poor, women as well as men, all swarming together and piling up a rampart on the side of the city exposed to the castle. A ditch and breast work, extending from the gate of the Bequins to the street of the Abbey St. Michael, were soon in rapid progress. While this was going on, a few Spanish and Italian merchants fled from the city and took refuge in the castle, from which, shortly afterwards, a letter was received by Oberstein from D'Avila, calling upon him to fulfil the treaty—dismiss the troops, disarm the people, and the rest of it.

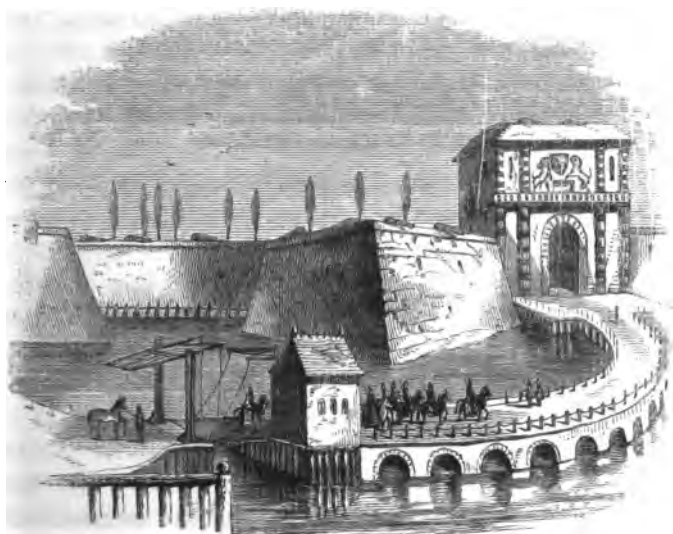
Oberstein answered their demand with the contempt it merited, nay more, he defied the Spaniards to do their worst.

His answer was received with well assumed indignation on the part of the Spaniards, who immediately opened fire on the city. But the work of defence went on bravely. The walls were strengthened with bales of merchandize; barricades hastily formed of casks of earth, upturned waggons and similar bulky things were erected in the streets. In some parts the rampart was sixteen feet high, but the November day closed before the works were half completed.

Full orb'd rose the moon that night, lighting the citizens as they still wrought busily at the defences. A heavy fire was maintained by the Spaniards, and the risk of those who toiled was great. The Walloon troops so far from rendering assistance were afraid to lift their heads above the ramparts; but rich men, poor men, women, even little children worked hard, as if—and in reality—for life! Champagny hurried from post to post, inspiring courage when his own heart was sinking. His personal servants assisted him in planting cannon on a spot where they might be brought to tell upon the citadel, and still the castle maintained its heavy fire, and the flash and roar of the guns broke the awful silence that prevailed. God save us all from such a night as that! Those who escaped, and they were very few, remembered it with horror—mere children then in after years grown old and grey could tell of the strange and terrible sense of coming doom which oppressed all Antwerp on that terrible night. The clear and deep blue sky, the moon and shining stars, the murmur of the river beating against the wooden quays, the very music of the bells from out the old cathedral tower, awakened the memory of that awful eve.

Champagny, as we have seen, hurried from place to place and lightened labour by his presence. He knew how frail were the best defences that

could be raised that night—a mere overturned waggon defending the street of the Bequins!—but still all that could be done was accomplished. The council met at Oberstein's quarters in the early grey of the morning, and then it was ascertained that nearly all Champagny's directions with regard to the troops had been neglected. He had desired that strong detachments should be placed during the night at various places for security on the outskirts of the town. This arrangement would have cut off those Spanish troops which were expected to reinforce the garrison within the citadel. Not even scouts had been stationed in sufficient numbers to obtain information of what was occurring outside the walls.



Citadel of Antwerp.

The morning was heavy, dull, foggy; a white mist rose from the river and hung over the doomed city. This almost impenetrable veil assisted the Spaniards. The clatter of horses, the clang of military accoutrements, the tramp of men could be distinctly heard by the Antwerpens; but nothing could be seen as troop after troop arrived and marched into the citadel.

The whole available force in the city was mustered early in the morning. The lines opposite the citadel, a post of responsibility and honour, were held by the troops of Havré—the whole body of Walloons and a few

German companies. This living wall of six thousand men would it was hoped withstand the attack of the Spaniards should the ramparts fail; but, alas! for the citizens, they little knew the coward hearts that trembled beneath those steel breastplates.

The remainder of the German troops occupied the central streets and squares. The cavalry took up their position in the Horse-market on the opposite side of the city, and every preparation was made to receive the besiegers warmly.

While these preparations were going on the fighting began between a band of citizens and a reconnoitring party from the citadel. In this—a mere skirmish—the Antwerpens got the better of the Spaniards, who were compelled to retreat; but Champagny, who watched the action, saw that the retreat was only the signal for a general onslaught.

Ten o'clock was sounding from the church clocks sharp and clear, when the citizens beheld as strange a sight as that which startled Macbeth, king of Scotland—Birnam Wood was coming to Dunsinane. It seemed as if a forest were approaching—green branches waving in the wind; but soon they saw that this arcadia was an army three thousand strong—fresh reinforcements for the citadel.

Navarette was the commander of these troops—a man familiar with blood, but a stranger to mercy. They had been marching since three in the morning, but when they reached the citadel refused to take rest or refreshment beyond a draught of wine.

“We will dine,” said they, “in Antwerp, or sup in Paradise!”

Eleven o'clock. Every man in the city mustered for the attack. Hardly men enough were left behind to guard the gates. Five thousand foot-soldiers, six hundred cavalry—all men of war from their youth. They had a banner emblazoned on the one side with the Crucified Saviour, and on the other with the Mother of our Lord—the Virgin Mary. The priests performed a mass before they went forth, imploring the God of all Peace, of His Infinite Goodness to bless and prosper the work they had before them—work which should set at nought all His commands, make angels shudder and the fiends rejoice.

“Forward!”

The whole mass is in motion—a forest of spears—steadily forward—but increasing in speed as it comes nearer to the ramparts. The Walloons watch its coming with straining eyes—they give no heed to the last words of their officers—all attention is absorbed on that close mass of iron.

A brief space of time, and then—then it strikes the barrier as the thunder-bolt descends from the cloud. There was scarcely a struggle. The Walloons, not waiting to look their enemy in the face, abandoned the post which they had themselves claimed. The Spaniards crashed through the bulwark as though it had been a wall of glass. The Eletto, he who led the reinforcement, was first to mount the rampart; the next instant he was shot dead, while his followers, undismayed, sprang over his body and poured into the streets. The fatal gaps, due to timidity and carelessness, let in the destructive tide. Champagny, seeing that the enemies had all crossed the barrier, leaped over a garden wall, passed through a house into a narrow lane, and thence to the nearest station of the German troops. Hastily collecting a small force, he led them in person to the rescue. The Germans fought well, died well, but they could not reanimate the courage of the Walloons, and all were now in full retreat, pursued by the ferocious Spaniards. In vain Champagny stormed among them; in vain he strove to rally their broken ranks. With his own hand he seized a banner from a retreating ensign, and called upon the nearest soldiers to make a stand against the foe. It was to bid the clouds pause before the tempest. Torn, broken, aimless, the scattered troops whirled through the streets before the pursuing wrath. Champagny, not yet despairing, galloped hither and thither, calling upon the burghers everywhere to rise in defence of their homes; nor did he call in vain. They came forth from every place of rendezvous, from every alley, from every house. They fought as men fight to defend their hearths and altars; but what could individual devotion avail against the compact, disciplined, resistless mass of their foes? The order of defence was broken; there was no system, no concert, no rallying point, no authority. So soon as it was known that the Spaniards had crossed the rampart, that its six thousand defenders were in full retreat, it was inevitable that a panic should seize the city.

There was terror, dismay, confusion everywhere. The reports of fugitives added to the general consternation. The Antwerpens lost all power of resistance. It was as though a pack of wolves had broken into a sheepfold. As to the Spaniards, all of them veteran soldiers, they, acting on orders previously received, separated into two divisions, one half charging up the long street of St. Michael, the other forcing its way through the street of St. Jain. "Santiago, Santiago! Espana, Espana! à sangre, à carne, à fuego, à sacco!" Saint James, Spain, blood, flesh,

fire, sack!—such were the hideous cries which rang through every quarter of the city as the savage horde advanced. Van Ende, with his German troops, had been stationed by the Marquis of Havré to defend the Saint Joris gate; but no sooner did the Spaniards under Vargas present themselves than he deserted to them instantly with his whole force. United with the Spanish cavalry, these traitorous defenders of Antwerp dashed in pursuit of those who had only been faint-hearted. Thus the burghers saw themselves attacked by many of their friends, deserted by more. Whom were they to trust? Nevertheless, Oberstein's Germans were brave and faithful, resisting to the last, and dying every man in his harness. The tide of battle flowed hither and thither, through every street and narrow lane. It poured along the magnificent Place de Meer, where there was an obstinate contest. In front of the famous Exchange, where in peaceful hours five thousand merchants met daily to arrange the commercial affairs of Christendom, there was a determined rally, a savage slaughter. The citizens and faithful Germans, in this broader space, made a stand against their pursuers. The tessellated marble pavement, the graceful cloister-like arcades, ran red with blood. The ill-armed burghers faced their enemies clad in complete panoply, but they could only die for their homes. The massacre at this point was enormous, the resistance at last overcome.

Meantime, the Spanish cavalry had cleft its way through the city. On the side farthest removed from the castle, along the Horse-market, opposite the New-town, the states' dragoons and the light horse of Beveren had been posted, and the flying masses of pursuers and pursued swept at last through this outer circle. Champagny was already there. He essayed, as his last hope, to rally the cavalry for a final stand, but the effort was fruitless. Already seized by the panic, they had attempted to rush from the city through the gate of Eeker. It was locked; they then turned and fled towards the Red-gate, where they were met face to face by Don Pedro Tassis, who charged upon them with his dragoons. Retreat seemed hopeless. A horseman in complete armour, with lance in rest, was seen to leap from the parapet of the outer wall into the moat below, whence, still on horseback, he escaped with life. Few were so fortunate. The confused mob of fugitives and conquerors, Spaniards, Walloons, Germans, burghers, struggling, shouting, striking, cursing, dying, swayed hither and thither like a stormy sea. Along the spacious Horse-market, the fugitives fled onwards towards the quays. Many fell beneath the swords

of the Spaniards, numbers were trodden to death by the hoofs of horses, still greater multitudes were hunted into the Scheld. Champagny, who had thought it possible, even at the last moment, to make a stand in the New-town, and to fortify the palace of the Hansa, saw himself deserted. With great daring and presence of mind, he effected his escape to the fleet of the Prince of Orange, in the river. The Marquis of Havré, of whom no deeds of valour on that eventful day have been recorded, was equally successful. The unlucky Oberstein, attempting to leap into a boat, missed his footing, and, oppressed by the weight of his armour, was drowned.

While the short November day was fast declining, a terrific combat still raged in the interior of the city. Various currents of conflict, forcing their separate way through many streets, had at last mingled in the Grande Place. Around this irregular, not very spacious square, stood the gorgeous Hôtel de Ville, and the tall, many-storeyed, fantastically-gabled, richly-decorated palaces of the guilds. Here a long struggle took place. It was terminated by the cavalry of Vargas, who, arriving through the gates of Saint Joris, accompanied by the traitor Van Ende, charged decisively into the *mêlée*. The masses were broken, but multitudes of armed men found refuge in the buildings, and every house became a fortress. From every window and balcony a hot fire was poured into the square, as, pent in a corner, the burghers stood at last at bay. It was difficult to carry the houses by storm; but they were soon set on fire. A large number of sutlers and other varlets had accompanied the Spaniards from the citadel, bringing torches, faggots, tar-barrels, and other inflammable materials for the purpose of destroying the city. They set to work with joyous delight at their business of destruction, and soon that splendid hall was in a blaze. The fires became more numerous as the evening came on; the Spaniards bent on warming their chilled fingers by a goodly blaze that cold night. One thousand houses were in flames at the same time, and in many of them women and children were roasted alive. The shouts and yells of the Spaniards, as they beheld terrified faces looking forth from upper windows, and heard imploring words, can only be imagined: they applauded the fire as though it had been a living thing as it leapt from storey to storey, catching on protruding beams and gable ends, and dashing in through casement windows, found its prey. Sometimes a poor frail being, flying from the fire, would wildly leap into the street below, to be received on half a dozen spear heads—man, woman, or child finding no mercy from those baptized fiends.

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Illuminated by the fires the river ran red as blood beside the city, and the deep sky blushed crimson. Above the flames—as yet untouched by fire, and destined to escape—arose the tall spire of the magnificent cathedral, casting its shadow across the last desperate conflict, and sounding its tender and melodious chimes like words of gentle prayer for that convulsed and dying city.

Behind the town-house, in a street called the Sugar Canal, Murder held high carnival. A few of the German soldiers were still fighting, and with energy and despair the City Margrave Goswyn Verreyck was dealing many a hearty blow, sending more than one Spaniard to their reckoning. Old burgomaster Van der Meere lay dead at the Margrave's feet, and he was soon to perish amid a heap of slain. But he fought bravely. It was the last fight. When he received the last stroke, Antwerp was at the feet of the foe. No further resistance was offered. The rest was murder.

Murder! it was shouted by the flames leaping to heaven as if imploring aid; it was murmured by the river as it fled away and told the story as it went to bending trees and grassy meadows, where the cattle woke up from their quiet slumber, and fled in terror of the fire. Murder! it was heard in the tramp of feet, in the brutal jest, in the drunken song, in the black blasphemy of men, not drunk with wine, but blood.

Murder! it was committed in every frightful form, with bitter mocking and pain prolonged, as if to emulate the deeds of those who murdered Him whose image was boldly lifted over the scene. They drove whole multitudes into the river, and crushed the hands that clung to quay or laden barge; they burnt alive women and children, and echoed every cry with cruel mimicry; they hunted the aged, pricking them with lances to make sport, or lashed them till they implored for death; they tortured some poor wretches only as a pastime, others to make them reveal where lay their wealth.

A gentlewoman named Fabry, with her aged mother, had taken refuge in the cellar of her mansion. As the day was drawing to a close a band of plunderers entered, who after ransacking the house descended to the cellarage. Finding the door barred they forced it open with gunpowder. The mother, who was nearest the entrance, fell dead in the threshold. Stepping across her mangled body, the brigands sprang upon her daughter, loudly demanding the property which they believed to be concealed. They likewise insisted on being informed where the master of the house had taken refuge. Protestations

of ignorance as to hidden treasure, or the whereabouts of her husband, who, for aught she knew, was lying dead in the streets, was of no avail. To make her more communicative they hanged her on a beam in the cellar, and after a few moments cut her down, before life was extinct. Still receiving no satisfactory reply, where no satisfactory reply was possible, they hanged her again. Again, after a brief interval, they gave her a second relapse, and a fresh interrogating. This barbarity they repeated several times, till they were satisfied there was nothing to be gained by it, while on the other hand they were losing much valuable time. Hoping to be more successful elsewhere, they left her hanging for the last time, and trooped off to fresher fields. Strange to relate, the person thus horribly tortured survived. A servant in her family, married to a Spanish soldier, providentially entered the house in time to rescue her perishing mistress. She was restored to existence, but never to reason. Her brain was hopelessly crazed, and she passed the remainder of her life wandering about her house or feebly digging in the garden for the buried treasure which she had been thus fiercely solicited to reveal.

Another and even still more terrible incident occurred during the massacre. Two young persons connected with opulent families had been long betrothed. The marriage day had been fixed for the fatal fourth of November. The guests were assembled, the ceremony concluded, the nuptial banquet in progress, when the horrible outcries in the street, told that the Spaniards were upon them. Hour after hour of trembling expectation succeeded. At length a thundering at the gate announced the arrival of a band of brigands. Preceded by their captain, a large number of soldiers forced their way into the house, ransacking every chamber, no opposition being offered by the family and friends, too few and powerless to cope with this band of well-armed ruffians. Plate chests, wardrobes, desks, caskets of jewellery, were freely offered, eagerly accepted, but not found sufficient; and to make the luckless wretches furnish more than they possessed, the usual brutalities were employed.

The soldiers began by striking the bridegroom dead. The bride fell shrieking into her mother's arms, whence she was torn by the murderers, who immediately put the mother to death, and an indiscriminate massacre then followed the fruitless attempts to obtain by threats and torture treasure which did not exist. The bride, who was of remarkable beauty, was carried off to the citadel. Maddened by this last outrage, the father, who was the only man of the party left alive, rushed upon the Spaniards.

Wresting a sword from one of the crew, the old man dealt with it so fiercely, that he stretched more than one enemy dead at his feet; but it is needless to add that he was soon despatched.

Meantime, while the party were concluding the plunder of the mansion, the bride was left in a lonely apartment of the fortress. Without wasting time in fruitless lamentation, she resolved to quit the life which a few hours had made so desolate. She had almost succeeded in hanging herself with a massive chain she wore, when her captor entered the apartment. Inflamed, not with lust, but with avarice, he rescued her from her perilous position. He then took possession of her chain and the other trinkets with which her wedding-dress was adorned, and caused her to be entirely stripped of her clothing. She was then scourged with rods till her beautiful body was bathed in blood, and at last alone, naked, nearly mad, was sent back into the city. Here the forlorn creature wandered up and down through the blazing street, among the heaps of dead and dying, till she was at last put out of her misery by a gang of soldiers.

Wholly given up to sack, golden Antwerp was soon plundered of all its boasted wealth. Much rich merchandize was destroyed in the fire which raged frightfully in the wealthiest quarter of the city. The property consumed was valued at six millions of money. This was totally lost to the brigands, who were made more fiercely bent on plunder, seeing so much snatched from them by the flames. They broke into the dwellings of the richest merchants, and rapidly appropriated everything on which they could lay their blood-stained hands—gold, silver, jewels, velvets, satins, brocades, laces, disappeared; four millions in hard cash alone were obtained by the soldiery; over ninety thousand guildens were found in one house, that of the widow of a wealthy burgher.

In this enormous robbery no class of people were respected. Foreign merchants, living under the express sanction and protection of the Spanish monarch, were plundered with as little reserve as Flemings. Ecclesiastics of the Roman Church were compelled to disgorge their wealth as freely as Calvinists. The rich were made to contribute all their abundance, and the poor what could be wrung from their poverty. Neither paupers nor criminals were safe. Captain Caspar Ortis made a brilliant speculation by taking possession of the Stein, or city prison, whence he ransomed all the inmates who could find means to pay for their liberty. Robbers, murderers, even Anabaptists, were thus again let loose. Rarely has so small a band obtained in three days' robbery so large an amount of

wealth. Four or five millions divided among five thousand soldiers made up for long arrearages, and the Spaniards had reason to congratulate themselves upon having thus taken the duty of payment into their own hands. It is true that the wages of iniquity were somewhat unequally distributed, somewhat foolishly squandered. A private trooper was known to lose ten thousand crowns in one day in a gambling transaction at the Bourse, for the soldiers, being thus handsomely in funds, became desirous of aping the despised and plundered merchants, and resorted daily to the Exchange, like men accustomed to affairs. The dearly purchased gold



Soldier in Golden Armour.

was thus lightly squandered by many, while others, more prudent, melted their portion into sword-hilts, into scabbards, even into whole suits of armour, darkened by precaution, to appear made entirely of iron. The brocades, laces, and jewellery of Antwerp merchants were converted into coats of mail for their destroyers. The goldsmiths, however, thus obtained an opportunity to outwit their plunderers, and mingled in the golden armour which they were forced to furnish, much more alloy than their employers knew. A portion of the captured booty was thus surreptitiously redeemed.

The work of murder was conducted on a scale no less extensive than

that of robbery. The number of victims murdered has been variously estimated. By one writer at two thousand five hundred slain with the sword, and double that number burned and drowned; by another at upwards of seven thousand; the number of dead bodies found in the streets is said to have been two thousand five hundred. A letter to the king of Spain, announcing the carnage, while it was still in progress, gives the number of slain at eight thousand with one thousand horses!

On the morning of the 5th of November, Antwerp presented a ghastly sight. The magnificent marble Town-house, celebrated as a "world's wonder," even in that age and country, in which so much splendour was lavished on municipal palaces, stood a blackened ruin—all but the walls destroyed, while its archives, accounts, and other valuable contents had perished. The more splendid portion of the city had been consumed; at least five hundred palaces, mostly of marble or hammered stone, being a smouldering mass of destruction. The dead bodies of those fallen in the massacre were on every side, in greatest profusion around the Place de Meer, among the gothic pillars of the Exchange, and in the streets near the Town-house. The German soldiers lay in their armour, some with their heads burned from their bodies, some with arms and legs consumed by the flames through which they had fought. The Margrave Goswyn Verreyck, the burgomaster Van der Meere, the magistrates Lancelot Van Urselen, Nicholas Van Boekholt, and other leading citizens, lay among piles of less distinguished slain. They remained unburied until the overseers of the poor, on whom the living had then more important claims than the dead, were compelled by Roda to bury them out of the pauper fund. The murderers were too thrifty to be at funeral charges for their victims. The ceremony was not hastily performed, for the number of corpses had not been completed. Two days longer the havoc lasted in the city. Of all the crimes which men can commit, whether from deliberate calculation or in the frenzy of passion, hardly one was omitted; for riot, gaming, rape, which had been postponed to the more stringent claims of robbery and murder, were now rapidly added to the sum of atrocities.

Thus fell Antwerp, "the first and principal ornament of all Europe; the refuge of all the nations of the world; the source and supply of countless treasure; the nurse of arts and industry; the guardian of science and virtue." And such is the Story of the SPANISH FURY.

When the news of this frightful massacre reached William the Silent, he addressed a remarkable letter to the States General, then assembled at

Ghent, urging them to hasten the conclusion of a treaty, and the necessity of immediate and co-operative action.

"This letter," says the historian of the Dutch Republic, "was a masterpiece, because it was necessary, in his position, to inflame without alarming; to stimulate the feelings which were in unison, without shocking those which, if aroused, might prove discordant. Without, therefore, alluding in terms to the religious question, he dwelt upon the necessity of union, firmness, and wariness. If so much had been done by Holland and Zeland, how much more might be hoped when all the provinces were united! 'The principal flower of the Spanish army has fallen,' he said, 'without having been able to conquer one of those provinces from those



Ghent.

whom they call, in mockery, poor beggars; yet what is that handful of cities compared to all the provinces which might join us in the quarrel?' He warned the states of the necessity of showing a strong and united front; the king having been ever led to consider the movement in the Netherlands a mere conspiracy of individuals. 'The king told me himself, in 1559,' said Orange, 'that if the estates had no pillars to lean upon, they would not talk so loud.' It was, therefore, necessary to show that prelates, abbots, monks, seigniors, gentlemen, burghers, and peasants, the whole people, in short, now cried with one voice, and desired with one will. To such a demonstration the king would not dare oppose himself. By thus preserving a firm and united front, sinking all minor differences, they would, moreover, inspire their friends and foreign princes

with confidence. The princes of Germany, the lords and gentlemen of France, the Queen of England, although sympathising with the misfortunes of the Netherlands, had been unable effectually to help them, so long as their disunion prevented them from helping themselves; so long as even their appeal to arms seemed merely 'a levy of bucklers, an emotion of the populace, which like a wave of the sea, rises and sinks again as soon as risen.'

"While thus exciting to union and firmness, he also took great pains to instil the necessity of wariness. They were dealing with an artful foe. Intercepted letters had already proved that the old dissimulation was still to be employed; that while that redoubtable warrior Don John of Austria was on his way, the Netherlands were to be lulled into confidence by glozing speeches. A secret programme of instructions had been provided by the king for the new Governor's guidance, and Don Sancho d'Avila, for his countenance to the mutineers of Alost, had been applauded to the echo in Spain. Was not this applause a certain indication of the policy to be adopted by Don John, and a thousand times more significant one than the unmeaning phrases of barren benignity with which public documents might be crammed? 'The old tricks are again brought into service,' said the prince; 'therefore 'tis necessary to ascertain your veritable friends, to tear off the painted masks from those who, under pretence of not daring to displease the king, are seeking to swim between two waters. 'Tis necessary to have a touchstone; to sign a declaration in such wise that you may know whom to trust, and whom to suspect.'

"The massacre at Antwerp and the eloquence of the prince produced a most quickening effect upon the Congress at Ghent. Their deliberations had proceeded with decorum and earnestness, in the midst of a cannonading against the citadel, and the fortress fell on the same day which saw the conclusion of the treaty.

"This important instrument, by which the sacrifices and exertions of the prince were for a brief season at least rewarded, contained twenty-five articles. The Prince of Orange, with the estates of Holland and Zealand on the one side, and the provinces signing, or thereafter to sign the treaty, on the other, agreed that there should be a mutual forgiving and forgetting, as regarded the past. They vowed a close and faithful friendship for the future. They plighted a mutual promise to expel the Spaniards from the Netherlands without delay. As soon as this great deed should be done, there was to be a convocation of the States General,

on the basis of that assembly before which the abdication of the Emperor had taken place. By this congress, the affairs of religion in Holland and Zeland should be regulated, as well as the surrender of fortresses and other places belonging to his majesty. There was to be full liberty of communication and traffic between the citizens of the one side and the other. It should not be legal, however, for those of Holland and Zeland to attempt anything outside their own territory against the Roman Catholic religion, nor for cause thereof to injure or irritate any one, by deed or word. All the placards and edicts on the subject of heresy, together with the criminal ordinances made by the Duke of Alva, were suspended until the States General should otherwise ordain. The prince was to remain lieutenant, admiral, and general for his Majesty in Holland, Zeland, and the associated places, till otherwise provided by the States General after the departure of the Spaniards. The cities and places included in the prince's commission, but not yet acknowledging his authority, should receive satisfaction from him, as to the point of religion and other matters, before subscribing to the union. All prisoners, and particularly the Comte de Bossu, should be released without ransom. All estates and other property not already alienated should be restored, all confiscations since 1566 being declared null and void. The Countess Palatine, widow of Brederode, and Count de Buren, son of the Prince of Orange, were expressly named in this provision. Prelates and ecclesiastical persons, having property in Holland and Zeland, should be reinstated, if possible; but in case of alienation, which was likely to be generally the case, there should be reasonable compensation. It was to be decided by the States General whether the provinces should discharge the debts incurred by the Prince of Orange in his two campaigns. Provinces and cities should not have the benefit of this union until they had signed the treaty, but they should be permitted to sign it when they chose.

"This memorable document was subscribed at Ghent on the 8th of November by Sainte Aldegonde, with eight other commissioners appointed by the Prince of Orange and the estates of Holland, on the one side, and by Elbertus Leoninus and other deputies appointed by Brabant, Flanders, Artois, Hainault, Valenciennes, Lille, Douay, Orchies, Namur, Tournay, Utrecht, and Mechlin on the other side.

"The arrangement was a masterpiece of diplomacy on the part of the prince, for it was as effectual a provision for the safety of the reformed religion as could be expected under the circumstances. It was much, con-



sidering the change which had been wrought of late years in the fifteen provinces, that they should consent to any treaty with their two heretic sisters. It was much more that the Pacification should recognize the new religion as the established creed of Holland and Zeland, while at the same time the infamous edicts of Charles were formally abolished. In the fifteen Catholic provinces there was to be no prohibition of private reformed worship, and it might be naturally expected that with time and the arrival of the banished religionists, a firmer stand would be taken in favour of the Reformation.

“Meantime, the new religion was formally established in two provinces, and tolerated, in secret, in the other fifteen; the inquisition was for ever abolished, and the whole strength of the nation enlisted to expel the foreign soldiery from the soil. This was the work of William the Silent, and the prince thus saw the labour of years crowned with, at least, momentary success. His satisfaction was very great when it was announced to him, many days before the exchange of the signatures, that the treaty had been concluded. He was desirous that the Pacification should be referred for approval, not to the municipal magistrates only, but to the people itself. In all great emergencies he was eager for a fresh expression of the popular will. On this occasion, however, the demand for approbation was superfluous. The whole country thought with his thoughts and spoke with his words, and the Pacification, as soon as published, was received with a shout of joy. Proclaimed in the marketplace of every city and village, it was ratified, not by votes, but by hymns of thanksgiving, by triumphal music, by thundering cannon, and by the blaze of beacons, throughout the Netherlands.”





Maestricht.

## THE STORY OF THE SIEGE OF MAESTRICHT.

[A.D. 1579.]

**M**AESTRICHT is a fortified town on the river Maas, and the capital of the province of Limburg. It is said to be one of the strongest towns in Holland, and is a model of neatness and propriety. Where shall we find a more agreeable promenade than the Place d'Armes, a fine open space planted with trees, and generally well filled with loungers? Where, even in Holland, the country of civic palaces, shall we find a nobler city-hall than its beautiful Hôtel de Ville? And where shall we find a more industrious population—busy in woollen and in cotton factories, in soap-boiling houses, in breweries, tanneries, dye houses, pin manufactories, and other places of peaceful labour, not forgetting labour of a more warlike nature, namely, the making of fire-arms,—arms that the good citizens would be as ready now-a-days to handle in defence of their liberties as were their fathers three centuries ago.

Standing on the stone bridge which is built over the Maas, connecting Maestricht with the suburb of Wyck, the stirring history of the ancient

town is forcibly recalled. The extensive fortifications around it speak plainly of its great strength, and although everything is now peaceful, and the busy hum of the city, or the splash of the water broken by the progress of a barge, are the only sounds that disturb the silence, the imagination hears the roar of cannon and the quick sharp rattle of small arms, and sees citizen soldiers heroically defending their walls against a host of Spaniards, thirsting for vengeance, blood, and gold.

The most important event, in point of interest, in the annals of this venerable city, is the siege, under the Duke of Parma, in 1579. The siege lasted four months, and nine separate attacks were repulsed by the citizens. It is pleasing to know that a few English and Scotch soldiers served with the good folk of Maastricht, and bore themselves as bravely as the heroes of Agincourt or Alma.

In the story of the Spanish Fury we had occasion to refer to a circumstance which took place at Maastricht on the 20th of October, 1576. The Spaniards had been driven out of the city, and the bridge was commanded by a battery that daunted even Spanish daring. A cruel unmanly outrage enabled the Spaniards to retake the town and butcher some thousands of its people; thus rehearsing as it were the atrocities perpetrated but a few days later at Antwerp.

In the course of the war the city of Maastricht was again freed from the Spaniards, but the position it held was of so much importance that a jealous watch was maintained by its foes, ready to seize upon it the first moment an opportunity offered.

At the beginning of the year 1579, Maastricht was in brave but unfortunately feeble hands. It was well fortified, surrounded by a broad and deep moat, on both sides of the Maas; but the garrison was hardly one thousand strong; the volunteer burghers amounted to about twelve hundred more; there were a few soldiers of fortune, and some three or four thousand peasants who had found refuge within the city walls, and many of whom rendered good service as sappers and miners.

The state of public affairs was encouraging to the Liberal and threatening to the Royal cause. The Spaniards had failed by either force or fraud to suppress the revolt. The master spirit of the age—the father of the Dutch Republic—William the Silent, was gradually building up a formidable barrier to Spanish tyranny, and blending in one harmonious whole the provinces of the Low Countries. Amsterdam, one of the most famous maritime and commercial cities of Holland, and one which

throughout the earlier part of the struggle had adhered to the cause of Spain, now declared openly for the Prince of Orange. All the Catholic magistrates and friars had been banished, and the city was warmly furthering the cause of the Confederacy. On the 23rd of January, 1579, the deputies from the various provinces provisionally agreed upon and signed a treaty of Union. This memorable document, which is



Amsterdam in 1639.

regarded as the foundation of the Netherlands Republic, contained twenty-six articles.

The preamble stated the object of the union. It was to strengthen, not to forsake previous treaties already nearly annihilated by the force of foreign soldiery. For this purpose, and in order more conveniently to defend themselves against their foes, the deputies of Gelderland, Zutphen, Holland, Zeland, Utrecht, and the Frisian provinces, thought it desirable

to form a still closer union. The contracting provinces agreed to remain eternally united, as if they were but one province. At the same time, it was understood that each was to retain its particular privileges, liberties, laudable and traditionary customs, and other laws. The cities, corporations, and inhabitants of every province were to be guaranteed as to their ancient constitutions. Disputes concerning these various statutes and customs were to be decided by the usual tribunals, by "good men," or by amicable compromise. The provinces, by virtue of the union, were to defend each other "with life, goods, and blood, against all force brought against them in the king's name or behalf." They were also to defend each other against all foreign or domestic potentates, provinces, or cities, provided such defence were controlled by the "generality" of the union. For the expense occasioned by the protection of the provinces, certain imposts and excises were to be equally assessed and collected. No truce or peace was to be concluded, no war commenced, no impost established affecting the "generality," but by unanimous advice and consent of the provinces. Upon other matters the majority was to decide; the votes being taken in the manner then customary in the assembly of the States-General. In case of difficulty in coming to a unanimous vote when required, the matter was to be referred to the stadtholders then in office. In case of their inability to agree, they were to appoint arbitrators, by whose decision the parties were to be governed. None of the united provinces, or of their cities or corporations, were to make treaties with other potentates or states, without consent of their confederates. If neighbouring princes, provinces, or cities, wished to enter into this confederacy, they were to be received by the unanimous consent of the united provinces. A common currency was to be established for the confederacy. In the matter of divine worship, Holland and Zeland were to conduct themselves as they should think proper. The other provinces of the union, however, were either to conform to the religious peace already laid down, or to make such other arrangement as each province should for itself consider appropriate for the maintenance of its internal tranquillity—provided always that every individual should remain free in his religion, and that no man should be molested or questioned on the subject of divine worship, as had been already agreed. As a certain dispute arose concerning the meaning of this important clause, an additional paragraph was inserted a few days afterwards. In this it was stated that there was no intention of excluding from the confederacy any province or city

which was wholly Catholic, or in which the number of the reformed was not sufficiently large to entitle them, by the religious peace, to public worship. On the contrary, the intention was to admit them, provided they obeyed the articles of union, and conducted themselves as good patriots; it being intended that no province or city should interfere with another in the matter of divine service. Disputes between two provinces were to be decided by the others, or—in case the generality were concerned—by the provisions of the ninth article.

The confederates were to assemble at Utrecht whenever summoned by those commissioned for that purpose. A majority of votes was to decide on matters then brought before them, even in case of the absence of some members of the confederacy, who might, however, send written proxies. Additions or amendments to these articles could only be made by unanimous consent. The articles were to be signed by the stadtholders, magistrates, and principal officers of each province and city, and by all the train-bands, fraternities, and sodalities which might exist in the cities or villages of the union.

Such were the simple provisions of that instrument which became the foundation of the powerful Commonwealth of the United Netherlands. But the framers of this important document did not at the time establish an independent Commonwealth, nor foreswear allegiance to the Spanish monarch. That this must be the ultimate result may have been plain both to William of Orange and Philip of Spain, but no such declaration was made at that time. The Netherlanders assumed a firm, bold attitude in defence of their civil and religious liberties; they were willing to meet the claims of Spain if dealt with honourably and justly, but the court of Madrid was strange to such policy, and relied on the sword to compel submission.

Philip of Spain was represented in the Netherlands by Don John of Austria, a natural son of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, and Barbara Blomberg, washerwoman, Ratisbon. He had shown himself to be a good soldier, and Philip had made him governor of the Netherlands. When he arrived (1577), he had endeavoured according to his instructions, to tamper with the integrity of William the Silent, and to induce him to forsake the cause of the people. In this, it is scarcely necessary to add, he signally failed. Violence was the next step. He strove to crush out the life of liberty by the iron heel of power. And here he failed again—neither force nor fraud helped on the cause of Spain. But

while the war lasted, and Don John openly declared war against the revolted provinces, it was a terrible season for the Netherlands.

Soon after Don John had declared war, he was joined by a worthy ally, his nephew, Prince Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, with several choice and veteran regiments of Italy and Spain. As the memorable siege of Maestricht was conducted by Parma, it is well to pause for a moment and survey the man.

He is of middle stature, but well formed, and graceful in person ; his



Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma.

(From a Painting by Adrian Van der Werff.)

attire admirably fitted ; his high ruff of point lace, and badge of the Golden Fleece, marking him at once as of high degree. His head is round, compact, combative, with something alert and snake-like in its movements ; his hair closely shorn, erect, and bristling ; his forehead lofty but narrow ; his features handsome, the nose aquiline, the eyes well opened, dark, piercing, but with something dangerous and sinister in their expression ; the lower part of his face is covered by a bushy beard, which hides completely his mouth and chin.

This man had come into the Netherlands to strike, if possible, a final blow, and dash into a thousand pieces—never to be reunited more—the league of the revolted provinces. “As for religion he was, of course, strictly Catholic, regarding all seceders from Romanism as mere heathen dogs. Not that he practically troubled himself much with sacred matters—for during the lifetime of his wife he had cavalierly thrown the whole burden of his personal salvation upon her saintly shoulders. She had now flown to higher spheres, but Alexander was, perhaps, willing to rely upon her continued intercessions in his behalf. The life of a bravo in time of peace—the deliberate project in war to exterminate whole cities full of innocent people, who had different notions on the subject of image-worship and ecclesiastical ceremonies from those entertained at Rome, did not seem to him at all incompatible with the precepts of Jesus. Hanging, drowning, burning, and butchering heretics were the legitimate deductions of his theology. He was no casuist nor pretender to holiness; but in those days every man was devout, and Alexander looked with honest horror upon the impiety of the heretics, whom he persecuted and massacred. He attended mass regularly—in the winter mornings by torchlight—and would as soon have foregone his daily tennis as his religious exercises. Romanism was the creed of his caste. It was the religion of princes and gentlemen of high degree. As for Lutheranism, Zwinglism, Calvinism, and similar systems, they were but the fantastic rights of weavers, brewers, and the like—an ignoble herd, whose presumption in entitling themselves Christian, whilst rejecting the Pope, called for their instant extermination. His personal habits were extremely temperate. He was accustomed to say that he ate only to support life; and he rarely finished a dinner without having risen three or four times from table to attend to some public business which, in his opinion, ought not to be deferred.”

At the beginning of the year in which our story occurs, Alexander of Parma was watching with eager and attentive glance every movement of the Netherlands. As his keen wicked eyes wandered over the country as over a map, he recognised the importance, in a stratagetic point of view, of Maestricht, and determined to become its master. It was called the key of the Netherlands. That key he resolved to hold in his own hand.

But Parma was far too subtle a politician as well as too good a soldier to fall immediately upon the town he coveted. On the contrary, he



created a false alarm by a pretended descent on Antwerp, and, having as he supposed, thrown the Netherlands entirely off their guard, marched his troops and invested Maestricht. When the people of Maestricht saw the Spaniards arrive and settle down before their town, there is no doubt of the apprehension as to the result which filled their minds. Not only had Antwerp tasted of Spanish fury, but the fair city of Haarlem, after a protracted siege in which women played a distinguished part, had fallen, and Spanish vengeance had been taken in bloody massacre. Haarlem was



Gate at Haarlem.

fresh in the recollection of the citizens when the siege of Maestricht began.

There was an old castle called Carpen in the neighbourhood, and although the garrison were very confident as to its own strength, the Spaniards surprised it one January night and hanged all the troopers in the orchard; it was a beautiful moonlight night, and the pastime of murdering the patriots afforded excellent sport to Spanish chivalry.

The occupation of Carpen gave a decided advantage to the Duke of Parma. When news of the surprise reached William the Silent, he saw

at once the danger which threatened Maestricht, and he lost no time in imploring the States "not to fall asleep in the shade of a peace negotiation." Parma in the meantime threw two bridges over the Maas, one above and the other below the city; he then invested the place so closely that all communication was absolutely suspended.

"To military minds of that epoch—perhaps of later ages—this achievement of Parma seemed a masterpiece of art. The city commanded the Upper Maas, and was the gate into Germany. It contained thirty-four thousand inhabitants. An army, numbering almost as many souls, was brought against it; and the number of deaths by which its capture was at last effected, was probably equal to that of a moiety of the population. To the technical mind, the siege, no doubt, seemed a beautiful creation of human intelligence. To the honest student of history, to the lover of human progress, such a manifestation of intellect seems a sufficiently sad exhibition. Given, a city strong with walls and towers, a slender garrison and a devoted population on one side; a consummate chieftain on the other, with an army of veterans at his back, no interruption to fear, and a long season to work in; it would not seem, to an unsophisticated mind, a very lofty exploit for the soldier to carry the city at the end of four months' hard labour."

The investment of Maestricht was commenced upon the 12th of March, 1579. The military commandant of the city was Melchior. Sebastian Tappin, a Lorraine officer of much experience and bravery, was next in command, and was in truth, the principal director of the operations. He had been despatched thither by the Prince of Orange to serve under La Noue, a gallant officer, who was to have commanded in Maestricht, but had been unable to enter the city. Feeling that the siege was to be a close one, and knowing how much depended upon the issue, Sebastian lost no time in making every needful preparation for coming events. The walls were strengthened everywhere; shafts were sunk, preparatory to the countermining operations which were soon to become necessary; the moat was deepened and cleared, and the forts near the gates were put in thorough repair. There were six gates to the town, each provided with ravelins, and there was a doubt in what direction the first attack should be made. Opinions wavered between the gate of Bois-le-Duc, next the river, and that of Tongres on the south-western side, but it was finally decided to attempt the gate of Tongres.

Over against that point the platforms were accordingly constructed,

and after a heavy cannonade from forty-six great guns, continued for several days, it was thought by the 25th of March, that an impression had been made upon the city. A portion of the brick curtain had crumbled, but through the breach was seen a massive terreplein, well moated, which, after six thousand shots already delivered on the outer wall, still remained uninjured. It was recognised that the gate of Tongres was not the most assailable, but rather the strongest portion of the defences, and Alexander therefore determined to shift his batteries to the gate of Bois-le-Duc. At the same time the attempt upon that of Tongres was to be varied but not abandoned. The Bishop of Liege had furnished four thousand miners, of course well used to subterranean work, and these molish auxiliaries were soon busily engaged with pick and shovel. While a great display was being made above the earth, their hidden workers burrowed towards the Tongres gate, and Parma congratulated himself on a very successful movement. But the besieged had their miners also—peasants who knew full well how to handle pick-axe and mattock. The women no less than the men joined in their labour and did excellent service. There was a whole army of gnomes buried deep in the earth to defend, as well as to attack, the beleaguered city. Sometimes they met in their subterranean work, and then the fight was terrible. The citizens contrived to ascertain the exact position of the Spanish mine, and constructing a dam across it, poured hogsheads of boiling water on their foes and scalded scores to death. They heaped branches and light fagots in the hostile mine, and setting fire to the pile, blew thick volumes of smoke along the passages with organ bellows brought from the churches for that purpose. Many of the besiegers were thus suffocated. But the Spaniards were not easily disheartened. Compelled to abandon the mine they had already constructed, they sank another shaft at a long distance from the Tongres gate, still towards that point, however, burrowing in the darkness, and working without obstruction until they came directly beneath the doomed ravelin. There they excavated a spacious chamber and stored up coffers of gunpowder to an immense extent.

When all was ready, information was conveyed to the Duke of Parma. He had made preparations for the assault, and proceeding to the mouth of the mine ordered that it should be sprung. The explosion was terrific; a part of the tower fell with the concussion, and the moat was choked with heaps of rubbish. The assailants sprang across the passage thus

afforded, and mastered the ruined portion of the post. They were met in the breach, however, by the unflinching defenders of the city, and after a fierce combat of some hours, were forced to retire, retaining possession only of the moat and the dismantled portion of the ravelin.

Five days afterwards, says the historian to whom we are indebted for this account, a general assault was ordered. A new mine having been already constructed towards the Tongres ravelin, and a frightful cannonade having been kept up for a fortnight against the Bois-le-Duc gate, it was thought advisable to attack on both points at once. On the 8th of April, accordingly, after uniting in prayer, and listening to a speech from Parma, the great mass of the Spanish army advanced to the breach. The moat had been rendered practicable in many places by the heaps of rubbish with which it had been encumbered, and by the fagots and earth by which it had been filled by the besiegers. The action at the Bois-le-Duc gate was exceedingly warm. The tried veterans of Spain, Italy, and Burgundy, were met face to face by the citizens of Maastricht, together with their wives and children. All were armed to the teeth, and fought with what seemed superhuman valour. The women swarmed to the walls and fought in the foremost ranks. They threw buckets of scalding water on the besiegers, hurled firebrands in their faces, quoited blazing pitch hoops with unerring dexterity about their necks. The rustics, too, armed with their ponderous flails, worked as cheerfully at this fearful harvesting as if threshing their corn at home.

More than a thousand had fallen at the Bois-le-Duc gate, and still fresh besiegers mounted the breach, only to be beaten back or to add to the mangled heap of the slain. At the Tongres gate, in the meanwhile, the assault had fared no better. A herald had been despatched thither in hot haste to shout at the top of his lungs, "Santiago! Santiago! the Lombards have the gate of Bois-le-Duc!" while the same stratagem was employed to persuade the invaders on the other side of the town that their comrades had forced the Tongres. Animated by this fiction, the soldiers advanced with renewed fury against the ravelin, and were received with a deadly fire; at the same moment a new mine, which was to have been sprung between the ravelin and the gate, but which had been secretly undermined by the townsfolk, exploded with a horrible concussion at a moment least expected by the besiegers. Five hundred of the Spaniards were blown into the air, but none of the defenders were injured. Recovering from the panic, the besiegers again rushed to the attack, and the battle was

fiercely contested ; but Maestricht was not to be carried on that occasion. Four thousand Spaniards, horribly mutilated, lay on the ground ; but the savage spectacle only still further inflamed the cruel heart of Parma. To the officers who expostulated with him, and besought him to recall the troops, he answered, " Go back to the breach, and tell the soldiers that Alexander is coming to lead them to victory." With these words he rushed forward with a maniac's fury ; but all the generals who were near him threw themselves in his path, and besought him to desist, reminding him of how much value his life was to the royal cause.

Alexander reluctantly gave the signal of recall at last, and accepted the defeat. For the future he determined to rely more upon the sapper and miner, and less upon the superiority of veterans to townsmen and rustics in open fight. Sure to carry the city at last, according to line and rule, determined to pass the summer beneath the walls rather than abandon his purpose, he calmly proceeded to complete his circumvallations. A chain of eleven forts upon the left, and five upon the right side of the Maas, the whole connected by a continuous wall, afforded him perfect security against interruptions, and allowed him to continue the siege at leisure. His numerous army was well housed and amply supplied, and he had built a strong and populous city in order to destroy another. Relief was impossible. But a few thousand men were now required to defend Farnese's improvised town, while the bulk of his army could be marched at any moment against an advancing foe. A force of seven thousand, painfully collected by William the Silent, moved towards the place, under command of two distinguished officers—Hohenlo and John of Nassau, but, struck with wonder at what they saw, the leaders recognised the hopelessness of attempting relief. Maestricht was surrounded by a second Maestricht.

The efforts of Prince William were now necessarily directed towards obtaining, if possible, a truce of a few weeks. Parma was too crafty, however, to permit the Spanish authorities to consent, and as he himself disclaimed any power over the direct question of peace and war, the siege proceeded. The gates of Bois-le-Duc and Tongres having thus far resisted the force brought against them, the scene was changed to the gate of Brussels. This adjoined that of Tongres, was farthest from the river, and faced westwardly towards the open country. Here the besieged had constructed an additional ravelin, which they had christened in derision "Parma," and against which the batteries

of Parma were now brought to bear. Alexander erected a platform of great extent and strength directly opposite the new work, and, after a severe and constant cannonade from this elevation, followed by a bloody action, the "Parma" fort was carried. One thousand, at least, of the defenders fell, as, forced gradually from one defence to another, they saw the triple walls of their ravelin crumble successively before their eyes. The tower was absolutely annihilated before they abandoned its ruins and retired within their last defences. Alexander, being now master of the fosse and the defences of the Brussels gate, drew up a large force on both sides of that portal, along the margin of the moat, and began mining beneath the inner wall of the city.

Meantime, the garrison had been reduced to four hundred soldiers, nearly all of whom were wounded. Wearied and driven to despair, these soldiers were willing to treat. The townspeople, however, answered the proposition with a shout of fury, and protested that they would destroy the garrison with their own hands if such an insinuation were repeated. Sebastian Tappin, too, encouraged them with the hope of speedy relief, and held out to them the wretched consequences of trusting to the mercy of their foes. The garrison took heart again, while that of the burghers and their wives had never faltered. Their main hope now was in a fortification which they had been constructing inside the Brussels gate—a demilune of considerable strength. Behind it was a breastwork of turf and masonry, to serve as a last bulwark when every other defence should be forced. The whole had been surrounded by a fosse thirty feet in depth, and the besiegers, as they mounted upon the breaches which they had at last effected in the outer curtain, near the Brussels gate, saw for the first time this new fortification.

The general condition of the defences, and the disposition of the inhabitants, had been revealed to Alexander by a deserter from the town. Against this last fortress the last efforts of the foe were now directed. Alexander ordered a bridge to be thrown across the city moat. As it was sixty feet wide and as many deep, and lay directly beneath the guns of the new demilune, the enterprise was sufficiently hazardous. Alexander led the way in person, with a mallet in one hand and a mattock in the other. Two men fell dead instantly, one on his right hand and one upon his left, while he calmly commenced, in his own person, the driving of the first piles for the bridge. His soldiers fell fast around him. Many officers of distinction were killed or wounded, but no soldier dared recoil

while their chieftain wrought amid the bullets like a common pioneer. Alexander, unharmed, as by a miracle, never left the spot till the bridge had been constructed, and till ten great guns had been carried across it, and pointed against the demilune. The battery was opened, the mines previously excavated were sprung, a part of the demilune was blown into the air, and the assailants sprang into the breach. Again a furious hand-to-hand conflict succeeded; again, after an obstinate resistance, the townspeople were forced to yield. Slowly abandoning the shattered fort, they retired behind the breastwork in its rear—their innermost and last defence. To this barrier they clung as to a spar in shipwreck, and here at last they stood at bay, prepared dearly to sell their lives.

The breastwork, being still strong, was not attempted upon that day. The assailants were recalled, and in the meantime a herald was sent by Parma, highly applauding the courage of the defenders, and begging them to surrender at discretion. They answered the messenger with words of haughty defiance, and, rushing in a mass to the breastwork, began with spade, pickaxe, and trowel, to add to its strength. Here all the able-bodied men of the town took up their permanent position, and here they ate, drank, and slept upon their posts, while their food was brought to them by the women and children.

A little letter, "written in a fine, neat hand-writing," now mysteriously arrived in the city, encouraging them in the name of the Archduke and the Prince of Orange, and assuring them of relief within fourteen days. A brief animation was thus produced, attended by a corresponding languor upon the part of the besiegers, for Alexander had been lying ill with a fever since the day when the demilune had been carried. From his sick bed he rebuked his officers severely that a temporary breastwork, huddled together by boors and burghers in the midst of a siege, should prove an insurmountable obstacle to men who had carried everything before them. The morrow was the festival of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and it was meet that so sacred a day should be hallowed by a Christian and Apostolic victory. Saint Peter would be there with his keys to open the gate; Saint Paul would lead them to battle with his invincible sword. Orders were given accordingly, and the assault was assigned for the following morning.

Meantime, the guards were strengthened and commanded to be more than usually watchful. The injunction had a remarkable effect. At the dead of the night, a soldier of the watch was going his rounds on the

outside of the breastwork, listening, if perchance he might catch, as was not unusual, a portion of the conversation among the beleaguered burghers within. Prying about on every side, he at last discovered a chink in the wall, the result, doubtless, of the last cannonade, and hitherto overlooked. He enlarged the gap with his fingers, and finally made an opening wide enough to admit his person. He crept boldly through, and looked around in the clear starlight. The sentinels were all slumbering at their posts. He advanced stealthily in the dusky streets. Not a watchman was going his rounds. Soldiers, burghers, children, women, exhausted by incessant fatigue, were all asleep. Not a footfall was heard; not a whisper broke the silence; it seemed the city of the dead. The soldier crept back through the crevice, and hastened to apprise his superiors of his adventure.

Alexander, forthwith instructed as to the condition of the city, at once ordered the assault, and the last wall was suddenly stormed before the morning broke. The soldiers forced their way through the breach, or sprang over the breastwork, and surprised at last—in its sleep—the city which had so long and vigorously defended itself. The burghers, startled from their slumber, bewildered, unprepared, found themselves engaged in unequal conflict with alert and savage foes. The battle, as usual when Netherland towns were surprised by Philip's soldiers, soon changed to a massacre. The townspeople rushed hither and thither, but there was neither escape nor means of resisting an enemy who now poured into the town by thousands upon thousands. An indiscriminate slaughter succeeded. Women, old men, and children, had all been combatants; and all, therefore, had incurred the vengeance of the conquerors. A cry of agony arose, which was distinctly heard at a distance of a league. Mothers took their infants in their arms, and threw themselves by hundreds into the Maas—and against women the blood-thirst of the assailants was especially directed. Females who had fought daily in the trenches, who had delved in mines and mustered on the battlements, had unsexed themselves in the opinion of those whose comrades they had helped to destroy. It was nothing that they had laid aside the weakness of women in order to defend all that was holy and dear to them on earth. It was sufficient that many a Spanish, Burgundian, or Italian mercenary had died by their hands. Women were pursued from house to house, and hurled from roof and window. They were hunted into the river; they were torn limb from limb in the streets. Men and



children fared no better; but the heart sickens at the oft-repeated tale. Horrors, alas, were commonplaces in the Netherlands. Cruelty too monstrous for description, too vast to be believed by a mind not familiar with the outrages practised by the soldiers of Spain and Italy upon their heretic fellow creatures, were now committed afresh in the streets of Maestricht.



Parma's Triumphant Entry into Maestricht.

On the first day four thousand men and women were slaughtered. The massacre lasted two days longer; nor would it be an exaggerated estimate if we assume that the number of victims upon each of the last two days was equal to half the number sacrificed on the first. It was said that

not four hundred citizens were left alive after the termination of the siege. These soon wandered away, their places being supplied by a rabble rout of Walloon sutlers and vagabonds. Maestricht was depopulated as well as captured. The booty obtained after the massacre was very large, for the city had been very thriving, its cloth manufacture extensive and important. Sebastian Tappin, the heroic defender of the place, had been shot through the shoulder at the taking of the Parma ravelin, and had been afterwards severely injured at the capture of the demilune. At the fall of the city he was mortally wounded, and carried a prisoner to the hostile camp, only to expire. The governor, Swartsenburg, also lost his life.

Alexander, on the contrary, was raised from his sick bed with the joyful tidings of victory, and, as soon as he could be moved, made his appearance in the city. Seated in a splendid chair of state, borne aloft on the shoulders of his veterans, with a golden canopy above his head to protect him from the summer's sun, attended by the officers of his staff, who were decked by his special command in their gayest trappings, escorted by his body-guard, followed by his "plumed troops," to the number of twenty thousand, surrounded by all the vanities of war, the hero made his stately entrance into the town. His way led through deserted streets of shattered houses. The pavement ran red with blood. Headless corpses, mangled limbs, an obscene mass of wretchedness and corruption, were spread on every side, and tainted the summer air. Through the thriving city which, in the course of four months, Alexander had converted into a slaughter-house and a solitude, the pompous procession took its course to the Church of St. Servais. Here humble thanks were offered to the God of Love, and to Jesus of Nazareth, for this new victory. Especially was gratitude expressed to the Apostles Paul and Peter, upon whose festival, and by whose sword and key, the crowning mercy had been accomplished, and by whose special agency eight thousand heretics now lay unburied in the streets. These acts of piety performed, the triumphal procession returned to the camp.

So ends the Story of the SIEGE OF MAESTRICHT.





Antwerp from a Cross Road.

## THE STORY OF THE FRENCH FURY.

[A.D. 1583.]

**A**BOUT six years after the Spanish Fury Antwerp was again in peril of a similar massacre. The United Provinces had concluded a treaty with the Duke of Anjou. His services, apparently honest in their character, had won for him the good will of the Hollanders, and he even deceived the shrewd intelligence of William the Silent. He had been formally accepted as Duke of Gueldres and Lord of Friesland; had been ceremoniously inaugurated as Count of Flanders; had been received at Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp with royal pomp; but his proud heart chafed at the restraints put upon him. He felt that he was but the servant of the States-General; he aspired to be an absolute ruler, and his religious bigotry was stirred within him at the toleration given to Protestants.

One night he sent for two or three of his intimate friends and consulted with them, after he had retired to rest, as to the best method of asserting his dignity. He declared that the position he then occupied was ignoble to "a Son of France;" that it disgraced him in the eyes of all Christendom; and that he must either retire altogether from the Netherlands, or maintain his authority with a strong hand. This latter alternative was more favoured by himself and friends. It was arranged that possession should be taken on a given day of all the chief cities of Flanders—Antwerp, the duke himself would carry by surprise, resigning it to sack and slaughter; Catholic supremacy re-established and the Netherlands annexed to France.

Finding that his plan was approved, the Duke of Anjou leapt from his bed, and kneeling down, foreswore all the lusts of the flesh, if God Almighty would give him success in the enterprise.

A few days elapsed—busy days for the Frenchmen making ready for their treacherous work. Anjou under pretence of some military strategy concentrated his troops under the walls of Antwerp. But one night a man in a mask appeared in the Antwerp guard house and mysteriously gave warning that a great crime was in contemplation. His accent was French, but he vanished before he could be arrested.

Strange rumours flew about the streets, a vague uneasiness pervaded the whole population. A suspicion of foul play on the part of Anjou induced the magistrates and chief citizens to lay the matter before the Prince of Orange. He accompanied them to the duke's quarters, where Anjou met their suspicion with indignant warmth—"his soul as far from fraud as heaven from earth." Vehement in his protestations of loyalty to the States-General, and of deep affection for Brabant and Antwerp in particular, a city for which he was willing "to shed the last drop of his blood," Anjou succeeded in disarming all suspicion. He readily complied with their request, not to leave the city that day; and took leave of the deputation with every indignation of a man whose honour had been cruelly and unjustly attacked.

The circumstances which followed are thus graphically related by J. L. Motley:—

Orange returned with confidence to his own house, which was close to the citadel, and therefore far removed from the proposed point of attack, but he had hardly arrived there when he received a visit from the duke's private secretary, Quinsay, who invited him to accompany his highness

on a visit to the camp. Orange declined the request, and sent an earnest prayer to the duke not to leave the city that morning. The duke dined as usual at noon. While at dinner he received a letter, was observed to turn pale on reading it, and to conceal it hastily in a muff which he wore on his left arm. The repast finished, the duke ordered his horse. The animal was restive, and so strenuously resisted being mounted, that although it was his usual charger, it was exchanged for another. This second horse started in such a flurry that the duke lost his cloak, and almost his seat. He maintained his self-possession, however, and, placing



Street Scene in Antwerp.

himself at the head of his body-guard and some troopers, numbering in all three hundred mounted men, rode out of the palace-yard towards the Kipdorp gate.

This portal opened on the road towards Borgerhout, where his troops were stationed, and at the present day bears the name of that village. It is on the side of the city farthest removed from and exactly opposite the river. The town was very quiet, the streets almost deserted; for it was one o'clock, the universal dinner-hour, and all suspicion had been disarmed by the energetic protestations of the duke. The guard at the gate looked listlessly upon the cavalcade as it approached, but as soon as

Anjou had crossed the first drawbridge, he rose in his stirrups and waved his hand. "There is your city, my lads," said he to the troopers behind him; "go and take possession of it!"

At the same time he set spurs to his horse, and galloped off towards the camp at Borgerhout. Instantly afterwards, a gentleman of his suite, Count Rochepot, affected to have broken his leg through the plunging of his horse, by which he had been violently pressed against the wall as he entered the gate. Kaiser, the commanding officer at the guard-house, stepped kindly forward to render him assistance, and his reward was a desperate thrust from the Frenchman's rapier. As he wore a steel cuirass, he fortunately escaped with a slight wound.

The expression "broken leg" was the watchword, for at one and the same instant the troopers and guardsmen of Anjou set upon the burgher watch at the gate, and butchered every man. A sufficient force was left to protect the entrance thus easily mastered, while the rest of the Frenchmen entered the town at full gallop, shrieking "*Ville gagnée, ville gagnée! vive la messe! vive le Duc d'Anjou!*" They were followed by their comrades from the camp outside, who now poured into the town at the preconcerted signal; at least six hundred cavalry and three thousand musketeers, all perfectly appointed, entered Antwerp at once. From the Kipdorp gate two main arteries—the streets called the Kipdorp and the Meer—led quite through the heart of the city, towards the Town-house and the river beyond. Along these great thoroughfares the French soldiers advanced at a rapid pace; the cavalry clattering furiously in the van, shouting, "*Ville gagnée, ville gagnée! vive la messe, vive la messe! tue, tue, tue!*"

The burghers, coming to door and window to look for the cause of all this disturbance, were saluted with volleys of musketry. They were for a moment astonished, but not appalled, for at first they believed it to be merely an accidental tumult. Observing, however, that the soldiers, meeting with but little effective resistance, were dispersing into dwellings and warehouses, particularly into the shops of the goldsmiths and lapidaries, the citizens remembered the dark suspicions which had been so rife, and many recalled to mind that distinguished French officers had, during the last few days, been carefully examining the treasures of the jewellers, under pretext of purchasing, but, as it now appeared, with intent to rob intelligently.

The burghers, taking this rapid view of their position, flew instantly

to arms. Chains and barricades were stretched across the streets; the trumpets sounded through the city; the municipal guards swarmed to the rescue. An effective rally was made, as usual, at the Bourse, whither a large detachment of the invaders had forced their way. Inhabitants of all classes and conditions, noble and simple, Catholic and Protestant, gave each other the hand, and swore to die at each other's side in defence of the city against the treacherous strangers. The gathering was rapid and enthusiastic. Gentlemen came with lance and cuirass, burghers with musket and bandoleer, artisans with axe, mallet, and other implements of their trade. A bold baker, standing by his oven—stark naked, according to the custom of bakers at that day—rushed to the street as the sound of the tumult reached his ear. With his heavy bread shovel, which he held in his hand, he dealt a French cavalry officer, just riding and screaming by, such a hearty blow that he fell dead from his horse. The baker seized the officer's sword, sprang, all unattired as he was, upon his steed, and careered furiously through the streets, encouraging his countrymen everywhere to the attack, and dealing dismay through the ranks of the enemy. His services in that eventful hour were so signal that he was publicly thanked afterwards by the magistrates for his services, and rewarded with a pension of three hundred florins for life.

The invaders had been forced from the Bourse, while another portion of them had penetrated as far as the Market-place. The resistance which they encountered became every instant more formidable, and Fervacques, a leading French officer, who was captured on the occasion, acknowledged that no regular troops could have fought more bravely than did these stalwart burghers. Women and children mounted to roof and window, whence they hurled, not only tiles and chimney-pots, but tables, ponderous chairs, and other bulky articles, upon the heads of the assailants, while such citizens as had used all their bullets loaded their pieces with the silver buttons from their doublets, or twisted gold and silver coins with their teeth into ammunition. With a population so resolute, the four thousand invaders, however audacious, soon found themselves swallowed up. The city had closed over them like water, and within an hour nearly a third of their whole number had been slain. Very few of the burghers had perished, and fresh numbers were constantly advancing to the attack. The Frenchmen, blinded, staggering, beaten, attempted to retreat. Many threw themselves from the fortifications into the moat.

The rest of the survivors struggled through the streets—falling in large numbers at every step—towards the point at which they had so lately entered the city. Here at the Kipdorp gate was a ghastly spectacle, the slain being piled up in the narrow passage full ten feet high, while some of the heap, not quite dead, were striving to extricate a hand or foot, and others feebly thrust forth their heads to gain a mouthful of air.

From the outside, some of Anjou's officers were attempting to climb over the mass of bodies in order to enter the city; from the interior, the baffled and fugitive remnant of their comrades were attempting to force their passage through the same horrible barrier; while many dropped every instant upon the heap of slain, under the blows of the unrelenting burghers. On the other hand, Count Rochepot himself, to whom the principal command of the enterprise had been intrusted by Anjou, stood directly in the path of his fugitive soldiers, not only bitterly upbraiding them with their cowardice, but actually slaying ten or twelve of them with his own hands, as the most effectual mode of preventing their retreat. Hardly an hour had elapsed from the time when the Duke of Anjou first rode out of the Kipdorp gate before nearly the whole of the force which he had sent to accomplish his base design was either dead or captive. Two hundred and fifty nobles of high rank and illustrious name were killed; recognised at once as they lay in the streets by their magnificent costume. A larger number of the gallant chivalry of France had been sacrificed—as Anjou confessed—in this treacherous and most shameful enterprise than had often fallen upon noble and honourable fields. Nearly two thousand of the rank and file had perished, and the rest were prisoners. It was at first asserted that exactly fifteen hundred and eighty-three Frenchmen had fallen, but this was only because this number happened to be the date of the year, to which the lovers of marvellous coincidences struggled very hard to make the returns of the dead correspond. Less than one hundred burghers lost their lives.

Anjou, as he looked on at a distance, was bitterly reproached for his treason by several of the high-minded gentlemen about his person, to whom he had not dared to confide his plot. The Duke of Montpensier protested vehemently that he washed his hands of the whole transaction, whatever might be the issue. He was responsible for the honour of an illustrious house, which should never be stained, he said, if he could prevent it, with such foul deeds. The same language was held by Laval, by Rochefoucauld, and by the Maréchal de Biron, the last gentleman,



whose two sons were engaged in the vile enterprise, bitterly cursing the duke to his face, as he rode through the gate after revealing his secret undertaking.

Meanwhile, Anjou, in addition to the punishment of hearing these reproaches from men of honour, was the victim of a rapid and violent fluctuation of feeling. Hope, fear, triumph, doubt, remorse, alternately swayed him. As he saw the fugitives leaping from the walls, he shouted exultingly, without accurately discerning what manner of men they were, that the city was his, that four thousand of his brave soldiers were there, and were hurling the burghers from the battlements. On being made afterwards aware of his error, he was proportionably depressed; and when it was obvious at last that the result of the enterprise was an absolute and disgraceful failure, together with a complete exposure of his treachery, he fairly mounted his horse, and fled conscience-stricken from the scene.

The attack had been so unexpected, in consequence of the credence that had been rendered by Orange and the magistracy to the solemn protestations of the duke, that it had been naturally out of any one's power to prevent the catastrophe. The prince was lodged in a part of the town remote from the original scene of action, and it does not appear that information had reached him that anything unusual was occurring until the affair was approaching its termination. Then there was little for him to do. He hastened, however, to the scene, and, mounting the ramparts, persuaded the citizens to cease cannonading the discomfited and retiring foe. He felt the full gravity of the situation, and the necessity of diminishing the rancour of the inhabitants against their treacherous allies, if such a result were yet possible. The burghers had done their duty, and it certainly would have been neither in his power nor his inclination to protect the French marauders from expulsion and castigation.

Such was the termination of the French Fury, and it seems sufficiently strange that it should have been so much less disastrous to Antwerp than was the Spanish Fury of 1576, to which men could still scarcely allude without a shudder. One would have thought the French more likely to prove successful in their enterprise than the Spaniards in theirs. The Spaniards were enemies against whom the city had long been on its guard. The French were friends in whose sincerity a somewhat shaken confidence had just been restored. When the Spanish attack was made, a large force of defenders was drawn up in battle array behind freshly-strengthened fortifications. When the French entered at leisure through

a scarcely-guarded gate, the whole population and garrison of the town were quietly eating their dinners. The numbers of the invading forces on the two occasions did not materially differ; but at the time of the French Fury there was not a large force of regular troops under veteran generals to resist the attack. Perhaps this was the main reason for the result, which seems at first almost inexplicable. For protection against the Spanish invasion, the burghers relied on mercenaries, some of whom proved treacherous, while the rest became panic-struck. On the present occasion the burghers relied on themselves. Moreover, the French committed the great error of despising their enemy. Recollecting the ease with which the Spaniards had ravished the city, they believed that they had nothing to do but to enter and take possession. Instead of repressing their greediness, as the Spaniards had done, until they had overcome resistance, they dispersed almost immediately into by-streets, and entered warehouses to search for plunder. They seemed actuated by a fear that they should not have time to rifle the city before additional troops should be sent by Anjou to share in the spoil. They were less used to the sacking of Netherland cities than were the Spaniards, whom long practice had made perfect in the art of methodically butchering a population at first, before attention should be diverted to plundering and supplementary outrages. At any rate, whatever the causes, it is certain that the panic, which upon such occasions generally decides the fate of the day, seized upon the invaders and not upon the invaded, almost from the very first. As soon as the marauders faltered in their purpose, and wished to retreat, it was all over with them. Returning was worse than advance, and it was the almost inevitable result that hardly a man escaped death or capture.





Bird's-eye View of Antwerp Citadel in 1603.

## THE STORY OF THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

[A.D. 1585.]



WILLIAM THE SILENT was dead. He had fallen by the hand of an assassin. That assassin had been commissioned to murder the Prince by Philip of Spain. The determination, the skill, the prudence, the bravery, the integrity and the self-denial of Prince William were rapidly establishing a united and prosperous Republic in the Netherlands, a Commonwealth capable of withstanding both the intrigues and the arms of Spain; but the great master-builder of that Republic—under God—was William the Silent. Nothing daunted his brave heart; through good report and through evil report, in prosperity, in adversity, in victory, or defeat, he still offered the same bold front to the foe. It was clear to the Spanish tyrant and those who surrounded him that nothing but the death of the Prince of Orange could preserve the Netherlands and Holland to the Crown of Spain. His death would be a greater gain than a score of victories. Let him die.

Unscrupulous as to the means if the end were attained, the Court of Spain set itself to the work of compassing the death of William the Silent. Parma was the chief agent—"looking about for a good man to murder Orange." Of hireling assassins there were many, willing enough to sell their souls for money, but, once receiving money on account, shrinking from the danger of the job. Italians, Spaniards, Lorraines, Scotchmen, Englishmen, presented themselves from time to time, and were engaged by Parma. But they all failed in doing anything more for Spain than impoverish her treasury without in the least advancing the royal cause in the Netherlands; and so at last Parma grew cautious and would not pay in advance.

In the beginning of the year 1584 an obscure, undersized, thin bearded youth, by name Balthazar Gérard, communicated to the principal of the Jesuit College, at Treves, a plan for murdering the Prince of Orange. Encouraged in his enterprise he held counsel with a celebrated Franciscan, Father Géry, and by his advice addressed a letter to Parma. In this letter he explained his plan of introducing himself to the notice of Orange as the son of an executed Calvinist; as himself warmly, though secretly, devoted to the reformed faith, a heart yearning after Geneva, and as desirous therefore of placing himself in the prince's service in order to avoid the insolence of the Papists. Having gained the confidence of those about the prince, he would suggest to them the great use which might be made of Mansfeld's—the commander of the Spanish troops—signet in forging passports for spies and other persons whom it might be expedient to send into the territory occupied by the royalists. With these or similar feints and frivolities, continued Gérard, he should obtain access to the person of the said Nassau, repeating his protestation that nothing—no hope of reward—had moved him to the enterprise, save the good zeal which he bore to the faith and true religion guarded by the Holy Mother Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, and to the service of his majesty. With regard to Mansfeld's seals he had already managed to procure waxen impressions, and for this he begged pardon, as for a turpitude he never would have committed except to realize the great end in view—the murder of the Prince of Orange.

"From the general tone of the letters of Gérard," says the historian of the Dutch Republic, "he might be set down at once as a simple, religious fanatic, who felt sure that, in executing the command of Philip publicly issued to all the murderers in Europe, he was meriting well of God and

his King. There is no doubt that he was an exalted enthusiast, but not purely an enthusiast. The man's character offers more than one point of interest, as a psychological phenomenon. He had convinced himself that the work which he had in hand was eminently meritorious, and he was utterly without fear of consequences. He was, however, by no means so disinterested as he chose to represent himself in letters which, as he instinctively felt, were to be of perennial interest. On the contrary, in his interviews with Assonleville, he urged that he was a poor fellow, and that he had undertaken this enterprise in order to acquire property—to make himself rich—and that he depended upon the Prince of Parma's influence in obtaining the reward promised by the ban to the individual who should put Orange to death.

"This second letter decided Parma so far that he authorized Assonleville to encourage the young man in his attempt, and to promise that the reward should be given to him in case of success, and to his heirs in the event of his death. Assonleville, in the second interview, accordingly made known these assurances in the strongest manner to Gérard, warning him at the same time, on no account, if arrested, to inculcate the Prince of Parma. The councillor, while thus exhorting the stranger, according to Alexander's commands, confined himself, however, to generalities, refusing even to advance fifty crowns, which Balthazar had begged from the Governor-General in order to provide for the necessary expenses of his project. Parma had made similar advances too often to men who had promised to assassinate the prince and had then done little, and he was resolute in his refusal to this new adventurer, of whom he expected absolutely nothing. Gérard, notwithstanding this rebuff, was not disheartened. 'I will provide myself out of my own purse,' said he to Assonleville, 'and within six weeks you will hear of me.' 'Go forth, my son,' said Assonleville, paternally, upon this spirited reply, 'and if you succeed in your enterprise, the king will fulfil all his promises, and you gain an immortal name beside.'

"The 'inveterate deliberation,' thus thoroughly matured, Gérard now proceeded to carry into effect. He came to Delft, obtained a hearing of Villers, the clergyman and intimate friend of Orange, showed him the Mansfeld seals, and was, somewhat against his will, sent to France to exhibit them to Maréchal Biron, who it was thought, was soon to be appointed governor of Cambray. Through Orange's recommendation, the Burgundian was received into the suite of Noel de Caron, Seigneur de

Schoneual, then setting forth on a mission to the Duke of Anjou. While in France, Gérard could rest neither by day nor night, so tormented was he by the desire of accomplishing his project, and at length he obtained permission, upon the death of the duke, to carry this important intelligence to the Prince of Orange. The despatches having been intrusted to him, he travelled post haste to Delft, and, to his astonishment, the letters had hardly been delivered before he was summoned in person to the chamber of the prince. Here was an opportunity such as he had never dared to hope for. The arch-enemy to the Church and to the human race, whose death would confer upon his destroyer wealth and nobility in this world, besides a crown of glory in the next, lay unarmed, alone, in bed, before the man who had thirsted so long and so eagerly for his blood.

“Balthazar could scarcely control his emotions sufficiently to answer the questions which the prince addressed to him concerning the death of Anjou, but Orange, deeply engaged with the despatches, and with the reflections which their deeply important contents suggested, did not observe the countenance of the humble Calvinist exile, who had been recently recommended to his patronage by Villers. Gérard had, moreover, made no preparation for an interview so entirely unexpected, had come unarmed, and formed no plan for escape. He was obliged to forego his prey when most within his reach, and, after communicating all the information which the prince required, he was dismissed from the chamber.

“It was Sunday morning, and the bells were tolling for church. Upon leaving the house he loitered about the courtyard, furtively examined the premises, so that a sergeant of halberdiers asked him why he was waiting there. Balthazar meekly replied that he was desirous of attending divine worship in the church opposite, but added, pointing to his shabby and travel-stained attire, that without at least a new pair of shoes and stockings, he was unfit to join the congregation. Insignificant as ever, the small, pious, dusty stranger excited no suspicion in the mind of the good-natured sergeant. He forthwith spoke of the wants of Gérard to an officer, by whom they were communicated to Orange himself, and the prince instantly ordered a sum of money to be given him. Thus Balthazar obtained from William’s charity what Parma’s thrift had denied—a fund for carrying out his purpose!

“Next morning, with the money thus procured, he purchased a pair of pistols, or small carbines, from a soldier, chaffering long about the price,

because the vendor could not supply a particular kind of chopped bullets or slugs which he desired. Before the sunset of the following day the soldier had stabbed himself to the heart, and died despairing, on hearing for what purpose the pistols had been bought.

"On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leafed, loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown, such as had been worn by the Beggars, as the Patriots were called, in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggar's medals, with the motto, '*Fidèles au roy jusqu'à la besace*,' while a loose surcoat of grey frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport. The princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The prince carelessly observed, that "it was merely a person who came for a passport," ordering at the same time a secretary to prepare one. The princess, still not relieved, observed in an under tone that "she had never seen so villanous a countenance." Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland.

"At two o'clock the company rose from table. The prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passage way, with the main entrance into the court-yard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window half way up the flight. The prince came from the dining-room and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two

of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound, 'O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!'

"These were the last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister, Catharine of Schwartzburg, immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, 'Yes.' His master of the horse, Jacob van Maldere, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where, in a few minutes, he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.

"The murderer succeeded in making his escape through the side door, and sped swiftly up the narrow lane. He had almost reached the ramparts, from which he intended to spring into the moat, when he stumbled over a heap of rubbish. As he rose, he was seized by several pages and halberdiers, who had pursued him from the house. He had dropped his pistols upon the spot where he had committed the crime, and upon his person were found a couple of bladders, provided with a piece of pipe, with which he had intended to assist himself across the moat, beyond which a horse was waiting for him. He made no effort to deny his guilt, but boldly avowed himself and his deed. He was brought back to the house, where he immediately underwent a preliminary examination before the city magistrates. He was afterwards subjected to excruciating tortures; for the fury against the wretch who had destroyed the father of the country was uncontrollable, and William the Silent was no longer alive to intercede—as he had often done before—in behalf of those who assailed his life."

Gérard suffered the penalty of his crime, the success of which was the occasion of great rejoicing through Spain.

William the Silent being dead, what remained but to reduce the revolted provinces, and bring them once again into subjection to Spain? What need had Philip or Duke Parma now to dread this Prince of Orange?

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
That could not work *them* ill,  
And yet *they* feared him all the more,  
For lying there so still:  
There was a manhood in his look,  
Which murder could not kill."



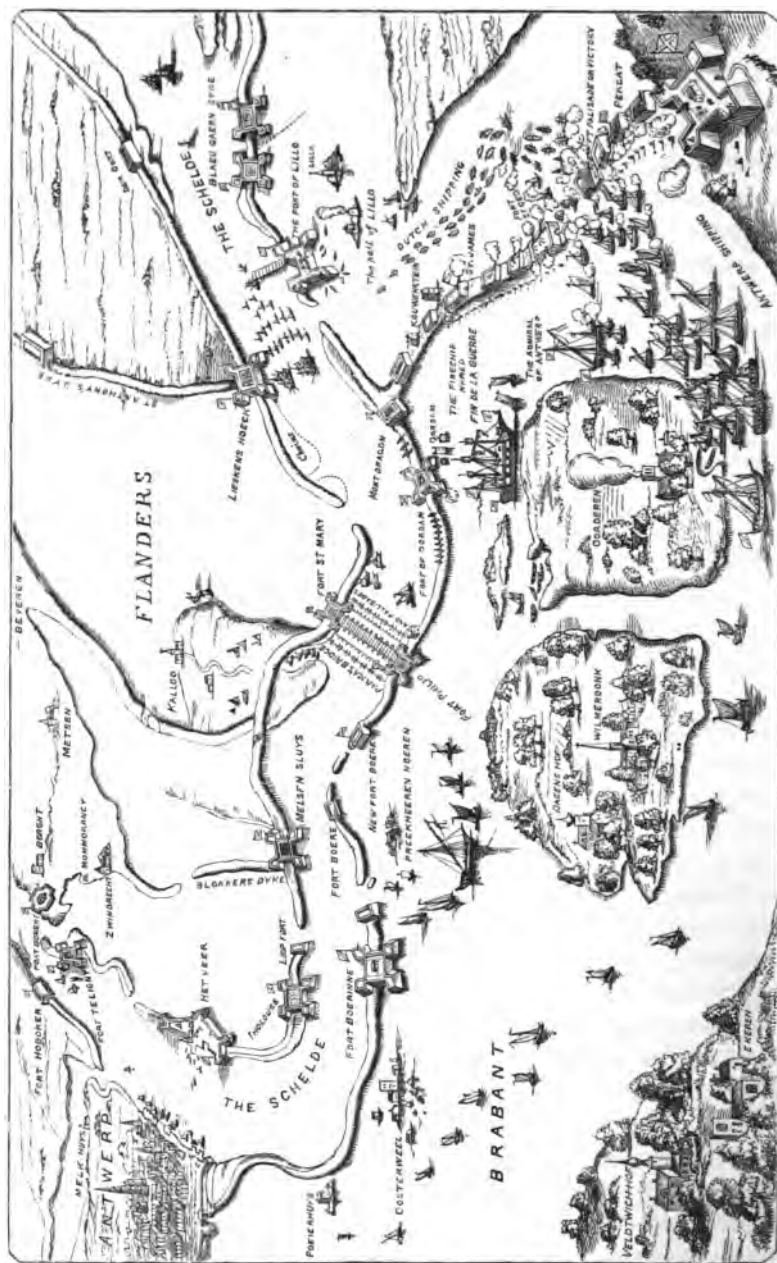
The spirit of the murdered man still animated the "poor people," for whom his last prayer had been offered; but his death produced a sudden change in the whole political arrangements of the liberated Netherlands. Who should be their leader? They had, as we have seen, looked at one period towards the Duke of Anjou; and although he had shamelessly betrayed them in his attack on Antwerp, where he met with signal defeat, they had still, at the warmly urged solicitations of our Queen Elizabeth, made another arrangement with him, whereby he should be recognized as sovereign of the United Provinces. Prince William the Silent was to be recognized as Count of Holland; but the duke died just one month before the prince was murdered, and so the Estates of the United Provinces held the sovereignty in trust.

The Estates were the elected councillors of the various provinces, the representatives of the Commonwealth; and on the very day of the murder they passed a resolution "to maintain the good cause, with God's help, to the uttermost, without sparing gold or blood." They also addressed letters of encouragement to their great captains by land and sea, begging them to "bear themselves manfully and valiantly without faltering in the least, on account of the great misfortune which had occurred, or allowing themselves to be seduced by any one from the union of the States."

William the Silent left a widow and eleven children. His eldest son had been kidnapped at school in Leyden, and for several years had been captive in Spain. His next son, Maurice, a handsome youth of seventeen years of age, was placed at the head of the States Council, and assumed at once for his device a fallen oak with a young sapling springing from its root; and his motto, "*Tandem fit sicculus arbor*," the twig shall yet become a tree, was nobly justified by his career.

But notwithstanding the firm attitude assumed by the States General, the whole of the provinces were neither true to themselves nor to each other. The accomplished general and adroit statesman, Alexander of Parma, immediately on the death of Prince William, set himself to the work of recovering, if possible by fair means, the territory lost to Spain. He offered easy terms of reconciliation, and bribed wherever bribery availed. In Holland and Zeland his bribes and blandishments were alike unavailing; but in Flanders and Brabant the spirit was less noble. The city of Bruges surrendered without a struggle, and then seconded Parma's efforts to bring Ghent over to the royal cause. After some delay,





THE SIGGE OF ANTWERP BY ALEXANDER FARNESE, PRINCE OF PARMA.

Ghent treated with Parma, and made terms with the king. The surrender of this important stronghold was disastrous to the patriots and disgraceful to itself; but the Dutchmen were only the more resolved to fight out the battle with Spain. There were negotiations pending with France, and also with England. The affection of Holland for England was every day increasing, and Queen Elizabeth, to whom the tyranny and bigotry of Philip were alike intolerable, was taking an active interest in the affairs of the provinces. Indeed, it seemed as though the battle between Rome and the Reformers was to be fought out on that slip of territory won from the sea, that there the contest was to be decided between the absolutism of a colossal tyranny and the civil liberties of all Europe.



Madrid.

At Madrid, in the deep recess of his palace, sat "a small, dull, elderly, imperfectly educated, patient, plodding invalid, with white hair, and protruding under jaw and dreary visage." This was Philip, upon whose words seemed to hang the destiny of millions of the world's inhabitants. He was resolved never to yield the Netherlands, could gold or steel preserve them.

Spanish ducats and Spanish duplicity had won back to Spain, Artois, Hainault, Douay, Orchies, with the rich cities of Lille, Tournay, Valenciennes, Arras, and other important places. Antwerp was still faithful and formidable, and Alexander of Parma resolved to take it. It was the hinge on which the fate of the whole country, perhaps of all Christendom, seemed to depend.

"If we get Antwerp," said the Spanish soldiers, "you shall go to mass with us; if you save Antwerp, we will go to conventicle with you."

Even from the beginning of the year 1584, Parma had been from time to time threatening Antwerp. William the Silent had foreseen the plan of the Spanish general, and was aware that he would attempt to bridge the river Scheldt, upon which the city stands. It was practicable, the prince had pointed out, though extremely hazardous for the enemy to bridge that river; but the ocean could not be bridged, and it was quite possible to convert Antwerp for a season into an ocean port. Standing alone upon an island, with the sea flowing around it, and with full and free marine communication with Zeland and Holland, it might safely bid defiance to the land forces, even of so great a commander as Parma. To the furtherance of this great measure of defence it was necessary to destroy certain bulwarks, the chief of which was called the Blaw Garen Dyke, and Philip de Marnix, Lord of Santo Aldegonde, one of the most accomplished men of his day, was commissioned to see to its execution. Unfortunately the advice of William the Silent was not followed, and this negligence was bitterly repented by the Antwerpians, when their ruler lay in his grave, never more to advise in this world.

The demolition of the dykes, as suggested by Prince William, would necessarily have destroyed a considerable portion of agricultural country, but it would have given safety to the very head and centre of the republic.

There was no city in the Netherlands, where the democratic spirit was as ostentatiously displayed as in Antwerp. There every one seemed to labour under the impression that he was born to command. Subordination was intolerable to them, and order, so properly described as "heaven's first law," was scarcely observed in their public assemblies. No man could command in Antwerp with the hope of prompt obedience but William the Silent, and when he only advised, popular clamour, individual interest, or boastful confidence, were allowed to get the better of discretion. He had desired that Sainte Aldegonde should accept the office of burgomaster, and although this accomplished and devoted man consented, he well knew the difficulties with which he would have to contend from the "multitude of councillors," who had no wisdom. Imagine a besieged city with one hundred thousand mouths to feed, and nearly as many tongues to dispute about furnishing the food and to cavil at every step taken by the chief magistrate. Yet such a prospect lay before Aldegonde when he consented to wear the robes of office. There was a

college of ward masters, a college of select men, a college of deacons, a college of ammunition, of fortifications, of ship building, all claiming equal authority, and all wrangling among themselves; more than all, there was a college of peace makers, who wrangled more than all the rest together. What with heads of colleges, presidents of chambers, militia chieftains, magistrates, ward masters, deans of fishmongers, of tailors, gardeners, butchers, all sorts and conditions of men dressed in a little brief authority, there was not a more complicated machinery with which mortal man could be called upon to work since the engineer in chief of Babel's town discovered that all his directors and all his hands were at variance with each other, in consequence of every one speaking in an unknown tongue.



Dutch Polder\*—View near Antwerp.

There was Duke Parma watching as reynard<sup>\*</sup> watches unsuspecting goslings, and there were the goslings, hissing and cackling among themselves as if foxes formed no part of creation. The question of drowning the land and the Spaniards along with it, an expedient it will be remembered which had saved Leyden, was not listened to—the butchers were dead against it. What! swamp the pastures where twelve thousand oxen feed! drown as it were your own very means of subsistence—preposterous! And the bells high up in the tower of Antwerp Cathedral, bells which according to Mr. Thackeray are always ringing out the

\* Polder is the name given to a piece of ground below the level of the sea or river, which once having been a morass, has been surrounded by embankments and then cleared of the water by pumps.

shadow dance in Dinorah, might be supposed to call out lustily from their "pulpits of stone in the upper air," and put it to the citizens and to all the neighbourhood round, whether they—baptized of bishops long ago, together with some hundred thousand wrangling Christians, should all be sacrificed in the butchers' interests, and for the delectation of twelve thousand animated representatives of the second sign of the zodiac.

While all this wrangling was going on it must have been very plain to everybody that—William the Silent was dead.

As to the troops gathered within the city there was a deficiency of regulars, and the volunteer citizens entertained ideas of their own as to duty, inconsistent with military discipline. There was a regiment of English, brave fellows doubtless, but a slight breakfast for an enemy if unsupported. Indeed the English troopers seemed to be of this opinion, and revolted; a few of them deserting to Duke Parma, who was a soldier every inch, a few returning to England, but Colonel Morgan restored discipline by beheading a couple of captains, which exemplary lesson was well received and brought the troops to their duty.

This was the state of Antwerp when Aldegonde became its chief magistrate.

It had long been obvious that Parma meditated the siege of Antwerp, and a large sum of money had been voted both by the States General and the city itself for the purpose of importing into the city a year's supply of food and ammunition. William de Blois, Lord of Fresburg, Admiral of Holland and Zeland, was requested to carry out this order, but he was a man of refractory temper, and of a small allowance of prudence, and just in proportion as he began to feel his own importance his annoyance and irritability increased. There was a negociation pending with France, and against this the admiral had steadfastly set his face; there were some outstanding petty quarrels of his own with the Antwerpers; there were flattering letters from Parma to himself, offering him magnificent reward if he forsook the rebels and came over to the royal cause. Under these combined circumstances the old seaman lost his head—which he well deserved to lose in another sense—and swaggered about what he could, should, would, or might have done, *if*, etcetera—and so no victuals came up to Antwerp. At length he was suspected of treachery and shut up in goal, and these circumstances might have sent him to the scaffold but for the intercession of Queen Elizabeth. He had drunk to Queen

Bess many a time, and at her request he was liberated but trusted with no further command.

Preparations were then recommenced for victualling the city, but the delay had been improved by Parma. There was he with a scanty army, pallid of cheek, and hollow-eyed, for the troops were ill-paid, ill-fed, ill-supplied in every respect, very ill-cared for by the Court at Madrid, and the Antwerpens scorned the idea of his crossing the Scheldt; was it not broad and deep enough to defy the most skilful builders under the most favourable circumstances? did not the icebergs every winter float down the stream and carry everything before them? He build a bridge "under their very noses," surely it was the height of folly to suspect it!

Whatever folly might attach to the effort it was plain enough that Parma intended making the effort. He was enlisting all kinds of artizans or pressing them into his service, and evidently meant stern work. There was a city called Herenthals of great stratagetic importance; this most unadvisedly was abandoned by the Antwerpens, and immediately seized by the Spaniards. When the Spanish officer took possession of this city he uttered the characteristic remark—"Now, 'tis easy to see that the Prince of Orange is dead!"

All through the summer of 1584 Parma's operations were of a desultory nature. He sprinkled forts up and down the Scheldt, and gradually obtained some control over the navigation of the river. Within nine miles of the city there were two forts belonging to the States on opposite sides of the water, Lillo and Liefkenshoek. Before commencing the contemplated bridge it was important to Parma to gain possession of both.

Liefkenshoek was on the Flemish side of the Scheldt and was not entirely completed. It was garrisoned by eight hundred men under the command of an old patriotic officer named John Pattin. The attack on this place was entrusted by Parma to the Marquis of Richebourg, who, all unknown to the Spanish general, had been traitorously carrying on a correspondence with this John Pattin, being willing to exchange service "for a consideration." The fort was carried by surprise, the garrison butchered; "Our Lord was pleased," wrote Parma to King Philip, "that we should cut the throats of four hundred in a single instant, and that a great many more should be killed upon the dykes; so that I believe very few to have escaped with life. We lost one man besides two or three wounded." When the commander, John Pattin, was brought into the presence of Parma, to whom he might have revealed some unpleasant



facts respecting Richebourg, that officer drew his sword and walking calmly up to the captured colonel ran him through the body. Pattin fell dead upon the spot—and dead men tell no tales.

Their success at Liefkenshoek encouraged the Spaniards to make an attack on the Lillo fort on the other side of the river. It was garrisoned by the Antwerp volunteers called the Young Bachelors, besides some militia and four hundred Scotchmen. The attack was entrusted to a distinguished Spanish officer named Mondragon, and he was commissioned to take the place at all hazards. For three weeks Mondragon lay siege to



Steeken Canal.

the fort; two thousand of his men were slain in the trenches, and Lillo still held out. Under these circumstances the attempt was abandoned, and Parma directed all his attention to the bridge which was to span the Scheldt, cutting off all traffic, and compelling a capitulation by the force of famine.

Quiet, obscure, out of the way, Kalloo, with its half dozen cottages and modest parish church, became as the bustling centre of a manufacturing district. The Spaniards held possession and a canvass city was erected—a dockyard, an arsenal, a military depôt; the quiet folks

placid as the cattle that graze in the fields, were at their wits' end to understand the meaning of it all. Here were shipbuilders, armourers, blacksmiths, joiners, carpenters, caulkers, framers, busy as bees throughout the day and far into the night. The hum and din of what seemed peaceful industry were increasing. A canal was formed twelve miles long from Kalloo to Steeken; pick and spade soon fashioned the artificial channel, and through it timber and provisions were freely and rapidly conveyed. At Kalloo the shipwrights, cutlers, masons, brass-founders, ropemakers, anchor forgers, sailors, boatmen of Flanders and Brabant, with a herd of butchers, bakers, and brewers, were brought together. The head quarters of this industrial army, was established in the church, where all day long, week after week, month after month, the sound of saw and hammer, adze and plane were incessantly heard.

During these months notwithstanding the efforts of the Spaniards to intercept the traffic, boat loads of provisions contrived to run the gauntlet of Parma's blockade and bring relief to Antwerp. Three or four times the ordinary value of the provisions received was obtained by these hazardous adventurers; it was worth the risk and the risk was worth the money. But the heads of colleges and presidents of chambers, militia chieftains, magistrates, wardmasters, fishmongers, gardeners, tailors, bakers, and butchers, pell mell conceived the idea that they were paying too highly and that it would be an act of prudence and economy to establish a tariff. This they did, and the skippers gave up the trade as unprofitable. So no more corn and beef came into Antwerp. The tariff was far more effectual in shutting out provisions than was Parma's blockade.

The grand effort of the Duke of Parma, was to build a bridge; if he succeeded, Antwerp would in every probability be compelled to capitulate; but the Antwerpers were confident of his failure and ridiculed his project as one of the idlest efforts that had ever yet been undertaken. When summer and winter wore on, and still scarcely a pile of the bridge driven, the derision of the citizens knew no bounds. The winter would put a complete stop to all progress with the undertaking, and the works must at all events be delayed until the succeeding spring. If the chief men of the town had not foolishly put an end to the imports of corn and other requisites, Antwerp might have been well victualled before the siege could under any circumstances have begun, but the "tariff" had stopped the trade, and although the navigation of the river was still

open to "dare devil skippers," these reckless mariners were indisposed to run any risk for a city so churlish in paying the score.

Towards the end of the summer a vast and almost general inundation had taken place; the aspect of the country for miles around was strangely desolate. The sluices had been opened—not on the side suggested by William the Silent, that would have destroyed excellent beef and trenched on the butcher interest—but on the Flemish side, and all the way from Hulst the waters were out and flowed nearly to the gates of Antwerp. "A wide and shallow sea rolled over the fertile plains, while church steeples, the tops of lofty trees, and here and there the turrets of a castle, scarcely lifted themselves above the black waters; the peasants' houses, the granges, whole rural villages, having entirely disappeared. The high grounds of Doel, of Kalloo, and Beveren, where Alexander was established, remained out of reach of the flood. Far below on the opposite side of the river, other sluices had been opened, and the sea had burst over the wide level plain. The villages of Wilmerdorth, Orderon, Ekeren, were changed to islands in the ocean, while all the other hamlets for miles around were utterly submerged. Still, however, the Blaw-Garen Dyke and its companion the Kowenstyn remained obstinately above the waters, forming a present and more fatal obstruction to the communications between Antwerp and Zeland, then could be furnished by the threatened and secretly advancing bridge across the Scheldt."

Now when it was too late the Antwerpers began to regret that they had not taken the advice of Prince William. Had that advice been taken the city had been safe. Over their prostrate dykes, whose destruction he had so warmly urged, the ocean would have rolled to Antwerp's gates, and it would have been as easy to bridge the North Sea as to control the navigations of so wide a surface. All this was seen when it was too late, for when the order was passed in council that the Blaw-garen and the Kowenstyn should be pierced, the latter was in the hands of the Spaniards, and the whole of the surrounding country completely under the hand of Parma. An officer of distinguished ability and of indomitable energy named Mondragon, held the line of the Kowenstyn; five new redoubts had been built, and five or six thousand Spaniards established there for its defence.

The opening of the sluices on the other side of Antwerp, instead of aiding in the defence of the city, only served to favour the schemes of Parma. He had experienced some difficulty in bringing a fleet of

vessels laden with provisions along the Scheldt from Ghent to Kalloo, as they had to pass directly in front of Antwerp; but the inundation furnished him with a watery highway which enabled the fleet to avoid the city and reach Kalloo in triumph. With an indignation that we may readily imagine, the governor of Antwerp—Sainte Aldegonde—beheld the successful manœuvre of Parma. He followed the fleet with a little squadron of armed vessels in hopes of cutting it off before reaching Kalloo. In this he was disappointed, not by the skill of the Spaniards, but by the cowardice of his admiral, Jacobzoon, who behaved with so little spirit that he earned for himself the title of Jacob-run-away.

To avoid a similar enterprise in future, the patriots erected a sconce which they called Fort Teligny upon the ruptured dyke of Borgh, directly in front of the Borgh blockhouse belonging to the Spaniards, and just opposite Fort Hotoken. Here in this narrow passage just under the walls of Antwerp, where friends and foes were brought face to face, was the scene of many a sanguinary skirmish from the commencement of the siege until its close. In the meantime Parma prosecuted the bridge, and before the winter had closed in the preliminary palisades had been completed. "Between Kalloo and Ordam, upon the opposite side a sand bar had been discovered in the river's bed, which diminished the depth of the stream and rendered the pile driving comparatively easy. The breadth of the Scheldt at this passage was twenty-four hundred feet, its depth sixty feet. Upon the Flemish side near Kalloo a strong fort was erected called St. Mary in honour of the Blessed Virgin, to whom the whole siege of Antwerp had been dedicated from the beginning. On the opposite bank was a similar fort, named Philip in honour of the king. From each of these two points thus fortified, a framework of heavy timber supported upon huge piles had been carried so far into the stream on either side that the distance between the ends had at last been reduced to thirteen hundred feet. The breadth of the roadway, formed of strong sleepers firmly bound together, was twelve feet, along which blockhouses of great thickness were placed to defend the whole against assault."

Although the work so far was carried on under the very eyes of the Antwerpers, they still professed to regard the scheme as chimerical, and relied on the winter tides and the icebergs to prevent the most important part of the labours being carried out, namely the connexion of the two approaches. Of course they were not idle; almost every day there was a skirmish between the soldiers and sailors of Parma and the forces of the

States, but no vigorous and concentrated attack was made. No blame was attaching to Sainte Aldegonde; though the whole of the autumn and of the early winter he had urged the States of Holland and Zeland to make use of the moonless stormy nights to destroy the work of Parma. But his appeal was in vain. One attempt was made under the brave Teligny, but failed. It had been proposed that an attack should be made on the Kowenstyn Dyke; a dark night was chosen, but the dip of the oars was heard by the Spaniards, who immediately gave chase and made capture of Teligny. That brave officer threw his papers overboard, but they were fished up, carried to Parma, and found to contain full details of the proposed movements of the Antwerpens.

There is no doubt that Parma would cheerfully have made terms with the states and saved Antwerp from the meditated siege had it been possible to do so by negotiation. As for himself, he had, says Motley, "become really gentle, almost affectionate, towards the Netherlanders." All he sought was that they should renounce the great object of the contest—the renunciation of their religious liberty: to this the Netherlands refused to listen, but in declining the overtures of the prince, they did not neglect to recognize the good qualities of the soldier's statement, nor to credit him with the best intentions in the propositions which he offered.

Finding it impossible to subdue Antwerp by negotiation, Parma persevered with his bridge. He laboured under many disadvantages, not the least of these the negligence and niggardliness of Philip, in whose cause he was spending the best energies of his mind and body. That wily prince, safe and tranquil in the depths of the Escorial, saying his prayers three times a day, was very desirous that the Netherlanders should be subdued, but very loth to part with his ducats. The soldiers of Parma were short of food, ill clad and accoutred, and their pay in heavy arrears, but all the passionate pleading letters of their great captain could only win from the crafty Philip, answers delayed and small instalments tardily sent on. But in the face of every difficulty Parma carried on the work. "One of his main sources of supply," says the historian of the siege, "was the city of Hertogenbosch or Bois-le-Duc. It was one of the four chief cities of Brabant and still held for the king, although many towns in its immediate neighbourhood had espoused the cause of the republic. The States had long been anxious to effect a diversion for the relief of Antwerp, by making an attack on Bois-le-Duc. Could they carry the

place, Parma would be almost inevitably compelled to abandon the siege, and he could moreover spare no troops for its defence. Bois-le-Duc was a populous wealthy thriving town situate on the Deeze two leagues above its confluence with the Meuse, and about twelve leagues from Antwerp."

No opposition was to be apprehended in an attack on this city, except from the warlike nature of the inhabitants, who were celebrated for their courage and belligerent skill, and were said to retain more of the antique Belgic ferocity than had descended to most of their kinsmen. Resolving on the attack of Bois-le-Duc, the States entrusted Count Hohenlo with the important enterprise. His first step was to reconnoitre the guard;



Hertogenbosch, or Bois-le-Duc.

he then collected a force of four thousand infantry and two hundred mounted lancers. One Captain Kleerhayen, whose wife was thoroughly familiar with the locality, was to be his guide; and on a dark January night, this officer, with fifty picked men, advanced to the Antwerp gate of Bois-le-Duc, while Hohenlo with his whole force lay in ambush as near as possible to the city.

Two small guardhouses lay between the drawbridges and the portcullis, and these had very carelessly been left empty: Kleerhayen and his chosen fifty cautiously crept into them and waited for the morning. As soon as ever they heard the guards at the gate draw up the portcullis,

they rushed upon them and slew them to a man; even the poor old gate-keeper, totally unable to strike a blow in his own defence, was struck down, and crept away to die. Kleerhayen gave the preconcerted signal to Hohenlo, and then he and his men, as if their work was done, rushed into the city and began the work of plunder. Close on their heels came Hohenlo with two hundred troopers, in the best of spirits, bent on sack and pillage. Hardly had they effected their entrance, than, throwing off all control, they dispersed through the principal streets and began bursting open the doors of the wealthier citizens, shouting—"Victory!" "Gained city!" "Down with the Spaniards!" When those of the invaders who had been left at the gate heard the shouts they began to fear that they might lose their share of the plunder, so they left the gates unguarded, and found their companions, who were dispersed all over the city, busy in acts of violence and spoliation. It happened also that a famous royalist commander, with a small troop of horse, had arrived on the preceding day at Bois-le-Duc, and as soon as he heard the tumult, with the help of the governor and the city guard, he rallied the citizens to a defence of their homes, and the patriots, who expected little or no resistance, found themselves confronted by a choice company of men-at-arms. There was a panic. The patriots, dispersed and doubtful, could not be brought together nor made to offer any stand against their unlooked-for opponents. Hohenlo, therefore, galloped furiously out of the gate to bring in the rest of his troops. During his absence the panic spread, and the patriots fled in disorder to the gate by which they had entered, and where the bodies of the guard were laying; in disorder they rushed tumultuously forward, the Spaniards in hot pursuit, dealing many a fatal blow at those in the tail of the ruck, and shooting down many of the foremost in the flight. When they reached the gate they found it closed; the portcullis was down—they were trapped.

When the fellows who had been left in charge of the gate quitted their post to join in the sack of the city, the old gate-opener, who had crawled away to die, crept from his concealment on hands and knees, and from a dark hole in the tower, cut, with a pocket-knife, the ropes of the portcullis; with a loud crash the iron gateway fell, and he, whose dying hands had thus shut out all hope of reinforcement for the patriots, fell also and gave up the ghost.

The unfortunate fugitives turned in dismay when they found the gate closed; but it was only to face the infuriated Spaniards. Some were

cut to pieces in the streets; others climbed the walls and threw themselves head-foremost into the moat—nearly all who had entered the city were slain. Hohenlo soon came back with two thousand troops; “but their noses,” says a contemporary, “grew a hundred feet long with surprise when they saw the gate shut in their faces.” Bitterly repenting his folly—for it might have occurred to him to replace the guard at the gate which he must have seen had forsaken their posts—Hohenlo rode away; and Parma, in detailing the affair to his master, Philip, acknowledges “had the rebels succeeded I should have been compelled to abandon the siege of Antwerp.”

Steadily pursuing his engineering undertaking, Parma determined to establish a permanent bridge upon boats. This had to be accomplished in the depth of winter, in the teeth of a watchful enemy, by “half-starving soldiers and sailors, unpaid for years, and for the sake of a master who seemed to have forgotten their existence.” Notwithstanding all these obstacles the bridge was finished on the 25th of February, 1585. As already stated, from “Fort Saint Mary on the Kalloo side, and from Fort Philip, not far from Ordam, on the Brabant shore of the Scheldt, strong structures, supported upon piers, had been projected, reaching several hundred feet into the stream. These two opposite ends were now connected by a permanent bridge of boats. There were thirty-two of these barges, each of them sixty-two feet in length and twelve in breadth, the space between each couple being twenty-two feet wide, and all being bound together, stem, stern, and midships, by quadruple hawsers and chains. Each boat was anchored at stem and stern with loose cables. Strong timbers, with cross rafters, were placed upon the boats, upon which heavy framework the planked pathway was laid down. A thick parapet of closely-fitting beams was erected along both the outer edges of the whole fabric. Thus a continuous and well-fortified bridge, two thousand four hundred feet in length, was stretched at last from shore to shore. Each of the thirty-two boats on which the central portion of the structure reposed was a small fortress provided with two heavy pieces of artillery, pointing the one up and the other down the stream, and manned by thirty-two soldiers and four sailors, defended by a breastwork of gabions of great thickness.

“The forts of St. Philip and St. Mary, at either end of the bridge, had each ten great guns, and both were filled with soldiers. In front of each fort, moreover, was stationed a fleet of twenty armed vessels, carrying



heavy pieces of artillery; ten anchored at the angle towards Antwerp, and as many looking down the river. One hundred and seventy great guns, including the armaments of the boats under the bridge of the armada, and the forts, protected the whole structure, pointing up and down the stream.

"But, besides these batteries, an additional precaution had been taken. On each side above and below the bridge, at a moderate distance—a bow shot—was anchored a heavy raft, floating upon empty barrels. Each raft was composed of heavy timbers bound together in bunches of three, the spaces between being connected by ships' masts and lighter spar work, and with a toothlike projection along the whole outer edge, formed of strong rafters, pointed and armed with sharp prongs and hooks of iron. Thus a serried phalanx, as it were, of spears stood ever on guard to protect the precious inner structure. Vessels coming from Zeland or Antwerp, and the floating ice masses, which were almost as formidable, were obliged to make their first attack upon these outer defences. Each rafter floating in the middle of the stream, extended twelve hundred and fifty-two feet across, thus protecting the whole of the bridge of boats and a portion of that resting upon piles."

Such was the famous bridge of Parma.

"The whole is in such a condition," said Parma, in writing to the king, "that in the opinion of all competent judges, it would stand though all Holland and Zeland should come to destroy our palisades. Their attacks must be made at immense disadvantage, so severely can we play upon them with our artillery and musketry. Every boat is furnished with the most daring captains and soldiers; so that if the enemy should attempt to assail us now, they would come back with broken heads."

The Antwerpens, who had all along not only misdoubted Parma, but ridiculed his operations, stood aghast when they saw the bridge completed, heard the prayers of convention offered, and saw the incense ascending in a great cloud to heaven. Not willing to admit that any human agency could have accomplished the work, they ascribed it to the devil. Doubtless, this Parma, said they, is in league with the Evil One, and by his help has this bridge been built; but whether man or demon built, there was the bridge.

The chief reliance of the Hollanders was now on the French. They had been led to believe that the king of France would unquestionably render them prompt assistance; but day followed day, week followed

week without the least sign of the promised subsidiary. They began to apprehend that their hope was misplaced; but they had permitted so much time to elapse during the indulgence of this vain delusive dream, that it was next to impossible to withstand the Spaniards.

There was one post of great importance which they longed to possess: it was the fort of Liefkenshoek, captured, as we have shown, by the Spaniards at an early stage of the campaign. Fort Lillo, on the other side of the Scheldt, they still held, and could they contrive to recapture Liefkenshoek the navigation of the river, at all events as far as the bridge, would still be open. A dashing attack was planned and ably executed. The fort was carried at a blow. The victors followed up their triumph by reducing the fort of St. Anthony, further down the river; and they thus gained entire command of all the high ground which remained in that quarter above the inundation, and called the Doel.

The dyke on which Liefkenshoek stood led up the river towards Kalloo, and Parma's famous bridge. At Fort St. Mary, where the Flemish head of the bridge rested, the dyke was broken. If the patriots could have obtained possession of that broken end, a fire might have been brought to bear on the bridge and the work completely destroyed. But Parma was beforehand with them. As soon as he heard of what had taken place at Liefkenshoek, his quick eye detected the flaw which might be fatal. The very same night he sent as strong a party as could be spared, with plenty of sappers and miners, in flat-bottomed boats, across from Kalloo. As the morning dawned, an improvised fortress, with the Spanish flag waving above it, stood on the broken end of the dyke. That done, he ordered one of the two captains who had commanded in Liefkenshoek and St. Anthony to be beheaded on the same dyke. The other was dismissed with ignominy.

There still, spanning the turbulent flood, bristling with cannon, garrisoned by veterans, was Parma's bridge intact. How should the Antwerpens make an end of it?

There dwelt in Antwerp a shrewd Mantuan, Gianibelli by name; he had taken an active part in attempts to victual the city, and had many a time been outvoted by heads of colleges, butchers, brewers, tailors, and the like. The leading men in Antwerp's glorious city had conceived the notion of a great ship—a leviathan, a floating castle, which should rise superior not only to all the forces of Spain, but to all its castles also. Their ship-builders went to work bravely; the adze and the hammer were

never still. "War's End," as they christened their ship, was to be the salvation of the Netherlands—the true ark in which civil and religious liberties were to be preserved from the Spanish deluge. Now Gianibelli was a practical engineer, and was thoroughly convinced that "War's End," as a name, had better be exchanged for that of "Antwerp Folly." He had a plan which he gravely proposed, although the council ridiculed it as chimerical as—let us say Parma's bridge. He asked for three ships, as goodly vessels as ever rode in salt water—the "Orange," the "Post," and the "Golden Lion:" with these, and sixty flat-bottomed scows, which he proposed to send down the river partially submerged, he volunteered to destroy the bridge. His request was refused; President Ignorance seated in the chair, ably seconded by Vice-President Incredulity. But in order to show the Italian that they were willing to offer him some sort of encouragement, it was agreed that he should take two small vessels, one of seventy, the other of eighty tons, and do the best—or worst—he could with them.

Disgusted with their parsimony, but unwilling to resign his project, Gianibelli accepted their terms. With him were associated one Bory, a clockmaker, and a mechanic named Timmerman. The plan proposed was to make of the two vessels granted for the experiment floating marine volcanoes, which should be floated down the Scheldt with the ebb tide and deal destruction to the Spaniards. They gave to the two ships the cheerful names of the "Fortune" and the "Hope."

"In the hold of each vessel along the whole length was laid down a solid flooring of bricks and mortar, one foot thick and five feet wide. Upon this was built a chamber of marble mason-work, forty feet long, three and a half feet broad, as many high, and with side walls five feet in thickness. This was the crater. It was filled with seven thousand pounds of gunpowder, of a kind superior to anything known, and prepared by Gianibelli himself. It was covered with a roof six feet in thickness, formed of blue tombstones placed edgewise. Over this crater rose a hollow cone or pyramid made of heavy marble slabs, and filled with mill stones, cannon balls, blocks of marble, chain shot, iron hooks, and plank caulkers, and every dangerous missile that could be imagined. The spaces between the mine and the sides of each ship were filled with paving stones, ironbound stakes, harpoons, and other projectiles. The whole fabric was then covered by a smooth light flooring of planks and brick-work, upon which was a pile of wood. This was to be lighted at the

proper time, in order that the two vessels might present the appearance of simple fire-ships, intended only to excite a conflagration of the bridge. In the *Fortune*, a slow match very carefully prepared communicated with the submerged mine, which was to explode at a nicely calculated moment. The eruption of the other floating volcano was to be regulated by an ingenious piece of clockwork, by which, at the appointed time, fire, struck from a flint, was to inflame the mass of gunpowder below.

A fleet of small vessels, in number thirty-two, was to be employed as simple fire ships, and these vessels being sent down the stream in companies of eight, at half-hour intervals, were intended to divert the attention of the besiegers until the volcanoes were brought down to the bridge. Surely it was a pity, with so good a scheme, that the Antwerpens could find no better naval commander than Run-away-Jacob. To him they entrusted the enterprise; and the result might have been anticipated.

On a dark evening, early in April, 1585, the fleet of vessels dropped slowly down the river towards Parma's bridge. Parma, suspecting an attack, had collected by sound of trumpet almost the whole of his army, and on the bridge and palisades they were gathered, and saw the ships approaching—ships that suddenly blazed—"a phantom of living fire"—and the waves of the Scheldt glowed crimson in the flaming light. Drifting with the tide the fire ships came on: the Spaniards watched them in silence, and saw one after another entangled in the defences or stranded on the banks. Thus, far from effecting any damage, they simply afforded amusement; they burned slowly, harmlessly, to the water's edge. But now the two "infernal ships" were in sight, swaying unsteadily with the current, the pilots as they neared the bridge having effected their escape in the skiff. They were not on fire, and their dark hulls could scarcely be distinguished. Both were carried by the current clear of the raft; the *Fortune* first, staggering within the enclosure, and then lurching clumsily against the dyke, and grounding near Kalloo. There was a panic, and there was a partial explosion, but no damage was done.

"Parma instantly called for volunteers to board the mysterious vessel. The desperate expedition was headed by Rowland Yorke, a Londoner. . . The party sprang into the deserted and now harmless volcano, extinguishing the slight fires that were smouldering on the deck, and thrusting spears and long poles into the hidden recesses of the hold. There was, however, little time to pursue their perilous investiga-

tions, and they soon made their escape to the bridge. The troops of Parma, crowding on the palisade and looking over the parapets, now began to greet the exhibition with peals of derisive laughter. It was but child's play, they thought, to threaten a Spanish army, and a general like Alexander Farnese, with such paltry fireworks as these. Nevertheless, all eyes were anxiously fixed upon the remaining fire ship, the Hope, which had now drifted very near the place of its destination. Making her way between the raft and the shore, she struck heavily against the bridge, on the Kalloo side, close to the blockhouse at the commencement of the floating portion of the bridge. A thin wreath of smoke was seen curling over a slight and smouldering fire upon the deck. Marquis Richebourg, standing on the bridge, laughed loudly at the apparently impotent conclusion of the whole adventure. It was his last laugh on earth. A number of soldiers, at Parma's summons, instantly sprang on board this second mysterious vessel, and occupied themselves as the party on board the Fortune had done, in extinguishing the flames, and in endeavouring to ascertain the nature of the machine. Richebourg boldly directed, from the bridge, their hazardous experiments. At the same moment, a certain Ensign De Vega, who stood near the Prince of Parma, close to the block-house, approached him with vehement entreaties that he should retire. Alexander refused to stir from the spot, being anxious to learn the result of these investigations. Vega, moved by some instinctive and irresistible apprehension, fell upon his knees, and plucking the general earnestly by the cloak, implored him with such passionate words and gestures to leave the place that the prince reluctantly yielded.

"It was not a moment too soon. The clockwork in the Hope had been better adjusted than the slow match in the Fortune. Scarcely had Alexander reached the entrance of St. Mary's Fort, at the end of the bridge, when a horrible explosion was heard. The Hope disappeared, together with the men who had boarded her, and the blockhouse against which she had struck, with all its garrison, while a large portion of the bridge, with all the troops stationed upon it, had vanished into the air. It was the work of a single instant. The Scheldt yawned to its lowest depths, and then cast its waters across the dykes, deep into the forts, and far over the land. The earth shook as with the throb of a volcano. A wild glare lighted up the scene for one moment, and was then succeeded by pitchy darkness.

Houses were toppled down miles away, and not a living thing, even in remote places, could keep its feet. The air was filled with a rain of ploughshares, grave stones, and marble balls, intermixed with the heads, limbs, and bodies of what had been human beings. Slabs of granite vomited by the flaming ship were afterwards found at a league distant, and buried deep in the earth. A thousand soldiers were destroyed in a second of time, many of them being torn to shreds, beyond even the semblance of humanity.

"Richebourg disappeared, and was not found until several days later, when his body was discovered doubled round an iron chain which hung from one of the bridge boats in the centre of the river. The veteran noble, Seigneur de Billy, a Portuguese officer of eminent service and high military rank, was also destroyed. Months afterwards his body was discovered adhering to the timber-work of the bridge upon the ultimate removal of that structure, and was only recognized by a peculiar gold chain, which he habitually wore. Parma himself was thrown to the ground, stunned by a blow on the shoulder from a flying stake. The page, who was behind him carrying his helmet, fell dead without a wound, killed by the concussion of the air. Several strange and less tragical incidents occurred. The Viscount de Bruxelles was blown out of a boat on the Flemish side, and descended safe and sound into another in the centre of the stream. Captain Tucci, clad in complete armour, was whisked out of a fort, shot perpendicularly into the air, and then fell back into the river. Being of a cool temperament, a good swimmer, and very pious, he skilfully divested himself of cuirass and helmet, recommended himself to the blessed Virgin, and swam safely ashore. Another young officer of Parma's body guard, François de Liege by name, standing on the Kalloo end of the bridge, rose like a feather into the clouds, and flying quite across the river, alighted on the opposite bank, with no further harm than a contused shoulder. He imagined himself (he said afterwards) to have been changed into a cannon-ball, as he rushed through the pitchy atmosphere, propelled by a blast of irresistible fury."

The ingenuity of the Mantuan engineer and Dutch watchmaker had accomplished the required work. Parma's famous bridge was shattered, some of his bravest officers, and a thousand of his men, killed. A Zeland fleet was ready to follow up this good beginning by an immediate attack on the disconcerted Spaniards. The sails were spread, the oars

in the rowholes, all Antwerp astir waiting for the signal. It had been arranged that, if the plan was successful, the admiral—old Jacob Run-away—should send up a rocket. He was in his barge, waiting and watching, and nervously anxious for the result. The result was so far beyond his expectations that he became alarmed, confused, and instead of sending up the rocket, came back to the disheartened citizens with a dismal story of failure. If ever a coward deserved hanging—a long cord and a short shrift—that man was the Dutch admiral, a very different sort of man from De Tromp or De Ruyter; and if ever there was a man who would cheerfully have hanged old Jacob, I should say that man was the Mantuan inventor. His plan had succeeded. The Spaniards were discomfited; all that was required—as well Prince Parma knew—was immediate and vigorous action on the part of the patriots. They did nothing; and he set his army in array, and mended his broken bridge. The success of the experiment, however, made the Spaniards feel that they needed all their prudence, as well as all their courage, to carry on the siege. “They are never idle in the city,” wrote Prince Parma to the king. “They are perpetually proving their obstinacy and pertinacity by their industrious genius and the machinery which they devise. Every day we are expecting some new invention. On our side we endeavour to counteract their efforts by every *human means* in our power. Nevertheless, I confess that our merely *human intellect* is not competent to penetrate the design of their *diabolical genius*. Certainly most wonderful and extraordinary things have been exhibited, such as the oldest soldiers here have never before witnessed.”

Alexander of Parma had indeed very much with which to contend; and the parsimony of Philip of Spain was almost as dangerous, and certainly quite as vexatious as the “diabolical ingenuity” of the patriots. The Spaniards were so reduced by sickness that it was pitiful to see them. Neither the Italians nor Germans were in much better condition; and the Walloons were rapidly deserting.

As for the Antwerpens, they saw plainly that their only hope of deliverance lay in piercing the dyke which ought to have been pierced—even at the cost of twelve thousand bullocks—some months before, but was now held by the Spaniards in great force. Could the Kowenstyn be pierced, the water divided by that formidable bulwark into two great lakes, would flow together in one continuous sea—and a wide sheet of navigable water would thus roll between Antwerp and the Zeland

coasts, and Parma, his troops, and his famous bridge, would be all defeated.

But Parma was well aware of the importance of the dyke, and held it with tenacity. A little string of citadels—forts that seemed to rise



The Fight on the Kowenstyn.

out of the water—were built along the narrow strip of land, and strongly garrisoned. Two or three well-planned attempts were made by the patriots upon this line of defence, but with no permanent success. The object, however, to be gained by piercing the dyke was so important that a general effort was resolved on by the Antwerpers; and the burgo-



master Aldegonde and the most distinguished men of the time, including Jacob Run-away, who was fortunately drowned, set forth one May morning for the purpose of piercing the dyke.

As the sentinels on the Kowenstyn looked out from their dreary posts over the dull grey mass of waters, they saw four "fiery apparitions" gliding towards them. The alarm was given, and the troops began somewhat reluctantly to muster upon the dyke. The Spaniards entertained a mysterious dread of those demon-vessels which had done so much injury, and threatened so much more, to Parma's bridge. But the vessels which now floated towards the Kowenstyn were mere ordinary fire ships—things of tar, pitch, resin, wood, and gunpowder—that blazed bravely, but did no harm. Still they answered the purpose: as the attention of the Spanish soldiers was engaged with them, expecting every moment an eruption—a shower of ploughshares and grave stones—a great swarm of gun boats and other vessels skimmed across the leaden-coloured waters, and a company of wild Zelanders and other volunteers sprung on the dyke. A frightful struggle ensued; face to face; breast to breast; arm to arm: a struggle that must have ended in the destruction of the Zelanders, had not the Antwerp fleet appeared swiftly to the rescue, and Saint Aldegonde, with Hohenlo and three thousand brave fellows, effected a landing and driven the Spaniards from the dyke.

With woolsacks, sand-bags, hurdles, planks, and other materials brought with them, the patriots rapidly entrenched themselves in the position so brilliantly gained; while the miners, without an instant's delay, commenced the labour of piercing the dyke. But the Spaniards were by no means willing to accept their defeat. They returned to the attack, and fought desperately on that narrow strip of land—not six paces wide—but all-important to the interests of Spain and Holland. They fought with brave obstinacy, Dutchmen and Spaniards alike,—“soldiers, citizens and all, they were like mad bull dogs.” But while the contest was thus warmly maintained, the miners never for a moment ceased their work. They knew their picks and shovels were doing as brave work for Antwerp as the pikes and carbines of those who fought. Their labour was rewarded. A shout of triumph signalled their victory as the salt water rushed like a river through the ruptured dyke, and a Zeland barge floated into the waters now no longer an inland sea. Still only a portion of the barrier was destroyed. Those who had begun the work must finish it before they should congratulate themselves on a vic-

tory consummated. It was, therefore, to be regretted that in their presumed success the leaders of the Antwerpers and Hollanders should prove themselves incompetent to their position. Saint Aldegonde and Hohenlo sprung into the first barge that passed the dyke in order that they might in person carry the news of the victory to Antwerp.

For some hours after they had departed, those who were left behind laboured steadily at the work of destruction unmolested by the Spaniards. But their enemies were not idle. Count Mansfeld—a grizzled veteran, who had passed his whole life under fire—still held one end of the dyke, and was unwilling to accept defeat. As for Parma he was miles away. There were some three thousand Hollanders, Antwerpers, and English, all busy as beavers at the dyke, and all fierce as “mad bull dogs;” there was a fleet of vessels pouring in a broadside on the Spaniards, but still old Peter Mansfeld was reluctant to concede the triumph. The bells of Antwerp were ringing merrily, bonfires blazing, for the boat-load of bread and beef—earnest of what was to come—had arrived; cannon thundered in triumph, and a magnificent banquet was spread in the town-house to greet the conquerors. There was Hohenlo at the head of the table draining huge goblets to the conquerors of the Royalists; a bevy of fair dames surrounded him and Aldegonde—ladies such as Rubens would have delighted to paint—all smiles for the victors; victors who, to-morrow, to-morrow, would read Spain a lesson never to be forgotten—to-morrow, to-morrow! Gentlemen, charge your cups!

In the midst of the banquet strange sounds were heard in the streets; perhaps it was a tipsy brawl, perhaps it was an accident; perhaps—all the Rubens’ ladies turned from red to white, from smiles to sadness—perhaps, those outrageous Spaniards had not been beaten after all! Too soon the truth of the surmise was confirmed; a few stragglers who had escaped from the dyke came in to tell of disaster and defeat. Old Peter Mansfeld had, it appeared, summoned a council of war; there the majority were of opinion that they should do nothing until they had communicated with Alexander. But an Italian colonel, Camillo Capizucca had vehemently proposed an immediate attack. “What difference will it make,” he asked, “whether we defer our action until either darkness or the General arrives? In each case we give the enemy time enough to destroy the dyke, and thoroughly to relieve the city. That done, what good can be accomplished by our army? Then our disheartened soldiers will either shrink from fruitless combat or march to certain death!” The words

thrilled those who heard him. The camp marshal, Piccolomini, seconded the proposition of the colonel. Then their enthusiasm being aroused, Spaniards and Italians began to quarrel who should take the lead in the attack; but this was at length amicably arranged. "Shoulder to shoulder," it was said, "let us go into this business, and let our blows fall rather upon the enemy's heads than upon each other's."

The battle that ensued was one of the most frightful encounters we can imagine; it was fought on a narrow slip of land, with the waters stretching far on either side, and maintained with deadly obstinacy. The Antwerpens, the Hollanders, and the English were true to each other, and the Spaniards and Italians found them more than a match, but at the very moment when the triumph of the Dutchmen appeared certain, Alexander suddenly appeared, "like a deity from the clouds," and the disheartened Spaniards and Italians being roused by his presence, the battle was renewed with redoubled fury. "The fight on the Kowenstyn was to be long remembered in the military annals of Spain and Holland. Never since the curtain first rose upon the great Netherland tragedy, had there been a fiercer encounter. Flinching was impossible. There was scant room for the play of pike and dagger; and close packed as were the combatants, the dead could hardly fall to the ground. It was a mile-long series of separate mortal duels, and the oozy dyke was slippery with blood." It is unnecessary to dwell on the details of that fearful struggle. It ended in the utter rout and defeat of the Hollanders. The Spaniards triumphed at the ebbing tide, and the slaughter was horrible. Thus the Kowenstyn, won so bravely, was again lost, and the last hope of the Antwerpens perished."

The resistance still offered by the Antwerpens was feeble and futile. All that remained was capitulation. The terms offered by Parma were liberal, were urged by famine on the citizens, and were at length accepted. The escutcheon of Philip of Spain was exhibited at the public buildings, the rites of the Roman Catholic Church re-established, and the Duke made his public entry into the city with a display of magnificence never surpassed by him on any public occasion.

To his credit be it said, there was no pillage, no massacre. The savage scenes which had occurred at Maestricht were not repeated. Antwerp received her conqueror with every outward demonstration of loyalty, and the conqueror was graciously pleased to accept the demonstration.





Old Greenwich Palace.

## THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF ZUTPHEN.

[A.D. 1586.]

**W**HILE Duke Parma was building his bridge, and the avaricious butchers of Antwerp were in vain regretting the saving of their fat cattle, negotiations were pending between the United Netherlands and the Courts of France and England as to the signing of an alliance which should effectually put a stop to the ambitious designs of Spain.

Shut up in his private closet penning ill-written and not over well-spelt letters, plotting and contriving in a burrowing way, was Philip—late English King Consort; chafing at the various losses he had recently sustained, saying his prayers with extreme devoutness, and promising rich bribes to Heaven, if Heaven would but help him to crush the revolvers in the Low Countries, make a successful descent on England, triumphantly establish himself as the greatest power in Europe, and in the fires make an end of heresy.

France—or rather the French King, Henry III.—was playing fast and

loose with Spain and with the Netherlands. With no great love to the political supremacy of the Spanish Court, with still less regard for the liberal tendencies of the Netherlands; with no love at all for heresy, and a pleasant recollection of the Bartholomew massacre, he toyed first with the one then with the other—did nothing, or, in fact, did worse than nothing. Deferred hope, which makes the heart sick, exhausted patience, money, men; wasted time, the most precious of all, when Alexander of Parma was busy in siege operations.

Finally, it appeared that France would do nothing, which might have been safely predicated from the first.

But in England the case was different. Queen Elizabeth was on the throne,—a lion-hearted woman, who had known what persecution meant; who hated Spain and Rome with a good Protestant hatred; who was willing to assist the Netherlands in their struggles for civil and religious freedom; but a princess who, at the same time, had an eye to results, who plainly looked for compensation,—wages for work.

A chivalrous heroic spirit might turn scornfully away at this fact, but it has to be remembered that the England over which Queen Elizabeth bore sway was not the England of Queen Victoria. It was only beginning to exercise any influence in the world; its revenues were small; its population, compared with a recent census, inconsiderable; its insular position its chief security. It was essential, therefore, that the Queen should place the interests of her own land and people foremost. She was ostensibly at peace with Spain; by rendering assistance to the revolted Netherlands she virtually declared war; and Spain was no contemptible power; nor was she unwilling to seize on the least pretext for quarrel. Still it was plain that the Dutch and the English together would be able to offer formidable opposition to Spain, and Queen Elizabeth treated with the States.

It was a grand day at Greenwich when the Dutch envoy arrived, and had audience of the Queen. The palace in Greenwich was a building of ancient date, much enlarged and decorated by Henry VIII., and so magnificent for that age in its proportions and embellishments, that the antiquary, Leland, exclaims:—

How bright the lofty seal appears,  
Like Jove's great palace, pav'd with stars!  
What roofs, what windows charm the eye!  
What turrets rivals of the sky!

On the occasion of the arrival of the Dutch deputies, the presence chamber was hung with golden tapestry, and its floor strewn with rushes. Fifty gentlemen pensioners, with gilt battle axes, and a throng of the Yeomen of the Guard were in attendance, while the counsellors of the Queen, in their robes of state, waited round the throne. "There, in close skull cap and dark flowing gown, was the subtle monastic-looking Walsingham, with long grave melancholy face and Spanish eyes. There, too, white staff in hand, was Lord High Treasurer Burghley, then sixty-five years of age, with serene blue eyes, large, smooth, pale, scarce-



Stadtholder's House, Haarlem.

wrinkled face and forehead, seeming with his placid, symmetrical features, and great velvet bonnet, under which such silver hairs as remained were soberly tucked away, and with his long dark robes which swept the ground, more like a dignified gentlewoman than a statesman, but for the wintry beard which lay like a snow drift on his ancient bonnet.

"The Queen was then in the fifty-third year of her age, and considered herself in the full bloom of her beauty. Her garments were of satin and velvet, with fringes of pearls as big as beans. A small gold crown was upon her head, and her red hair, throughout its multiplicity of curls,

blazed with diamonds and emeralds. Her forehead was tall, her face long, her complexion fair, her eyes small, dark, and glittering, her nose high and hooked, her lips thin, her teeth black, her bosom white, and literally exposed. As she passed through the ante-chamber to the presence-hall, supplicants presented petitions upon their knees. Wherever she glanced all prostrated themselves on the ground. The cry of 'Long live Queen Elizabeth' was spontaneous and perpetual; the reply, 'I thank you, my good people,' was constant and cordial."

The Dutch envoys numbered about a dozen "as muscular champions as ever a little republic sent forth to wrestle with all-comers in the slippery ring of diplomacy." Chief amongst these chosen ones was the foremost statesman of his country, John of Olden-Barnereid. He had come of distinguished lineage, his family was allied with many illustrious houses; he was himself a profound and indefatigable student; he had practised as an advocate in Holland and Zeland. He had particularly distinguished himself at Haarlem, had stood outside the walls of Leyden when the magnificent destruction of the dykes had taken place by which that city had been saved: still later, he had fought at the Kowenstyn, and was in all respects a noticeable man.

When the deputies were introduced into the presence-chamber, an elaborate address was delivered to the Queen by the deputy from Dort, one Joos de Menin. He said:—

"Since the death of the Prince of Orange, the States have lost many important cities, and thus, for the preservation of their existence, they have need of a prince and sovereign lord to defend them against the tyranny and iniquitous oppression of the Spaniards and their adherents, who are more and more determined utterly to destroy their country, and reduce the poor people to a perpetual slavery, worse than that of Indians under the insupportable and detestable yoke of the Spanish inquisition. We have felt a confidence that your majesty will not choose to see us perish at the hands of the enemy against whom we have been obliged to sustain this long and cruel war. That war we have undertaken in order to procure for the poor people their liberty, laws, and franchises, together with the exercise of the true Christian religion, of which your Majesty bears right fully the title of defender, and against whom the enemy and his allies have so many leagues, and devise so many ambushes and stratagems, besides organising every day so many plots against the life of your majesty and the safety of your realms,—schemes which thus far the

good God has averted for the good of Christianity and the maintenance of his churches. For these reasons, madam, the States have taken a firm resolution to have recourse to your majesty, seeing that it is an ordinary thing for all oppressed nations to apply in their calamity to neighbouring princes, and especially to such an one endowed with piety, justice, magnanimity, and other kingly virtues. For this reason, we have been deputed to offer to your majesty the sovereignty over these provinces, under certain good and equitable conditions, having reference chiefly to the



Utrecht.

maintenance of the reformed religion and of our ancient liberties and customs. And although, in the course of these long and continued wars, the enemy has obtained possession of many cities and strong places within our country, nevertheless the provinces of Holland, Zeland, Utrecht, and Friesland, are, thank God, still entire. And in those lands are many large and stately cities, beautiful and deep rivers, admirable sea ports, from which your majesty and your successors can derive much good fruit and commodity, of which it is scarcely necessary to make a long recital.



This point, however, beyond the rest, merits a special consideration, namely, that the conjunction of the provinces of Holland, Zeland, Utrecht, and Friesland, together with the cities of Sluys and Ostend, with the kingdoms of your majesty, carries with it the absolute empire of the great ocean, and consequently an assurance of perpetual felicity to your subjects. We, therefore, humbly entreat you to agree to our conditions, to accept the sovereignty of these provinces, and, consequently, to receive the people of the same as your very humble and obedient subjects under the perpetual safeguard of your crown;—a people certainly as faithful and loving towards their princes and sovereign lords, to speak without boasting, as any in all christendom.”

The oratorical deputy went on still further to enlarge upon the advantages of the union. Her Majesty courteously listened, and then made answer:—

“Gentlemen,—Had I a thousand tongues I should not be able to express my obligations to you for the grand and handsome offer which you have just made. I firmly believe that this proceeds from the true zeal, devotion, and affection, which you have always borne me, and I am certain that you have ever preferred me to all the princes and potentates in the world. Even when you solicited the late Duke of Anjou, who was so dear to me, and to whose soul I hope God has been merciful, I know that you would sooner have offered your country to me, had I desired that you should do so. Certainly, I esteem it a great thing that you wish to be governed by me, and I feel so much obliged to you in consequence, that I will never abandon you, but on the contrary, assist you till the last day of my life. I know very well that your princes have treated you ill, and that the Spaniards are endeavouring to ruin you entirely; but I will come to your aid, and I will consider what I can do consistently with my honour in regard to the articles which you have brought me. They shall be examined by the members of my council, and I promise that I will not keep you three or four months, for I know very well that your affairs require haste, and that they will become ruinous if you are not assisted. It is not my custom to procrastinate, and upon these occasions I shall not dally, as others have done, but let you have my answer very soon.”

Various conferences followed the state reception, but Queen Elizabeth steadily refused to accept the sovereignty of the States. She was willing to assist to the best of her ability, but not to accept their offer. It was

then to be decided what help the queen would render, and what security the provinces were expected to give for re-imbursing the queen for her generosity. It was a question on both sides of getting the most and giving the least; hard chaffering and cheese paring on both sides, all the while that the Prince of Parma was zealously carrying on his works outside Antwerp, and Philip sending him everything but money to encourage him in the work. The queen's counsellors were shrewd men of business: for the men and money about to be advanced they demanded solid pledges in the shape of a town in each province. Various interviews with the queen convinced the deputies that the counsellors had faithfully represented their royal mistress. "Her tongue is marvellously well hung," they all agreed, and when that tongue was employed in her own interest, or in the interest of her people, it rang out—"loud, round, and sound."

In the midst of all the wrangling and jangling came the news that Parma had triumphed, that Antwerp had fallen. This intelligence hastened the closing of the treaty. It was agreed that a permanent force of five thousand foot and one thousand horse should serve in the Provinces at the queen's expense, and that the cities of Flushing and Brill should be placed in her Majesty's hands until the entire reimbursement of the debt thus incurred by the States. Elizabeth also agreed that the force necessary to garrison these towns should form an additional contingent instead of being deducted from the general auxiliary force.

Prince Maurice, the son of William the Silent, addressed a letter to the queen on the conclusion of the treaty, in which he expressed himself in the most chivalrous and devoted language. The important town of Flushing, which was required as a part of the guarantee to the queen, was held by Maurice as hereditary seignior and proprietor, but he handsomely resigned all claim and signified the most friendly feelings towards the gentlemen entrusted with the command of the English troops.

These commanders comprised two of the most distinguished men in the country; the Earl of Leicester—he who had feasted the queen so royally at Kenilworth—and the chivalric and accomplished Sir Philip Sidney. Prince Maurice requested the Earl of Leicester to consider the friendship which had existed between himself and the late Prince of Orange as an hereditary affection, and entreated the earl to do him that honour in future to hold him as a son, and extend to him counsel and authority; declaring on his part that he should ever deem it an honour to be allowed

to call him father. In order still more strongly to confirm his friendship, he begged Sir Philip Sidney to consider him as his brother, and as his companion in arms, promising upon his own part the most faithful friendship.

With regard to the Earl of Leicester it is only necessary to observe that in collecting the body of troops to accompany him to the Netherlands, the expense chiefly fell on his own purse. But Leicester was rich and ambitious; he was not averse to paying for a position so dignified and important as that of the queen's representative; besides, he had no mean opinion of his own soldiership, and had in the Netherlands an excellent opportunity for testing that soldiership against the bravest and wisest general in christendom.

But Sir Philip Sidney presents a far different character for contemplation. There is, it has been said, hardly a character in history upon which the imagination can dwell with more unalloyed delight. Not, even in romantic fiction was there ever created a more attractive incarnation of martial valour, poetic genius, and purity of heart. "I cannot," says Camden, "pass him over in silence, that glorious star, that lively pattern of virtue, and the lovely joy of all the learned sort. It was God's will that he should be born into the world, even to show unto our age a sample of ancient virtue." It does not fall within our province to trace the incidents of the brief but brilliant life of this illustrious man up to his arrival in the Netherlands. All who knew him, and among these were Charles IX. of France, Henry of Navarre, Don John of Austria, and William the Silent, entertained for him the highest personal regard. But the queen had been always apt to look upon him with suspicion, although it was truly said, for he was the idol of the courtiers, that the English court was "maimed without his company." He had entered on his thirty-second year when he received his appointment to join the English force in the Netherlands, and to accept the responsible office of Governor of Flushing.

When Leicester departed for the Netherlands he was accompanied by a fleet of fifty ships, and on his arrival a great procession of civic functionaries was ready to receive him. His progress was a continual ovation. At Middleburg there was an entertainment, every dish of which has been duly chronicled. "Pigs served on their feet, pheasants in their feathers, and baked swans with their necks thrust through gigantic pie crust." When he came to the Hague a fleet of barges was sent to escort him and

pageants were got up in his honour—pageants which, to our notions, look exceedingly like flat profanity. For example, Peter, James, and John met him upon the shore, where the Saviour appeared walking upon the waves, and ordered his disciples to cast their nets, and present the fish to



Town Hall at the Hague.

his excellency! Mars and Bellona were ready to bombast Latin odes in his praise; and what with tiltings, jousts, banquets, pageants, harangues, illuminations, fireworks, and waterworks, no king or emperor had ever been received with greater triumph.

It is a striking but pleasant change to turn away from these empty

spectacles to the unostentatious appearance of Sir Philip Sidney at Flushing. "Driven to land," he says, "at Rammekins, because the wind begun to rise in such sort as our mariners durst not enter the town, I came from thence on foot with as dirty a walk as ever poor governor entered his charge withal."

Now that the English supplies had arrived in the Netherlands and the greetings and pageantry over, some useful work was naturally looked for by the Dutchmen. Leicester had promised much; he had affected to despise the Prince of Parma, had given out on no credible authority that



The Earl of Leicester.

Alexander was dismayed at his approach, and that not only would Antwerp be recovered, but the Low Countries soon swept of every Spanish soldier as effectually as though every dyke had been pierced and the North Sea rolled over the land. But, however encouraging these words might be, the Prince of Parma, so far from retiring before Leicester, boldly attacked and successfully captured several important towns. The earl still vaunted his own and his troops' prowess, and beat the enemy over and over again in theory; but in fact the enemy budged not an inch; their "war-worn coats" were still stout enough to withstand a blow, and

though they often looked "so many ghosts," there was body enough to give a good blow when the time came.

Gradually Leicester found his popularity, both at home and in the Netherlands, decreasing. The Dutchmen stood in need of skilful soldier-ship; the battle had to be won before they rejoiced in victory; and although the earl was an excellent trencherman at a banquet, he seemed to have but little stomach for a feast of lances. So the Dutchmen complained and Leicester expostulated and conducted himself very much like an absolute master. This assumption, especially as it was all done in the queen's name, but without the queen's sanction, roused her Majesty's indignation, and she who had once sworn to unfrock a proud prelate was quite as ready to strike the spurs from the heels of an arrogant knight. So the position of Leicester was not altogether enviable.

Leicester at length took the field, with the intention of capturing Zutphen, or Suthfen, an important town on the right bank of the Yssel, capital of an ancient Landgrave.

"The ancient river, broad, deep, and languid, glides through a plain of almost boundless extent till it loses itself in the flat and misty horizon on the other side of the stream. In the district called Veluwe, or bad meadow, were three sconces, one of them of remarkable strength. An island between the city and the shore was likewise well fortified. On the landward side the town was protected by a wall and moat sufficiently strong in those infant days of artillery. Near the hospital gate on the east was an external fortress guarding the road to Warnsfeld. This was a small village, with a solitary slender church spire shooting up above a cluster of neat one-storied houses. It was about an English mile from Zutphen, in the midst of a low, somewhat fenny plain, which, in winter time, became so completely a lake, that peasants were not unfrequently drowned in attempting to pass from the city to the village. In summer the vague expanse of country was fertile and cheerful of aspect. Long rows of poplars marked the straight highways, clumps of pollard-willows scattered around the little meres, snug farmhouses with kitchen gardens and brilliant flower patches dotting the level plain, verdant pastures sweeping off into seemingly infinite distance, where innumerable cattle seemed to swarm like insects, windmills swinging their arms in all directions, like protection giants, to save the country from inundation, the lagging sail of market-boats shining through rows of orchard trees—all gave to the environs of Zutphen a tranquil and domestic charm."

The successes of Parma had driven the English both from the Meuse and the Rhine, and it was very important that they should obtain possession of the Yssel, that branch of the Rhine which flows between Gelderland and Overijssel into the Zuyder Zee. Davenport and Kampen were the two principal places on the river, and these were already in the hands of the States. Could the English obtain possession of Zutphen their command of the Yssel would be complete.

At the commencement of the operations a fortified camp was established by Sir John Norris, on an eminence christened by the unpropitious name of Gibbet Hill. In company with Sir John Norris, and in joint command, were Count Louis William of Nassau, and Sir Philip Sidney. Leicester



Zutphen.

himself who had ordered the construction of a bridge of boats, crossed over to the opposite side of the river, so that he might personally superintend the attack on the Veluwe forts.

When the Duke of Parma was informed of the siege of Zutphen, he broke up his camp, then at Rheinberg, and came to Wesel. There he built a bridge over the Rhine and fortified it with two blockhouses, and thus effectually impeded all traffic. Having accomplished this work he hastened to Groll and Burite, seizing both and throwing in small garrisons. He then approached Zutphen, a city which he was determined to relieve. He had with him but five thousand men, exclusive of fifteen hundred under Verdugo; but he was determined to give battle to the

enemy and, as he himself said, "Leave the issue with the God of battles."

On the 29th of August, 1586, the Duke of Parma entered Zutphen. He had previously sent on a reinforcement of horse and foot, but he was well aware of the encouragement given by his own personal appearance; he knew that the people were devotedly attached to him, regarding him both as saint and soldier, and he was therefore the more anxious to show himself amongst them. He had besides another object in view; he was desirous by personal observation of ascertaining the exact position of the enemy. He found Gibbet Hill, as we have seen, occupied by Sir John Norris, who was supposed to have thirty-five thousand men under his command. Sir John, in the opinion of Parma, was the best soldier the English had, and his position was impregnable. The rest of the English were on the other side of the river, and Parma observed with satisfaction that they had abandoned a small redoubt, outside the Low-gate, through which reinforcements might enter the city. Availing himself of this capital error on the part of Leicester, Parma determined to seize the opportunity of sending to Zutphen the much needed supplies. All through the night there was skirmishing between the Spaniards and the English; a Scotch officer who was captured assured Parma that Leicester had no less than fifteen thousand men under his command—rather more than double his real number—but had he declared, and had it been true, that thirty instead of fifteen thousand beleaguered the city, Parma would still have hazarded his experiment.

In the morning Parma returned to his camp and at once made rapid work in collecting victuals. Wheat and other provisions sufficient to feed four thousand men for three months were soon in readiness, and these he determined to send into Zutphen immediately, at every risk.

The incidents which followed are thus graphically related by the historian of the Netherlands:

The convoy which was now to be dispatched required great care and a powerful escort. Twenty-five hundred musketeers and pikemen, of whom one thousand were Spaniards, and six hundred cavalry, Epirotes, Spaniards, and Italians, under Hannibal Gonzago, George Crescia, Bentivoghu, Sesa, and others, were accordingly detailed for this expedition. The Marquis del Vasto, to whom was entrusted the chief command, was ordered to march from Berkelo at midnight, on Wednesday, October 1. It was calculated that he would reach a certain hillock not far from



Warnsfeld by dawn of day. Here he was to pause and send forward an officer towards the town communicating his arrival, and requesting the co-operation of Verdugo, who was to make a sortie with one thousand men, according to Alexander of Parma's previous arrangements. The plan was successfully carried out. The marquis arrived by daybreak at the spot indicated, and dispatched Captain de Vego, who contrived to send intelligence of the fact. A trooper whom Parma had himself sent to Verdugo with earlier information of the movement, had been captured on the way. Leicester had therefore been apprized, at an early moment, of the prince's intentions; but he was not aware that the convoy would be accompanied by so strong a force as had really been detailed.

Leicester had accordingly ordered Sir John Norris, who commanded on the outside of the town, near the road which the Spaniards must traverse, to place an ambuscade in the way. Sir John, always ready for adventurous enterprises, took a body of two hundred cavalry, all picked men, and ordered Sir William Stanley, with three hundred pikemen, to follow. A much stronger force of infantry was held in reserve; but it was not thought it would be required. The ambuscade was successfully placed before the dawn of Thursday morning, in the neighbourhood of Warnsfeld Church. On the other hand, the Earl of Leicester himself, anxious as to the result, came across the river just at daybreak. He was accompanied by the chief gentlemen in his camp, who could never be restrained when blows were passing current.

The business that morning was commonplace enough—to "impeach" a convoy of wheat and barley, butter and cheese—but the names of the noble and knightly volunteers who took share in it, sound like the roll call for some chivalrous tournament. There were Essex and Audley, Stanley, Pelham, Russell, both the Sidneys, all the Norrises, Lord Willoughby "of courage fierce and full." Twenty such volunteers as these sat on horseback that morning around the stately Earl of Leicester. It seemed an incredible extravagance to send a handful of such heroes against an army.

It was five o'clock of a chill autumn morning. It was time for day to break, but the fog was so thick that a man at the distance of five yards was quite invisible. The creaking of wheels, and the measured tramp of soldiers, soon became faintly audible, however, to Sir John Norris and his five hundred as they sat there in the mist. Presently came galloping forward in hot haste those noblemen and gentlemen, with their esquires,

fifty in all, whom Leicester had been no longer able to restrain from taking part in the adventure.

A force of infantry, the amount of which cannot be satisfactorily ascertained, had been ordered by the earl to cross the bridge at a later moment. Sir Philip Sidney's division of horse was then in Levenstoe, to which place it had been sent in order to assist in quelling an anticipated revolt: so that he came, like most of his companions as a private volunteer and knight errant.



Sir Philip Sidney.

The arrival of the expected convoy was soon more distinctly heard; but no scouts or outposts had been stationed to give notice of the enemy's movements. Suddenly the fog which had shrouded the scene so closely rolled away like a curtain, and in the full light of an October morning the English found themselves face to face with a compact body of three thousand men. The Marquis del Vasto rode at the head of the force,

surrounded by a band of mounted arquebus men. The cavalry was under other distinguished commanders ; columns of pikemen and musketeers lined the hedgerow on both sides, while between them the long train of waggons slowly advanced under their protection. The whole force had got in motion, after having sent notice of their arrival to Verdugo, who with one or two thousand men was expected to sally forth almost immediately from the city gate.

There was but brief time for deliberation. Notwithstanding the tremendous odds there was no thought of retreat. Norris called to Stanley, with whom he had lately been at variance :

"There hath been ill blood between us. Let us be friends together this day and die side by side, if need be, in her Majesty's cause."

"If you see me not serve my prince with faithful courage now," rang out the voice of Stanley, "account me for ever a coward. Living or dying, I will stand or die by you in friendship."

While they spake the gallant young Earl of Essex spurred his horse and called to his troopers :

"Follow me, good fellows—for England, and for England's Queen !"

As he spoke he dashed, lance in rest, upon the enemy's cavalry, overthrew the foremost man, horse and rider, shivered his own spear to splinters, and then, swinging his cuttle-axe, rode merrily forward. His whole troop, compact as an arrow-head, flew with an irresistible shock against the opposing columns, pierced clean through them, and scattered them in all directions. At the very first charge one hundred English horsemen drove the Spanish and Albanian cavalry back upon the musketeers and pikemen. Wheeling with rapidity, they retired before a volley of musket shot, by which many riders and a few horses were killed, and then formed again to renew the attack. Sir Philip Sidney, in coming into the field, having met Sir William Pelham, a veteran soldier, lightly armed, had with chivalrous devotion thrown off his cuishes and now rode to the battle with no armour but his cuirass. At the second charge his horse was shot under him, but, mounting another, he was seen everywhere in the thick of the fight, behaving himself with a gallantry which extorted admiration even from the enemy.

The battle was a series of personal encounters in which high officers were doing the work of private soldiers. Lord North, who had been lying "bed-rid" with a musket shot in the leg, had got himself on horse-back, and "with one boot on and one boot off," bore himself most valiantly

through the whole affair. As to Sir William Russell, he laid about him with his cuttle-axe to such purpose, that the Spaniards pronounced him a devil and not a man. "Wherever," said an eye-witness, "he saw five or six of the enemy together, thither would he; and with his hard knocks soon separated their friendship." Lord Willoughby encountered George Crescia, general of the famed Albanian cavalry, unhorsed him at the first shock, and rolled him in the ditch. "I yield me thy prisoner," cried out Crescia in French, "for thou art a *preux chevalier*;" while Willoughby, trusting to his captive's word, galloped onward, and with him the rest of the little troop, till they seemed swallowed up by the superior number of the enemy. His horse was shot under him, his bosses were torn from his legs, and he was nearly taken prisoner, but fought his way back with incredible strength and good fortune. William Stanley's horse had seven bullets in him, but bore his rider unhurt to the end of the battle.

Hannibal Gonzago, leader of the Spanish cavalry, fell mortally wounded. The Marquis del Vasto, commander of the expedition, nearly met the same fate. An Englishman was just about to cleave his head with a battle-axe, when a Spaniard transixed the soldier with his pike. The most obstinate struggle took place about the train of waggons. The teamsters had fled in the beginning of the action, but the English and Spanish soldiers, struggling with the horses and pulling them forward and backward, tried in vain to obtain exclusive possession of the convoy which was the cause of the action. The carts at last forced their way nearer and nearer to the town, while the combat still went on, warm as ever, between the hostile squadrons. The action lasted an hour and a half, and again and again the Spanish horsemen wavered and broke before the handful of English, and fell back upon their musketeers. Sir Philip Sidney, in the last charge, rode quite through the enemy's ranks until he came upon their entrenchments, when a musket ball from the camp struck him upon the thigh, three inches above the knee. Although desperately wounded in a part which should have been protected by the cuishes he had thrown aside, he was disinclined to leave the field; but his own horse had been shot under him in the beginning of the action, and the one upon which he was now mounted became too restive for him thus crippled to control. He turned reluctantly away, and rode a mile and a half back to the entrenchments, suffering extreme pain, for his leg was dreadfully shattered. As he was supported by his attendants at the edge of the battle-field, one of them brought him a bottle of water to quench his raging thirst. At

that moment a wounded English soldier looked up wistfully in his face. Sidney instantly handed him the flask, exclaiming, "Thy necessity is even greater than mine." He then pledged his dying comrade in a draught, and was soon afterwards met by the earl.



Death of Sir Philip Sidney.

"Oh! Philip," cried Leicester in despair, "I am truly grieved to see thee in this plight."

Sidney comforted him, assuring him that death was sweet in the cause of queen and country.

Sir William Russell, too, all blood-stained from the fight, threw his arms around his friend, wept like a child, and kissing his hand, exclaimed,

"Oh! noble Sir Philip, never did man attain hurt so honourably, or serve so valiantly as you."

The fight was over. Sir John Norris bade Lord Leicester, "be merry, for," said he, "you have had the honourablest day. A handful of men has driven the enemy three times to retreat."

But it was now time for the English to retire in their turn. Their reserve never arrived. The whole force against the thirty-five hundred Spaniards had never exceeded two hundred and fifty horse and three hundred foot; and of this number the chief work had been done by the fifty or sixty volunteers and their followers. The heroism which had been displayed was fruitless, except as a proof that the Spaniards were not invincible. Thirteen troopers and twenty-two foot soldiers upon the English side were killed. The Spaniards lost about two hundred men. But they succeeded in carrying their convoy into Zutphen and completely victualling the town. Very little save honour was gained by the English. "I think I may call it," said Leicester, "the most notable encounter that hath been in our age, and it will remain to our posterity famous."

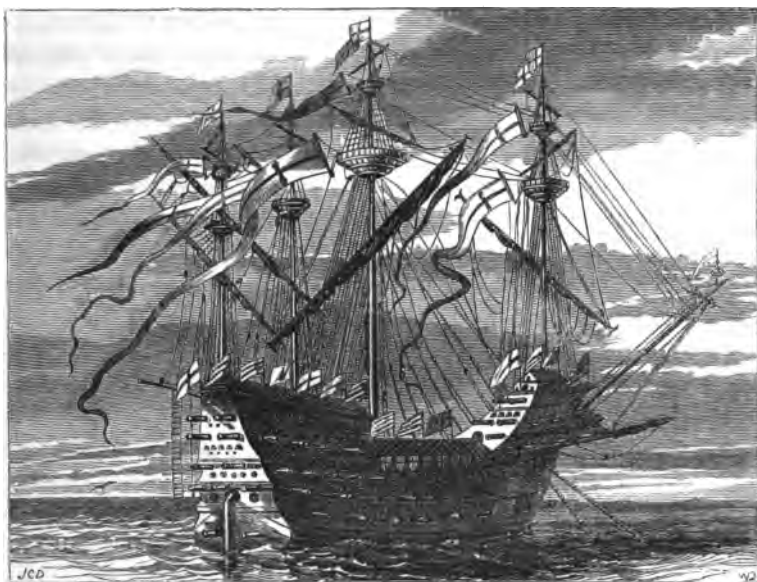
It has done so—not for any gain to the English cause, but on account of the heroic daring of the gentlemen volunteers, and chiefly on account of the melancholy close of Sir Philip Sidney's bright career. He died from the effect of his wounds a few days after receiving the injury.

During the period which intervened between the battle and the death of Sidney, the siege operations before Zutphen were continued. "The city, strongly garrisoned and well supplied with provisions, as it had been by Parma's care, remained impregnable; but the sconces beyond the river and upon the island fell into Leicester's hands. The great fortress which commanded Veluwe, and which was strong enough to have resisted Count Hohenlo on a former occasion for nearly a whole year, was the scene of much hard fighting. It was gained at last by the signal valour of Edward Stanley, lieutenant to Sir William. That officer at the commencement of an assault upon a not very practicable breach, sprung at the long pike of a Spanish soldier, who was endeavouring to thrust him from the wall, and seized it with both hands. The Spaniard struggled to maintain his hold of the weapon, Stanley to wrest it from his grasp. A dozen other soldiers broke their pikes upon his cuirass, or shot at him with their muskets. Conspicuous by his dress being all in yellow but his corslet, he was in full sight of Leicester and five thousand men. The earth was so shifty and sandy that the soldiers who were to follow him

were not able to climb the wall. Still Stanley grasped his adversary's pike, but suddenly changing his plan, he allowed the Spaniard to lift him from the ground. Then assisting himself with his feet against the wall, he, much to the astonishment of the spectators, scrambled quite over the parapet and dashed, sword in hand, among the defenders of the fort. Had he been endowed with a hundred lives it seemed impossible for him to escape death. But his followers, stimulated by his example, made ladders for themselves of each other's shoulders, clambered at last with great exertion over the broken wall, overpowered the garrison, and made themselves masters of the sconce. Leicester, transported with enthusiasm for this noble deed of daring, knighted Edward Stanley upon the spot, besides presenting him next day with forty pounds in gold and an annuity of one hundred marks sterling for life."

Had every English knight and enterprising adventurer, enlisted in the cause of the Netherlands, behaved as bravely as Edward Stanley, even Parma would not long have remained in the Low Countries. Unfortunately there was a large amount of small dealing—double dealing—chaffering—places of importance were given over to the Spaniards without a struggle, and the only probable result of the English in the Netherlands seemed to be a mortal quarrel between England and Spain.





## THE STORY OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

[A.D. 1588.]

**T**HE English troops in the Netherlands performed some dashing exploits, but they rendered very little permanent service to the cause of the United Provinces. The leaders were disaffected among themselves,—jealous of each other, all more or less jealous of Leicester,—who was regarded also with suspicion by some of the most distinguished men in Holland. The amity which had been professed at the beginning of the alliance was not so complete as it promised to be. Prince Maurice was heartily weary of his prodigal father, Leicester, and the enmity and division were working together admirably in favour of Spain.

In his private chamber, in his palace, was King Philip; his hair silvering, his face ageing, himself as bent as ever he had been on the advancement of his own authority, and the establishment everywhere within his dominions of the religion of Rome. No man more assiduous than he;



no more faithful son of the Church; no man more willing to light up the fires of martyrdom, and send all heretics to the stake. But, although Philip was assiduous, he was not the leading spirit of his age and country. The devices and desires of his heart were freely interpreted, and freely worked out for him. As to himself he indulged in the smallest criticisms on the documents submitted to his approval; annotating in a wretched hand, and finding fault with the orthography of the scribe. He was fond of showing how much he knew about England, and to exhibit his intimate knowledge of its palatial residences, he took occasion on one of the papers laid before him to allude to "Huytal" as one of the royal houses; why it was so called he said he was unable to state, and so elaborate a compound was likely to puzzle so astute a scholar!

Parma,—Alexander Farnese,—was the true master spirit. No man so skilled in diplomacy, no man so vigorous in action, no man so personally courageous. He was a great man towering above his fellows, his character one of the most gigantic anomalies ever seen: imperious in command, slavish in obedience; scrupulously faithful to his friends, unscrupulously false to his foes; a soul of chivalrous honour, a spirit as deceitful as that of the arch-deceiver; a double-natured man—angel and devil—but withal eminently self-denying; not working for his own ends or purposes, devoted to the cause of Spain and Rome, spending everything he possessed in their service.

Alexander Farnese was an accomplished courtier, and many a man who had been led to regard him as a villain, was converted into a belief of his uprightness by his smooth tongue and affectation of candour. When this subtle diplomatist saw how divided were the counsels of the Hollanders and the English, he bethought himself of a notable scheme for carrying out his master's designs without more fighting. Philip longed to seize upon England. He had once ruled the land; he had helped to kindle the fires of Smithfield,—he had almost made the country a province of Spain. It was his earnest desire to accomplish what he had begun. To unthrone Elizabeth; to subject Englishmen to the Spanish yoke; to re-unite the English Church to Rome; but to do this required time, toil, talent. How could time, the principal item, be gained? By no better means, so thought Alexander Farnese, than by leading the English Queen to suppose that Spain sought a reconciliation; that Spain was heartily tired of the struggle in the Netherlands; that the hour had come for the men of the pen to supersede the men of the sword. And the plan was successful.

The overtures were well received. The English statesmen and the queen fell into the snare. They believed Parma, and were charmed by his courtesy, and, moreover, they were anxious for peace.

Now a bull had been issued by the Pope, in which Elizabeth was denounced as illegitimate, and as usurping the crown, which the Pope bestowed on Philip, declaring it an act of virtue for anybody to lay violent hands on the queen. A Holy League was also inaugurated, of which Philip was appointed the head, and Alexander of Parma chief commander. This bull, together with a pamphlet on the subject, had been translated by order of Parma, in order to be freely distributed throughout England. This was very well known to be the case, and her Majesty's Commissioners, who were negotiating the peace, were instructed to obtain an explanation from the duke. The Commissioners obtained an interview, and Dr. Dale, a prosy pedant, entered largely into the matter, Parma listening with remarkable courtesy. When the doctor ended, the prince replied:—

"I am glad that her Majesty and her Commissioners do take in good part my good will towards them. I am especially touched by the good opinion her Majesty hath of my sincerity, which I should be glad always to maintain. As to the pamphlet to which you refer, I have never read it, nor seen it, nor do I take heed of it. It may well be that her Majesty, whom it concerns, should take notice of it; but for my own part I have nought to do with it, nor can I prevent men from writing and printing at their pleasure. I am at the commandment of my master only."

Prosy Dr. Dale referred to the Papal bull, to which the prince answered:

"I know nothing of the bull of the Pope, nor do I care for any, nor do I undertake anything for him." He added, "For my part, I have always had such respect for her Majesty, being so noble a queen, as that I would never hearken to anything that might be reproachful to her. After my master, I would do ~~best~~ to serve your queen, and I hope she will take my word for her satisfaction on that point."

Who could doubt the word of so accomplished and honourable a gentleman? and yet there lay in the drawers of the cabinet by which Parma sat, letters from King Philip, thanking him for having had this document translated and printed. Dull Dr. Dale wrote home to say that Parma knew nothing of the matter!

While these negotiations were pending, and for many months previous, the dockyards of Spain and Portugal had been in a state of unaccustomed

activity. An immense fleet was being prepared for the express purpose of invading England. The shipwrights were busy with adze and hammer, shaping the timber for the vessels that were to transport an army to our coasts; merrily the hammers rang on the glowing iron as the armourer wrought at the anvil. Incessantly teamsters led their labouring teams with waggon loads of provisions to the stores. And loudly the priests



Sir Francis Drake.

inveighed against the Protestant Queen who had dared to refuse the paternal blessing of the Pope, and had flung her woman's glove into the face of Philip.

Philip in the meantime, white headed and black hearted, was writing in the wretched scrawl so miserably dissimilar to the Court's hand of that period, instructions to Parma to delay the negotiations and deceive the English Commissioners, to do anything and everything to gain time.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.



ENGLISH SHIP AND SPANISH GALLEON.



How bitterly this Spanish monarch hated this English Queen, how he yearned after the possession of her fair lands no language can describe!

And the people shared the hatred of King Philip against the English. He and they had suffered not only in the Netherlands, but from marauding English buccaneers, who had seized on many a richly-laden argosy and carried her into an English port. There was the shrewd seaman Francis Drake—a sea king of the Norse pattern, who had circumnavigated the globe, and had captured booty enough to build an “invincible armada” five times over. With a fleet of thirty vessels he had come down on the Spanish coast to observe the preparation they were making, and to do them any harm that might be. On an April day (1587) he entered Cadiz roads and discovered upwards of eighty vessels; attacked, sunk, and destroyed them all. He then sailed out again, and running along the coast as far as Cape St. Vincent, demolished above a hundred sail of vessels, and besides other injuries, battered down four forts. This was what he called “singeing the beard of the King of Spain.” In the Tagus he seized one of the finest ships in the Spanish navy, and carried it off in triumph.

The news which Drake brought of the great naval armament fitting out by Spain, the suspicions of treachery—notwithstanding the honeyed words of Parma, might be fairly entertained. Nevertheless time wore on and both the army and navy of England were quite unprepared, and the Queen was reluctant to incur the expense necessary to the defence of the kingdom. “I am sorry,” said Admiral Howard, in a letter to Walsingham, “that her Majesty is so careless of this most dangerous time. I fear me much, and with grief I think it, that she relieth on a hope that will deceive her, and greatly endanger her, and then it will not be her money nor her jewels that will help; for as they will do good in time, so they will do nothing for the redeeming of time.”

Thus opened the year 1588, the year of peril, foretold by many an ancient prophecy, and ushered in by portentous signs—such, say the chronicler, as showers of blood—red rain, we presume—and the still more remarkable phenomenon of the sun at midday with a drawn sword in his mouth!

Parma was busy with his preparations. The soldiers were talking of a London Fury like the Fury of Antwerp, and making merry at the prospect of the wealth to be won. One of Walsingham’s agents reported that among the preparations there was provided a great number of torches

inextinguishable in water, "a great number of little mills for grinding corn, great store of biscuit baked, and oxen salted, great numbers of saddles and boots; also there is made 500 pairs of velvet shoes—red, crimson velvet, and in every cloister throughout the country great quantity of roses made of silk, white and red, which are to be badges for divers of his gentlemen. By reason of these roses it is expected he is going for England. There is sold to the prince by John Angel, pergaman, ten hundredweight of velvet, gold and silver, to embroider his apparel withal. The covering to his mules is most gorgeously embroidered with gold and silver, which carry his baggage. There is also sold to him by the Italian merchants at least 670 pieces of velvet to apparel him and his train. Every Captain has received a gift from the prince to make himself brave; and, for Captain Corralini, an Italian, who hath one cornet of horse, I have seen with my eyes a saddle with the trappings of his horse, his coat, and rapier, and dagger, which cost 3,500 French crowns. All their lances are painted of divers colours, blue and white, green and white, and most part blood red—so there is as great preparation for a triumph as for war. A great number of English priests came to Antwerp from all places. The commandment is given to all the churches to read the Litany daily for the prosperity of the prince in his enterprise."

The testimony of Sir William Russell, throws still further light on the activity of Parma. "The prince," he says, "is making great preparations for war, and with all expedition means to march a great army, and for a triumph the coats and costly apparel for his own body doth exceed for embroidery, and beset with jewels; for all the embroiderers and diamond cutters work both night and day, such haste is made. Five hundred velvet coats of one sort for lances, and a great number of brave new coats made for horsemen; 30,000 men are ready, and gather in Brabant and Flanders. It is said that there shall be in two days 10,000 to do some great exploit in these parts, and 20,000 to march with the prince into France, and for certain it is not known what way or how they shall march, but all are ready at an hour's warning—4,000 saddles, 4,000 lances, 6,000 pairs of boots, 2,000 barrels of beer, biscuit sufficient for a camp of 20,000 men, etc. The prince hath received a marvellous costly garland or crown from the Pope, and is chosen chief of the Holy League, and now puts in his arms two cross keys."

While Parma was thus active, and all Europe was ringing, as it were, with the din of the hammers in the Spanish dockyards, the preparations

for defence in England went on tardily. Had not this prince promised—had not the prince said—had not the Prince assured—had not the prince pledged his honour that no harm was intended? Is it not somewhere written “put not thy trust in princes”? England had but a small fleet, and that was inefficiently manned and ill-victualled. There was no want of energy or determination on the part of the people, but a vacillating spirit on that of the Queen and her ministers; the spell of Parma’s words were upon them. Lord High Admiral Howard was still chafing and complaining at the delay. “Let me have the four great ships and



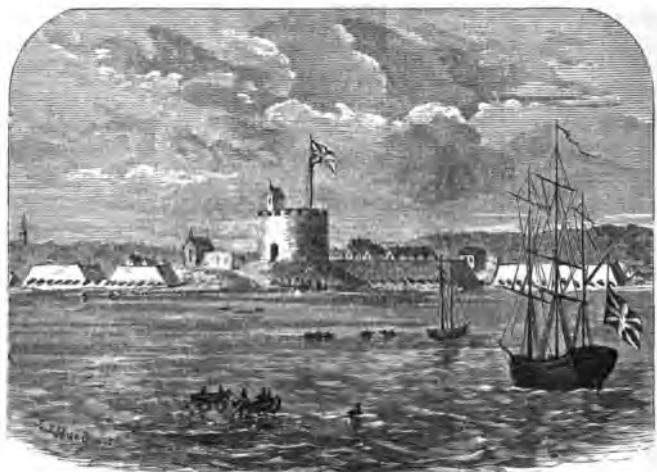
Charles Howard, Earl of Effingham.

twenty hoys, with but twenty men a piece, and each with but two iron pieces, and her Majesty shall have a good account of the Spanish forces; and I will make the king wish his galleys home again.” But the queen kept those four great ships—as Howard said—“to protect Chatham Church withal,” though her sagacity might have told her that “sparing and war have no affinity together.”

“The preparations on shore,” says Mr. Motley, “were even more dilatory than those on the sea. Once landed, the Duke of Parma expected to march directly upon London; and it was notorious that there were no fortresses to oppose a march of the first general in Europe and his



veterans upon that unprotected and wealthy metropolis. An army had been enrolled,—a force of 86,016 foot, and 13,831 cavalry; but it was an army on paper only. Even of the 86,000 only 48,000 were set down as trained; and it is certain that the training had been of the most meagre and unsatisfactory description. Leicester was to be commander-in-chief; his army was to consist of 27,000 foot and 2,000 horse; yet, at Midsummer (1588) it had not reached half that number. Lord Chamberlain Hunsdon was to protect the queen's person with another army of 36,000; but this force was purely an imaginary one; and the Lord-Lieutenant of each county was to do his best with the militia. Of enthusiasm and



Tilbury Fort.

courage there was enough, of drill and discipline, of powder and shot there was a deficiency."

All through this spring, Sir John Norris was doing what he could to exercise the soldiers in London. The captains of the Artillery Garden had been tolerably well drilled for several years, but the rank and file were ignorant enough of this art of war. "There has been a general muster of the men fit to bear arms here," said a London resident in April, and there have not been found ten thousand sufficient men. This will seem strange to you, but it is true as the Gospel of St. John. There is great want of powder, and no hope of supply, except that which can be manufactured in England."

The chief muster of the troops was made at Tilbury-fort, but there the number never exceeded seventeen or eighteen thousand men.

The English fleet consisted in all of 201 vessels, but the majority of these were mere coasters, and totally unfit for real service. The Royal Navy comprised 30 vessels of different sizes, ranging from 1,150 and 1000 to 30 tons. The ships were manned by 6,279 seamen, and carried 837 guns. These vessels were under the immediate command of Lord Howard of Effingham. In addition, there was a squadron of 32 vessels, commanded by Sir Francis Drake, and manned by 2,348 seamen. There were also 10 hired ships, 51 coasters, 38 contributed by the citizens of London, 18 volunteers, 15 victuallers, and 7 miscellaneous. The whole of the crews amounted to 15,785 men. The majority of the vessels were of not more than 100 tons burden.

The Spanish Armada comprised 132 ships, divided into ten squadrons, carrying 3,165 guns, 8766 seamen, 21,855 soldiers, and 2,088 galley slaves. The size of the ships ranged from 1,200 tons to 30. "The galleons, of which there were about sixty, were unwieldy, huge, and round-stemmed vessels, with turrets or towers built up at prow and stern, and bulwarks three or four feet thick. The *galeasses*, of which there were four, rowed each by three hundred galley-slaves, consisted of an enormous towering fortress at the stern, a castellated structure almost equally massive in front, with seats for the rowers amidships. At stem and stern, and between each of the slaves' benches, were heavy cannon. These galeasses were floating edifices, very wonderful to contemplate. They were gorgeously decorated. There were splendid state apartments, cabins, chapels, and pulpits in each, and they were amply provided with awnings, cushions, streamers, standards, gilded saints, and bands of music. The galleys resembled the galeasses, but were one-third smaller. All the ships were so heavily built, and so over-weighted with top-hamper, that, though well fitted to play their parts in a pageant, they were ill able to manœuvre in battle, or encounter a violent gale."

The captain-general originally appointed to the expedition was the Marquis of Santa Cruz, a man of considerable naval experience and of constant good fortune, who in thirty years had never sustained a defeat. But he was no friend to the Duke of Parma, and when he heard that that prince had been appointed as chief of the enterprize, he lost heart, and became moody and discontented. A course of reproach and perpetual reprimand was the treatment to which he was in consequence subjected ;

he was rated by one, lectured by another, forbidden to write letters to the king, and informed authoritatively that he must accept or decline the post of captain-general, without conditions, and that, if he declined, Duke Parma was prepared to appoint his successor. It must be owned that these circumstances were very discouraging even to the best and bravest man, and the least punctilious in point of honour. As to Santa Cruz, he felt himself deeply aggrieved, but nevertheless resolved to do the best for his master—King Philip. The bustle in all the dockyards went on with renewed activity. War ships of all dimensions, tenders, transports,



Marquis of Santa Cruz.

soldiers, sailors, sutlers, provisions, munitions of war, were all rapidly concentrated in Lisbon as the great place of rendezvous; and Philip confidently believed, and as confidently informed the Duke of Parma, that he might be expecting the Armada at any time after the end of January, 1588. .

Parma was still in the Netherlands, and there he was to remain until the Armada was ready to assist his progress to England. But he was not idle. He was putting his little army into as good a condition as he could and preparing a number of transports for the passage of his troops

from the Flemish ports into the Thames. His activity, if overlooked by England, was jealously watched by the Dutch. "Holland and Zeland," wrote Alexander to Philip, "have armed with their accustomed promptness; England has made great preparations. I have done my best to make the impossible possible; but your letter told me to wait for Santa Cruz, and to expect him very shortly. If, on the contrary, you had told me to make the passage without him, I would have made the attempt although we had every one of us perished. Four ships of war would sink every one of my boats. Nevertheless, I beg to be informed of your Majesty's final order. If I am seriously expected to make the passage without Santa Cruz, I am ready to do it although I should go all alone in a cock-boat."



View of Lisbon.

Santa Cruz was dead. He had been badly used and his heart was broken; and if Duke Parma intended to wait for him, the troops at Tilbury might be dismissed and all the English ships laid up in ordinary. But Santa Cruz was succeeded in his command by a wealthy Hidalgo, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, "a Golden Duke" it was said, very different from the deceased captain-general—"the Iron Marquis." Still Duke Parma was in the Netherlands receiving many missives from Philip, assuring him that the Armada was about to sail; and still King Philip was in his private chamber receiving many missives from Farnese, assuring him that the troops in the Netherlands were daily dwindling from sickness and other causes, and that the main reliance for success in the invasion of England must be on the six thousand Spaniards on board the Spanish fleet.

It was the close of May before the Armada was ready to sail. It was then, in the port of Lisbon, ceremoniously blessed, and weighed anchor. The plan of action was simple. "Medina Sidonia—the captain-general—was to proceed straight from Lisbon to Calais roads; there he was to wait for the Duke of Parma, who was to come forth from Newport, Sluys, and Dunkirk, bringing with him his seventeen thousand veterans, and to assume the chief command of the whole expedition. They were then to cross the channel to Dover, land the army of Parma, reinforced with six thousand Spaniards from the fleet, and with these twenty-three thousand men Alexander was to march at once upon London. Medina Sidonia was to seize and fortify the Isle of Wight, guard the entrance of the harbour against any interference of the Dutch and English fleets, and, so soon as the conquest of England had been effected, he was to proceed to Ireland. . . . A strange omission had, however, been made from first to last. The commander of the whole expedition was the Duke of Parma: on his head was the whole responsibility. Not a gun was to be fired—if it could be avoided—until he had come forth with his veterans to make his junction with the Invincible Armada off Calais. Yet there was no arrangement whatever to enable him to come forth—not the slightest provision to effect that junction. It would almost seem that the letter writer of the Escorial had been quite ignorant of the existence of the Dutch fleets off Dunkirk, Newport, and Flushing, although he had certainly received information enough of this formidable obstacle to his plan."

Sailing from the port of Lisbon—with priestly benison upon it—the Invincible Armada stood out for Cape Finisterre, where it was overtaken by a tempest, the winds and the waves apparently having no more respect for the Golden Duke, and the priests, than they had for the galley-slaves toiling at the oars. Indeed to some of those miserable beings the storm was a blessing. There was one David Gwynn, a Welsh seaman, who had been captured by the Spaniards many years before, and had sat in the hulks a wretched galley-slave ever since the time of his capture. He was one of the rowers on board the great galley, the Vasana. There were four of these galleys, with low open waists, and enormous turrets at stem and stern. The Diana, the largest of the four, went down during the tempest, with all hands on board. The Vasana was in imminent peril, and the master at his wit's end as to what should be done. In his extremity he consulted the Welshman, on whose experience and seamanship he could rely. Gwynn saw the opportunity for which he had been

waiting, and was ready to improve it. He pointed out to the Captain the impossibility of overtaking the Armada, the extreme probability of their going down as the Diana had just done, and the necessity of taking in every rag of canvas, and pulling into the nearest port. He suggested that,



David Gwynn's Exploit.

in order that the rowers should be unimpeded in their movements, the soldiers on deck should be sent below. The advice was accepted. Most of the soldiers were put under hatches, a few only sat among the slaves. Now, there had been a secret understanding among these unfortunate men for many days, and they were not, as was supposed, entirely unarmed.

They had been accustomed to make toothpicks and other trifling articles out of broken sword blades, and there was not a man among them who had not thus provided himself with a stiletto.

"At first," says the historian of the Netherlands, "Gwynn occupied himself with arrangements for weathering the gale. So soon, however, as the ship had been made comparatively easy, he looked around him suddenly, threw down his cap, and raised his hand to the rigging. It was a pre-concerted signal. The next instant he stabbed the captain to the heart, while each one of the galley-slaves killed the soldier nearest to him; then, rushing below, they surprised and overpowered the rest of the troops, and put them all to death. Coming again upon deck, David Gwynn descried the fourth galley of the squadron, called the 'Royal,' commanded by Commodore Medrado in person, bearing down upon them before the wind. It was obvious that the Vasana was already an object of suspicion.

"'Comrades,' said Gwynn, 'God has given us liberty, and by our courage we must prove ourselves worthy of his boon.'

"As he spoke there came a broadside from the galley 'Royal,' which killed nine of his crew. David, nothing daunted, laid his ship close alongside the 'Royal' with such a shock that the timbers quivered again. Then, at the head of his liberated slaves, now thoroughly armed, he dashed on board the galley, and, after a furious conflict, in which he was assisted by the slaves of the 'Royal,' succeeded in mastering the vessel, and putting all the Spanish soldiers to death. This done, the combined rowers, welcoming Gwynn as their deliverer from an abject slavery which seemed their lot for life, willingly accepted his orders. The gale had, meantime, abated, and the two galleys, well conducted by the experienced and intrepid Welshman, made their way to the coast of France, and landed at Bayonne, dividing among them the property on board the two galleys. Thence, by land, the fugitives, four hundred and sixty-six in number—Frenchmen, Spaniards, English, Turks, and Moors—made their way to Rochelle. Gwynn had an interview with Henry of Navarre, and received from that chivalrous prince a handsome present. Afterwards he found his way to England, and was well commended by the Queen. The rest of the liberated slaves dispersed in various directions."

This was the first adventure of the Invincible Armada.

The fleet re-assembled at Corunna, having first put in at Vivera, Ribadeo, Gijon, and other northern ports of Spain. At Corunna—then

known to the English as the Groyne—the Armada remained for a whole month, repairing damages and recruiting. The news reached England that the fleet had been dispersed and shattered, and was not in the least likely to make its appearance off our coasts. Orders were consequently issued from the Admiralty to disarm the four largest ships and send them into dock. Fortunately, however, before this ill-timed suggestion could be carried out, news was received that the fleet of Spain was again in motion, that it was off the Lizard, waiting only for Duke Parma's arrival to make the deadly swoop on much coveted England.

The following graphic account of the reception of the news in England we extract from the "Boys' Own Magazine:"

"Nearly three centuries ago, on a sunny afternoon towards the close of the month of July, there was assembled on the grassy windswept ascent of the Hoe of Plymouth a notable group of illustrious personages. Some of these were playing at bowls, a game as popular in the year 1588 as cricket in the year 1864; others were looking out upon the gleaming waters of the Sound, where gallantly rode half a hundred stout English keels; and a few were smoking long pipes of the fascinating nicotian weed recently introduced into England by the poet Raleigh, and occasionally pledging each other in deep draughts of Canary wine. A famous group, each of whom had already won a niche in the history of his fatherland; brave old English sea-kings who did their best to carry out the apostolic injunction of 'Fear God, and honour'—the Queen—the Queen, Elizabeth the Virgin!—in whose name they had lustily plied both cutlass and paterero on the rich shores of the Spanish main. Yonder stands bluff, honest, weather-beaten John Hawkins, Admiral of the Port, the patriarch of the Devonshire seamen—he who had so gallantly fought, with five small barks, twenty-five great Spanish galleons under the guns of San Juan de Ulloa—a burly sea-dog, with a grizzled head, a rough, weather-tanned face, sharp, quick eyes, and a close grey beard. He is closely studying the movements of a sturdy, plain-dressed captain, who seems wholly absorbed in the chances of the game he is playing. That is Sir Francis Drake, the naval hero of Elizabeth's reign, whose very name is a terror to the Spaniards. Observe the round, bullet-shaped head, covered with light-brown hair; the large, bright, earnest eyes; the firm lip and chin; the calm, serene brow; the whole expression one of dauntless courage, restless energy, and unconquerable will. Another spectator of the game we recognise at once by his thoughtful face, his eloquent brown eyes, and pointed chin, as Eliza-



both's favourite courtier—poet, historian, statesman, adventurer—Sir Walter Raleigh. The stately, personable worthy, whom all regard with an evident air of deference, is Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral of England, a Catholic, but a patriot, and a loyal subject of the Queen's. Around him gather brave Sir Robert Southwell, stout Captain Fenner, Richard Hawkins—the 'Complete Seaman,' the gallant Winter, the chivalrous Sir Richard Grenville—a great Devonshire knight and worthy, young Lord Sheffield, and the trusty and tried Martin Frobisher. A hero band, not undeserving to be remembered with the immortal Three Hundred who died, as the Greek legends tell us, at



Martin Frobisher.

red Thermopylæ, or that handful of gallant Swiss who bled and won on the fatal field of Sempach 'in the brave days of old.' If you and I, my readers, could but mingle with the members of this illustrious group, we should find that all their discourse centred on one absorbing topic—the formidable 'Armada' with which the tyrant King of Spain hoped to defeat and subjugate free Protestant England.

"Tidings of what has already taken place the Lord High Admiral of England is telling to his audience, and also how intelligence has just reached him from the court that the shattered Armada will not be able to make its appearance again *this* year, and that consequently—to save

expense—he must disarm his four largest ships and send them into dock. While he is explaining his reasons for disobeying the royal order, and Drake loudly murmurs against the blindness and stupidity of the Queen's courtiers, and especially of the much-doubting, much-pondering Burleigh, the report of a single gun seaward directs the attention of every one to a small armed vessel which, dipping and bending as the wind fills her swelling canvas, is making with all speed for the harbour. Soon a boat puts off, rows hastily for the shore, and lands her captain, who, pushing his way through the excited group, makes his obeisance to Lord Howard, and hurriedly tells his tale. His name is Fleming; he is the captain of a privateer from Leith. While beating, this morning, off the Cornish coast, he had discovered the mighty array of the Armada sweeping before the wind like so many floating castles. Straightway he had run out every stitch of canvas, and hastened to warn the Lord High Admiral of the coming foe. 'At the news, many a sea-captain grasps his ready hilt and hurries towards the shore; but Drake stops them with his genial laugh:—"Let us play out our play; there will be plenty of time to win the game, and beat the Spaniards too." The game is played out gallantly and steadily—the most memorable game that ever stirred the heart of an earnest player—and the last cast being thrown, Drake and his comrades leap into their boats, and row swiftly on board their respective ships.'"

The news of the near presence of the Armada spread rapidly through the land, and beacon fires blazed from every hill.

Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,  
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.  
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,  
 That time of slumber was as bright, and busy as the day;  
 For swift to east and swift to west, the ghastly war flame spread:  
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone, it shone on Beachy Head.  
 Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,  
 Cape beyond cape in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.  
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:  
 The rugged miners pour'd to war from Mendip's sunless caves:  
 O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:  
 He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.  
 Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,  
 And ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;  
 The sentinel on Whitehall-gate looked forth into the night,  
 And saw o'erhanging Richmond-hill, the streak of blood-red light.  
 Then bugle's note and cannon's roar, the deathlike silence broke,  
 And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the ~~hammering~~ fire;  
 At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;  
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed forth the voice of fear;  
 And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:  
 And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,  
 And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street;



"And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent."

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,  
 As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:  
 And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,  
 And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.  
 Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright couriers forth;  
 High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;

And on, and on without a pause, untired they bounded still;  
 All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang from hill to hill :  
 Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,  
 Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,  
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,  
 Till stream'd in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,  
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,  
 And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;  
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,  
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;  
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,  
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

And, it was no mean occasion, no contemptible foe, which called forth all this busy action. The veterans of Spain were off our coasts—mad with a thirst for blood—revenge—treasure. Duke Parma, it was expected, would soon be amongst them, leading them towards a city wealthier than Antwerp when it fell beneath the Spanish fury. The fleet presented a pompous, almost a theatrical display. It was a grand naval pageant, a triumph—only the victory had not been achieved. Disposed in the form of a crescent, the horns of which were seven miles asunder, their gilded, towered, floating citadels, fluttered with embroidered flags; and while martial music rang over the blue waves, on came the stately show, with an air of indolent pomp, towards our shores. Here in the midst was the great galleon Saint Martin, wherein was the Golden Duke himself—as strange to all maritime affairs as ever man could be: he was surrounded by officers, horse and foot, who knew as little of sea matters as he did himself; and so the great gaudy show came forward—a brilliant spectacle for a holiday—and formidable enough, doubtless, if Duke Parma could join. *If!* there was a good deal in that postulate when the Dutchmen were resolved to keep him from joining the fleet.

When the English fleet came within sight of the Spanish Armada, Medina Sidonia hoisted the royal standard at the fore, and made some preparations for a general engagement. But for this the English had no disposition: they wisely refused so unequal a battle; and contented themselves with attacking only the rear guard of the Armada. It was a running fight, as the fleet proceeded up the channel, in full view of Plymouth, whence boats with reinforcements and volunteers were perpetually arriving to the English ships. It was a bright Sunday afternoon when this "small fight," as Hawkins called it, took place; but before the priest on board the Spanish fleet had chanted vespers there were signs of

insubordination, and worse trouble than had yet been felt from the enemy. On board the flag ship of Admiral Oquendo there was a Flemish master gunner, who felt himself aggrieved by a reprimand for inefficient ball practice; and probably, beyond this private grudge, he bore no good will to the Spanish nation: however this may be, he succeeded in laying a train to the powder magazine and blowing up the decks of the vessel. "The great castle at the stern rose into the clouds, carrying with it the paymaster-general of the fleet, a large portion of the treasure, and nearly



Sir John Hawkins.

two hundred men. The Fleming flung himself overboard and escaped with his life. The ship was a wreck, but it was possible to save the rest of the crew; so Medina Sidonia sent light vessels to remove them, and brought up his flag ship to defend Oquendo who had already been fastened upon by his English pursuers. But the Spaniards not being so light in hand as their enemies, involved themselves in much embarrassment by this manœuvre; and there was much falling foul of each other, entanglement of rigging, and carrying away of yards. Oquendo's men, however, were ultimately saved and taken to other ships."



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.



While the Spaniards were thus busied, a noble galleon, having on board the commander of the Andalusian fleet, got his ship into collision with two or three others, carried away the mainmast, and lay crippled and helpless at the mercy of the English. The booming of the signals of distress only served to draw the more attention to his helpless situation, and brought down upon him, not the expected aid, but a couple of stout English ships, Hawkins in the one, and Frobisher in the other, pouring in a fierce cannonade, to which Valdez—the Andalusian—responded as well as he was able. He did not surrender till the following morning, when he struck to the Revenge, and was sent on board Drake's flag ship.

Thus the first day's adventure of the Invincible Armada had scarcely borne out its presumptuous title. Two of the Spanish galleys had been captured by the slaves who laboured at the oars, another had been lost; the flag ships of the Guipuzcoan and of the Andalusian squadrons, with an admiral, one hundred thousand ducats, and nearly five hundred men in all, had been destroyed. The whole fleet had been out-maneuvred, out-sailed, thoroughly maltreated by the English. Affairs were not so prosperous nor so promising as they appeared to be when the benison was spoken in the Lisbon waters.

Throughout Monday, the 1st of August, the Spanish fleet sailed leisurely along the English coasts, the queen's fleet offering no obstruction to their course, but hovering at a moderate distance to windward. The Duke of Medina sent off a sloop to the Duke of Parma to inform him of the position of the Armada, and request instruction as to his own movements. Dissatisfied, also, with the discipline of his fleet, Medina took occasion to send a serjeant-major with written sailing directions on board each ship in the Armada, with express orders to hang every captain, without appeal or consultation, who should leave the position assigned to him; and the hangman was sent with the serjeant-major to ensure immediate attention to these encouraging arrangements.

On Tuesday, by about five in the morning, the Armada lay between Portland Bill and St. Alban's Head, and by the shifting of the wind gained an advantage over the English. Hitherto the latter had been able to follow the Spanish fleet, to harass their rear without giving battle; now they were exposed to assault, and the Spaniards were not slow to take advantage of this circumstance. A long and spirited action ensued. Howard, in his little Ark Royal, "the odd ship of the world for all conditions," was engaged at different times with the larger of the Spanish



vessels; all the twelve Apostles, or rather the galleons called by their names, bore down upon her, and thundered their saltpetred sermons into the ears of the heretic English. St. Mark, St. Luke, St. Matthew, St. Philip, St. John, St. James, St. John Baptist, St. Martin, were engaged pell mell with vessels bearing no less profane names than the Lion, the Bull, the Bear, the Tiger, the Dreadnought, the Victory, the Revenge, the Triumph. The noise of battle rang loud and clear along the south coast, and many a boat load and ship load of gallant volunteers responded to the inviting sound by pushing off to the help of the English fleet. The Dorsetshire gentlemen and others emulated each other in their zeal to share in the fight, and went off as merrily as to a wedding. So long as there was powder and shot the English kept up the fire, warily tacking occasionally to escape boarding, and thus prevented too close an encounter until the wind shifted, and they regained the advantage of the weather-gage. Modern artillery, accustomed to target practice, would have been sorely vexed to see the waste of shot on board both Spanish and English fleets. They pelted each other warmly, but few shots told; this was especially the case with the Spaniards, whose vessels, rising high out of the water, sent their shot clean over the English craft. But if the English were almost as bad as the Spaniards in artillery practice, they were more than a match for them in seamanship. In vain the unwieldy hulks and galleons attempted to grapple with their light-winged foes,—foes that damaged their sails and gearing, splintered their masts, and then danced lightly away over the blue waters. And thus continued throughout the day “a sharp and a long fight.”

Throughout the day the Spaniards made but little progress, but in the night they held on their course for Calais, closely pursued by the English fleet, which had been divided into four squadrons, under Howard, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher. On the Wednesday nothing of importance occurred; there was some slight cannonading with slender results; and on the Thursday both the Spanish and English fleets were off the Isle of Wight. It was a holy day with the Spaniards,—a day sacred to their patron saint, St. Jago de Compostella. Encouraged by the tradition of former victories won through his intercession, the Spanish galleys and three of the four great galleasses—the fourth had been seriously damaged on the preceding day—prepared to attack their antagonists, and, nothing loth, Frobisher in the Triumph, with some other vessels, advanced to the encounter. Frobisher fought stoutly, but an overpowering force having

ered round him, he must in the end have succumbed, had not  
ward, discerning his lieutenant's peril, swept into the heart of the  
le; and his brother in the Golden Lion, Lord Sheffield in the White  
r, Barker in the Victory, Fenner in the Leicester, coming merrily up,  
engaged the enormous flag-ships of Medina Sidonia, Recalde, Mexia,  
Almanza. Then the fight grew hot, the English gunners cut to  
ces the rigging and top-hawser of the Spanish galleasses, and the  
sketeers maintained a constant fire of arquebusry, until the wary Lord  
gh Admiral, having inflicted a great amount of injury, and being un-  
lling to risk the fortunes of England in too close a conflict, gave the  
gnal for retreat, and caused the Ark Royal to be towed out of action.

On the following day—Friday, a bright, warm, beautiful day—the Lord  
dmiral Howard signalled for his chief officers, and knighted Marten  
robisher, John Hawkins, Roger Townsend, Lord Thomas Howard, and  
ord Edmund Sheffield, on the deck of the Ark Royal. Never was  
nighthood better deserved. “Truly,” said John Hawkins when he rose  
after receiving the accolade, “truly my old woman will scarcely know  
herself again, when folks call her my lady.”

Still sailing slowly onward to its place of rendezvous, the Spanish  
Armada pursued its course, and on Saturday, the 6th of August, dropped  
anchor in the Calais roads.

Lord Henry Seymour, with a squadron of sixteen ships, lay between  
Dungeness and Folkestone, watching both for the Spanish and the  
English fleet, but as yet having obtained no information of either. Being  
short of provisions, he thought it a fair opportunity to run into the  
Downs and victual; but before he could accomplish his purpose, a pinnace  
arrived from the Lord Admiral with orders for him to hold himself in  
readiness, to make sail, and bear for the French coast. But the wind  
was so light that it was seven in the evening before he could cross the  
Channel and come within sight of the Armada and the English fleet.  
Having completed his junction with the English, the united fleet bore  
down to within a mile and a half of the Spaniards, and there dropped  
anchor, waiting—as their opponents were waiting—for the appearance of  
the great Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma.

“Never,” says Mr. Motley, “since England was England, had such a  
sight been seen as now revealed itself in these narrow straits between  
Dover and Calais. Along that long low sandy shore, and quite within  
the range of the Calais fortifications, one hundred and thirty Spanish

ships—the greater number of them the largest and most heavily armed in the world, lay face to face, and scarcely out of cannon shot, with one hundred and fifty English sloops and frigates, the strongest and swiftest that the island could furnish, and commanded by men whose exploits had rung through the world.

“Further along the coast, invisible, but known to be performing a more perilous and vital service, was a squadron of Dutch vessels of all sizes, lining both the inner and outer edges of the sand banks of the Flemish coast, and swarming in all the estuaries and inlets of that intricate and dangerous cruising ground between Dunker and Walcheren. These fleets of Holland and Zeland, numbering some one hundred and fifty



Dunker.

galleons, sloops, and flyboats, under Warmond, Nassau, Van der Does, de Moor and Rosendad, lay patiently blockading every possible egress from Newport or Graveline, or Sluys, or Flushing, or Dunker, and longing to grapple with the Duke of Parma, so soon as his fleet of gunboats and hoys, packed with his Spanish and Italian veterans, should venture to set forth upon the sea for their long prepared exploit.

“It was a pompous spectacle that midsummer night upon those narrow seas. The moon, which was at the full, was calmly rising upon a scene of anxious expectation. Would she not be looking by the morrow’s night upon a subjugated England, a re-enslaved Holland—upon the downfall of civil and religious liberty? Those ships of Spain which lay there with

their banners waving in the moonlight, discharging salvoes of anticipated triumph and filling the air with strains of insolent music, would they not by daybreak be moving straight to their purpose, bearing the conquerors of the world to the scene of their cherished hope?

"That English fleet, too, which rode there at anchor, so anxiously on the watch—would that swarm of nimble, lightly-handled, but slender vessels, which had held their own hitherto in hurried and desultory skirmishes, be able to cope with their great antagonists, now that the moment had arrived for the death grapple? Would not Howard, Drake, Frobisher, Seymour, Winter, and Hawkins be swept out of the Strait at last, yielding an open passage to Medina, Oquendo, Recalde, and Farnese? Would those Hollanders and Zelanders cruising so vigilantly among their treacherous shallows, dare to maintain their post, now that the terrible 'Holofernese' with his invincible legion was resolved to come forth?"

Upon the prowess of these Hollanders and Zelanders the safety of England depended. If their vigilance was eluded, their strength defied and overcome, if once Duke Parma united his forces with the Spanish fleet, the fate of England, Holland, the Protestant liberties of the world, were sealed.

So far as the English fleet had yet engaged the Invincible Armada, they had been tolerably secure. There had been no regular action; they had hung upon the skirts of the foes, had pelted them with shot from a convenient distance, had made the best use of skilful seamanship and a favourable wind, but they were now to enter on a general engagement—to fight out the battle, face to face. As Howard, in company with Winter, stood on the deck of his vessel, gazed on the pompous display of strength, and compared—as he could not help comparing—the insignificance of his own fleet with that of the Spaniards in point of strength, weight, and numbers, the result, even to his brave heart, seemed almost hopeless. But in a happy moment, Winter recalled the story he had heard of the fire-ships of Antwerp; their inventor, Gianibelli, was then in England, helping to strengthen the fortifications of the Thames. What if, by a stratagem, they could create a panic among those who were so confident of victory! It was a suggestion worthy of consideration; certainly there was no time to prepare vessels so costly, so elaborate, so destructive as those which might have saved Antwerp, but still something of the kind might be attempted. Howard and Winter sat together in the state cabin, and talked over the probability of success.

there were cries of alarm,—a heavy crash. Both officers sprung on deck, and found that the ship *White Bear*, with three others of the English fleet, had drifted against the *Ark*, carried away many yards and much tackle, and threatened to cripple the best ship in the fleet on the eve of a general engagement. Fortunately the alacrity and good handling the ships received averted the ill consequences of the accident, and Howard and Winter returned to the cabin to discuss their plan as to the fire ships.

The morrow was Sunday. The Spanish commander had been for more than a week off our coast; as yet no injury had been sustained, and at present there were no signs of Duke Parma's appearance. Early in the morning Howard hung out his signal for council, and soon after the chief officers of the fleet were assembled in his cabin. To them Winter's suggestion was submitted, and was highly approved. Sir Harry Palmer started in a pinnace for Dover to bring off a number of old vessels fit to be fired, together with a supply of light wood, tar, resin, sulphur, and other combustibles. But notwithstanding the speed with which he endeavoured to carry out his instructions, the night came on before he could return, and the opportunity seemed lost for ever. Failing the return of Palmer, it was then resolved that materials for the fire ships should be collected among the fleet, and every man engaged in the adventure set to work with zeal and with speed.

In the meantime the soldiers and sailors on board the Spanish fleet were becoming impatient. Within sight of the richest prize that had ever yet been offered to their grasp, they loitered for Duke Parma. The southern warriors beheld with contempt the small and apparently ill-equipped vessels of their foes; they relied on an easy victory if Parma but came in time. The delay in his arrival might be fatal to the whole enterprise. The men were impatient: the officers not without suspicion that the Duke was playing a double game. It was whispered about that King Philip had issued secret instructions to seize the duke on his arrival and send him a disgraced captain to Spain; that he had been detected in plotting with the English, and that probably the news of this detection had already reached him.

The position of the Armada, as it rode off Calais on that Sunday, was full of danger. The position selected, secure enough in calm weather, was extremely hazardous in a storm, and a tempest might at any time arise. Indeed, as the evening advanced, dark clouds spread over the sky,—clouds which the moon sought in vain to pierce; the surge grew

heavier, and the low moan of the wind betokened a gale. At midnight the darkness became intense; there was the roll of distant thunder, the sob of the rising waves; the sounds of merriment on board the fleet were hushed, and those who were on the watch spoke but few words to each other; every man thought of the treacherous quicksands under their lee.



Dover: the Shakespeare Cliff.

Suddenly a practised ear caught the faint dip of oars; it was a vain endeavour to pierce the darkness, and those who heard the sound listened with breathless attention. A few moments afterwards a broad glare of light flashed across the dark water, and six flaming vessels were seen bearing steadily down on the Armada before wind and tide.

It was a alarming sight under any circumstances for a fleet so vast

and so unwieldy as the Armada, but it was especially alarming to the Spanish soldiers and seamen who remembered the demon-ships of Gianibelli. It was known that Gianibelli was in England, busy, doubtless, in the service of the English queen; and doubtless also, these floating apparitions were but so many floating volcanoes that would presently burst into eruption, as was the case at Antwerp, pouring down a deadly shower of scythes and gravestones on the crew of Philip's Armada, just as they had done on the defenders of Parma's bridge. The bridge and floating forts of Farnese had been shattered by them as though they were toys of glass, and doubtless the same would now happen even to the Invincible Armada. A panic seized the Spaniards. There was a yell throughout the fleet; the cry was caught up from ship to ship—

“The fire-ships of Antwerp—the fire-ships of Antwerp!”

Every cable was cut, and frantic attempts were made by those on board each galleon and galeasse to escape what seemed to be imminent destruction. Four or five of the large ships became entangled with each other. Two caught fire and were burnt to the water's edge. Medina Sidonia, who was not altogether unprepared for a surprise, behaved with admirable coolness; he issued immediate orders that every ship, as soon as the danger was over, should return to its assigned post; but the panic was great, and Sidonia's orders were totally disregarded. Gianibelli—the despised Mantuan whose inventive skill had been rejected by Philip, and foiled only by the cowardice of Runaway Jacob—was too terrible a foe to admit of calm obedience being rendered when he was at work—and the Spaniards never doubted that the diabolical fire-ships were of his manufacture.

As to the fire-ships, they did no further damage than spreading a panic through the whole fleet. So long as the darkness of the night continued, so long the confusion prevailed. When the morning dawned several of the Spanish vessels lay disabled, while the rest of the fleet were seen at a distance of two leagues from Calais driving towards the Flemish coast. The weather was squally, and the huge vessels of the Armada were difficult to manage in a rough sea. The English fleet, on the contrary, was all astir, riding bravely at no great distance from the Spaniards, and ready to give chase or to bear down on any tempting victim.

“In the immediate neighbourhood of Calais,” says Mr. Motley, “the flag-ship of the squadron of galeasses, commanded by Don Hugo de Moncado, was discovered using her foresail and oars, and endeavouring to

enter the harbour. She had been damaged by collision with the *St. John* of Sicily and other ships during the night's panic, and had the rudder quite torn away. She was the largest and most splendid vessel in the Armada—the show ship of the fleet, 'the very glory and stay of the Spanish navy;' and during the previous two days she had been visited and admired by great numbers of Frenchmen from the shore.



Calais: Town and Harbour.

"Lord Admiral Howard bore down upon her at once; but as she was already in shallow water, and was rowing steadily towards the town, he saw that the *Ark* could not follow with safety. So he sent his long boat to cut her out, manned with fifty or sixty volunteers, most of them as 'valiant in courage as gentle in birth,' as a partaker in the adventure declared. The *Margaret* and *Joan*, of London, also following in pursuit,



ran herself aground ; but the master despatched his pinnace with a body of musketeers to aid in the capture of the galeasse.

“That huge vessel failed to enter the harbour, and stuck fast upon the bar. There was much dismay on board, but Don Hugo prepared resolutely to defend himself. The quays of Calais and the lines of the French shore were crowded with thousands of eager spectators, as the two boats—rowing steadily towards a galeasse, which carried forty brass pieces of artillery, and was manned with three hundred soldiers and four hundred and fifty slaves—seemed rushing upon their own destruction. Of these daring Englishmen, patricians and plebeians together, in two open pinnaces, there were not more than one hundred in number all told. They soon laid themselves close to the Capitana, far below her lofty sides, and called on Don Hugo to surrender. The answer was a smile of derision from the haughty Spaniard as he looked down upon them from what seemed an inaccessible height. Then one Wilton, coxswain of the *Delight*, of Winter’s squadron, clambered up to the enemy’s deck and fell dead the same instant. Then the English volunteers opened volley upon the Spaniards. ‘They seemed safely ensconced in their ships,’ said bold Dick Tomson of the *Margaret* and *Joan*, ‘while we in our open pinnaces and far under them had nothing to shroud and cover us.’ But the Spaniards, still quite disconcerted by the events of the preceding night, seemed under a spell. Otherwise it would have been an easy matter for the great galeasse to annihilate such puny antagonists in a very short space of time.

“The English pelted the Spaniards quite cheerfully, however, with arquebus shot whenever they showed themselves above the bulwarks, picked off a considerable number, and sustained a rather severe loss themselves ; Lieutenant Preston, of the *Royal Ark*, among others, being dangerously wounded. ‘We had a pretty skirmish for half-an-hour,’ said Tomson. At last Don Hugo de Moncado, furious at the inefficiency of his men, and leading them forward in person, fell back on his deck with a bullet through both eyes. The panic was instantaneous, for, meantime, several other English boats—some with eight, ten, or twelve men on board—were seen pulling towards the galeasse, while the dismayed soldiers at once leaped over on the land side, and attempted to escape by swimming and wading to the shore. Some of them succeeded, but the greater number were drowned. The few who remained—not more than twenty in all—hoisted two handkerchiefs upon two rapiers as a signal of truce. The English accepting it as a symbol of defeat, scrambled with

great difficulty up the lofty sides of the Capitana, and for an hour and a half occupied themselves most agreeably in plundering the ship and in liberating the slaves.

“It was their intention, with the flood-tide, to get the vessel off, as she was but slightly damaged and of very great value. But a serious obstacle



Capture of the Capitana.

arose to this arrangement; for presently a boat came alongside, with young M. de Gourdon and another French captain, and hailed the galeasse. There was nobody on board who could speak French but Richard Tomson. So Richard returned the hail and asked their business. They said they came from the governor.

"'And what is the governor's pleasure?' asked Tomson, when they had come up the side.

"'The governor has stood and beheld your fight and rejoiced in your victory,' was the reply; 'and he says that for your prowess and manhood you well deserve the pillage of the galeasse: He requires and commands you, however, not to attempt carrying off the ship or its ordnance; for she is aground under the battery of his castle, and within his jurisdiction, and does of right appertain to him.'

"This seemed hard upon the hundred volunteers who in their two boats had so manfully carried a ship of 1200 tons, 40 guns, and 750 men; but Richard answered diplomatically.

"'We thank M. de Gourdon,' said he, 'for granting the pillage to mariners and soldiers who had fought for it, and we acknowledge that without his good will we cannot carry away anything we have got, for the ship lies on ground directly under his batteries and bulwarks. Concerning the ship and ordnance, we pray that he would send a pinnace to my Lord Admiral Howard, who is here in person, hard by, from whom he will have an honourable and friendly answer, which we shall all obey.'

"With this the French officers being apparently content, were about to depart; and it is not impossible that the soft answer might have obtained the galeasse and the ordnance, notwithstanding the arrangement which Philip II. had made with his excellent friend Henry III. for aid and comfort to Spanish vessels in French ports. Unluckily, however, the inclination for plunder being rife that morning, some of the Englishmen hustled their French visitors, plundered them of their rings and jewels, as if they had been enemies, and then permitted them to depart. They rowed off to the shore, vowing vengeance, and within a few minutes after their return the battery of the fort was opened upon the English, and they were compelled to make their escape as they could with the plunder already secured, leaving the galeasse in the possession of M. de Gourdon."

The adventure with the Capitana being ended, the whole English fleet, which had been lying off and on during the engagement, bore away in pursuit of the Spaniards. The Armada was standing N.N.E. directly before a favouring breeze; but the English came up about nine in the morning, and the Spaniards luffed and prepared for action. The wind about this time shifted a few points, so that the English had both wind and tide in their favour as the first great battle began.

The first attack was made by Sir Francis Drake in the Revenge,

Frobisher in the *Triumph*, and Hawkins in the *Victory*. Lord Henry Seymour in the *Rainbow*, Sir Henry Palmer in the *Antelope*, and others, beset three of the largest galleons of the Armada, as wasps might assault an elephant; while Sir William Winter, in the *Vanguard*, charged the starboard wing with joyous alacrity. The Spaniards fought gallantly, but could do nothing against their nimble foes. An English captain came up, placed his ship within musket range of a towering galleasse, poured in a terrible broadside, luffed under his antagonist's stern, sent in another crashing discharge, and before the lumbering Spaniard could bear up or get near enough to grapple him, shot off into the press of battle to handle in similar fashion another opponent. It was an agile David fighting against a Goliath with fetters on his giant limbs. They hovered—those veteran mariners—in their light trim ships around and about the floating fortresses of Spain, like ravens around a stricken prey. Their cannon-practice, moreover, was admirable, while the Spaniards lavished incredible quantities of powder and shot without destroying a single English ship, or killing in the whole a hundred men. But, as the day waned, and a strong north-west wind drove the sullenly-fighting Armada upon "the fatal sandbanks of Holland," its captain-general saw that nearly every vessel was shattered in mast and yard, rent in sails and rigging, disabled and unmanageable; that three had been sunk in the fight; that twelve or thirteen others were drifting ashore as helpless wrecks; and that from four to five thousand soldiers and seamen had been killed by English shot.

The Golden Duke at length reluctantly gave the order to retreat. He was a chivalrous Spaniard, though a bad seaman, and could ill brook the concession thus yielded to the superiority of the English. The wind and tide were fast driving him upon a lee shore, and he had no alternative between retreat and destruction. The *St. Philip* was already helplessly driving on to the coast of Zeland, and the *St. Matthew* was thoroughly disabled. The officer in command of the last-named vessel hailed a Dutch fisherman, and offered him a golden chain to pilot the ship into Newport; the Dutchman apparently consented, but he steered the vessel close to the Dutch fleet, where it was seized after two hours' hard fighting by Admiral Van der Does. The banner of the *St. Matthew* was afterwards suspended in the great church of Leyden, where such was its length, that it hung from ceiling to pavement without being entirely unrolled. The *St. Philip* fared no better than the *St. Matthew*; it was seized by some Dutch

vessels and carried into Flushing, but unfortunately the seamen indulged too freely in the wine on board, and as the ship—riddled with English shots—lurched and began to fill, they had not sense enough to escape, and so went down, to the number of three hundred.

The engagement with the Armada lasted six hours. From ten a.m. till nearly five p.m. this "most cruel battle" continued; a fiercer fight, said many veteran Spaniards, than the famous action of Lepanto. "Surely every man in our fleet did well," said Winter, "and the slaughter the enemy received was great." And greater it would have been, and more decisive the victory, but that, owing to the queen's parsimonious policy, the scanty supplies of ammunition failed, and the English were constrained to cease firing. The Armada was still strong enough—ninety ~~great ships~~ against twenty-two or twenty-three—to have crushed their daring enemy; but ~~dispirited~~ and humiliated, ill-handled and ill-led, they made what speed they could before the wind to purchase a base security by an ignominious flight. They fled before an enemy that could not have fired another broadside. But "though our powder and shot ~~was~~ well-nigh spent," said the Lord Admiral, "*we put on a brag countenance*" and gave them chase, as though we had wanted nothing."

And this "*brag countenance*" was successful, for that "one day's service had much appalled the enemy," as Drake observed; and still the Spaniards fled with a freshening gale all through the Monday night. "A thing greatly to be regarded," said one who took part in the fight, "is that the Almighty had stricken them with a wonderful fear. I have hardly seen any of their companies succoured of the extremities which befell them after these fights, but they have been left at utter ruin, while they bear as much sail as ever they possibly can."

On Tuesday, the ninth of August, the English ships were off Walcheren. "The wind is hanging westerly," said Tomson, "and we drive our enemies apace, much marvelling in what port they will direct themselves. Those that are left alive are so weak and heartless that they could be well content to lose all charges, and to be at home with rich and poor."

"In my conscience," said Sir William Winter, "I think the duke would give his dukedom to be in Spain again."

It was plain to the English admiral that the elements would effectually defeat the flying Armada, and bring upon it a more sure and rapid destruction than could be hoped for in a general engagement. The Spaniards were now like "a herd of frightened deer flying on their own destruction."

Already there were but six and a half fathoms of water shoaling under their keels; the English, to save themselves from a similar predicament, were compelled to pause in their pursuit. It was clear that if the wind did not shift, every ship of the Armada would be driven on the sand and hopelessly wrecked; but at the very moment when their impending fate seemed inevitable, the wind veered to the sou'-west, and the Spanish ships squaring their sails stood out once more into the open sea.

As the galleons and galleasses, carrying as much canvas as they dare, ~~again swept forward~~, the English, "maintaining the brag countenance," ~~followed in pursuit~~. But about four o'clock in the afternoon, a gun was fired from Howard's ship, and the signal for council displayed. Seymour, Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, and others—excepting Winter, who had been wounded in action—attended, and it was decided that Lord Henry Seymour, accompanied by Winter, should return with a squadron to guard the mouth of the Thames against any attempts on the part of Alexander Farnese, and that the Lord Admiral, with the rest of the fleet, should continue to harass and pursue the retreating enemy.

It was very displeasing to Lord Henry to lose his share of the chase. "The Lord Admiral," he wrote to Walsingham, "was altogether desirous to have me strengthen him, and having done so to the uttermost of my good will, and the venture of my life, and to the distressing of the Spaniards, which was thoroughly done on the Monday last, I now find his lordship jealous and loath to take part of the honour which is to come, so he has used his authority to command me to look to our English coast, threatened by the Duke of Parma. I pray God my Lord Admiral do not find the tack of the Rainbow and her companions, for I protest before God, I vowed I would be as near or nearer with my little ship to encounter our enemies as any of his greatest ships in both armies."

But Seymour offered no opposition to the Lord Admiral. He obeyed the instructions he had received, while Howard, Drake, and Frobisher, with the rest of the fleet, followed the Armada through the North Sea from Tuesday night (August 9th) till Friday (12th). No man in the fleet was more enthusiastic or hilarious than Drake. As he saw the *invincible* fleet of the mighty king whose beard he had singed, helplessly rolling in the trough of the German Ocean, he could not restrain his joy, and would fain have done battle. "There never was anything pleased me better," he says, "than seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northwards. God grant you have a good eye to the Duke of

Parma, for, with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary's port among his orange trees."

Lord Admiral Howard would not accept Drake's suggestion to "wrestle a pull" with the Spaniards. Indeed his fleet had no ammunition, and their rations were nearly exhausted. On the 12th, therefore, Howard resolved on putting into the Frith of Forth for water and provisions, leaving two pinnaces to dog the fleet until it should be passed the isles of Scotland; a change in the wind, however, induced him to alter his intentions, and to bear away for the North Foreland.

On Sunday, the 14th of August, the weather, which had been comparatively calm, became tempestuous, and blew a tremendous gale. The English fleet was scattered and in great peril, but all arrived safely in Margate-roads. But the fate of the Armada was sealed. "Damaged, leaking, without pilots, without a competent commander, the great fleet entered that furious storm, and was whirled along the iron crags of Norway, and between the savage rocks of Farøe and the Hebrides. In those regions of tempest the insulted elements wreaked their full vengeance on the insolent Spaniards. Disaster after disaster marked their perilous track; gale after gale swept them hither and thither, tossing them on sandbanks, or shattering them on granite cliffs. The coasts of Norway, Scotland, and Ireland, were strewn with the wrecks of that pompous fleet, which claimed the dominion of the seas, and with the bones of those invincible legions which were to have sacked London, and made England a Spanish vice-royalty."

All through the remainder of the month of August the stormy weather continued. Admiral Oquendo in his galleon, together with a number of other Spanish vessels, were cast upon the Irish coast; nearly every soul perished,—those who escaped with their lives were either butchered by the Irish *kernes*, or sent coupled in halters to be shipped for England.

Of the one hundred and thirty-four vessels which had sailed so pompously in July but fifty-three returned to Spain, and these so crippled as to be unfit for further service. Of the thirty thousand men who sailed in the fleet, it is probable that not more than ten thousand ever saw their native land again. Most of the leaders of the expedition lost their lives. Medina Sidonia reached Santander in October; Recalde, Diego, Hores de Valdez, Oquendo, Maldonado, Bobadilla, and Manriquez, either perished at sea or died of exhaustion immediately after their return. A

large number of noblemen were detained as prisoners in England and Holland. "There was hardly a distinguished family in Spain not placed in mourning, so that, to relieve the universal gloom, an edict was published forbidding the wearing of mourning at all. On the other hand, a merchant of Lisbon, not yet reconciled to the Spanish conquest of his country, permitting himself some tokens of hilarity at the defeat of the Armada, was immediately hanged by express command of Philip. Thus, as was said, one could neither cry nor laugh within the Spanish dominions."

Drake summed up the discomfiture of the Spaniards in a few hearty words:—"It was happily manifested," he says, "in very deed to all nations, how their navy, which they termed invincible, consisting of one hundred and forty sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom, but strengthened with the greatest argosies, Portugal carricks, Florentines, and large hulks of other countries, were by thirty of her Majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our own merchants', by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, High Admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together, even from the Lizard, in Cornwall, first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdez, with his mighty ship; from Portland to Calais, where they lost Hugh de Moncado, with the galley of which he was captain; and from Calais, driven with squibs from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland, where, for the sympathy of their religion, hoping to find succour and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those others that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters, to be shipped into England, when her Majesty, of her princely and invincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them, they were all sent back again to their countries, to witness and recount the worthy achievement of their invincible and dreadful navy, of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burthen of their ships, the commanders of navy and of squadrons, with all others, their magazine of provision, were put in print, as an army and navy irresistible and disdaining precaution; with all which their great and terrible ostentation, they did not in all their sailings round about England, so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on the land."



"As for the Prince of Parma," said Drake, "I take him to be as a bear robbed of her whelps." And the Admiral's surmise was well-founded. The Great Duke who had achieved so many victories and who had reckoned on the subjugation of England as a crowning triumph, was beside himself with rage as he found that he had no adequate means of reaching the Armada and that Philip appeared utterly insensible to the importance of providing him with the means. He had been careful to collect and transport to the sea coast all the hoys, barges, and munitions for the projected invasion; but the Hollanders and Zelanders guarded every outlet to the ocean and laughed to scorn the idea of invading England, when they held possession of every hole and corner of the Dutch coast. They jeered at and in every way insulted the Spaniards, from their heavy luggers, and fly-boats—daring them to come out on the blue water. Alexander upon one occasion was so maddened by their taunts, that he selected a thousand musketeers—partly Spanish, partly Irish—and ordered an assault on the insolent boatmen. With his own hand he struck dead more than one officer who remonstrated against the command, so the attack was made and every one of the musketeers was killed.

To embark and transport his men was impossible. He did his best and hoped that Sidonia would do his best also, to sweep the English and the Dutch from the waters and so permit of his approach to England. But the Armada was unequal to the work, and the news was sent to Parma of its utter and complete defeat.

"God knows," he wrote to Philip, "the distress in which this event has plunged me, at the very moment when I expected to be sending your Majesty my congratulations on the success of the enterprise. But these are the works of the Lord who can recompense your Majesty by giving you many victims, and the fulfilment of your Majesty's desires, when He thinks the proper time arrived. Meantime let Him be praised for all, and let your Majesty take great care of your health, which is the most important thing of all."

While the English fleet was harassing and pursuing the Spanish Armada, and the Dutch fleet was jealously watching the coasts of the Low Countries so as to prevent the great Parma and his legions coming forth, the military affairs of England were in sad disorder, and Parma would apparently have no difficult work, could he once effect a landing, in marching his troops to London.

There was much enthusiasm as the beacon fires were kindled and the news of the approach of the Spaniards spread over the land. The citizens of London, young and old, were ready for the fray, and the volunteers who marched through the city on their way to the entrenched camp at Tilbury were hailed with deafening shouts; the great country squires gathered their retainers and swore to shed their blood in the Queen's service. But there was no proper organization. Leicester was the captain-general, and under him was Sir John Norris; but between these two there was no good will, and at the first receipt of the news about the approach of the Armada, Sir John quitted the camp at Tilbury and posted to Dover where it was expected Parma would land.

As the volunteer troops mustered at Tilbury it was found that many



Dover Castle.

of them were quite unused to service, having but a very indistinct notion of the use of their weapons, and worse still, it was found that no provision had been made for them, not even to the extent of a batch of bread or a barrel of beer!

As the Armada approached Calais, Leicester was informed that the soldiers at Dover began to leave the coast; they had not sufficient rations and their pay was over due. The officers, in many instances, behaved very little better than the men; some were getting home on pretence of sickness—in reality having no stomach for the fight; but the want of courage to do battle with the Spaniards was not the chief cause of these desertions. The gentlemen of England quarrelled among themselves, and the soldiers were so badly served, that it was no matter of surprise that they should lose heart. The dangerous parsimony of the queen and her

government was continued even when the Spaniards were in sight of our shores and when a few hours might have placed London at the mercy of Alexander Farnese.

At length the queen, fairly roused, shook off her timid counsellors and thrifty statesmen, and made some recompense for the long delay. She resolved to place herself at the head of the army, to draw around her royal person the chivalry of England ; but Leicester strongly opposed this heroic but hazardous resolution.

"Now for your person," he said, "being the most dainty and sacred thing we have in this world to care for, a man must tremble when he thinks of it, especially finding your Majesty to have that princely courage to transport yourself to the uttermost confines of your realm to meet your



Kenilworth.—Seat of the Earl of Leicester.

enemies and defend your subjects ; I cannot, most dear queen, consent to that ; for upon your well doing consists all and some for your whole kingdom, and therefore preserve it above all ! yet will I not that in some sort so princely, and so rare a magnanimity should not appear to your people and the world as it is, and thus far, if it please you, you may do it to draw yourself to your house at Havering, and your army being about London, as at Stratford, Eastham, Hackney, and the villages thereabout shall be alway not only a defence but a ready supply to those counties, and may see both the counties and the forts. It is not above fourteen miles from Havering, and a very convenient place for your Majesty to lie in by the way. To rest you at the camp, I trust you will be pleased with your poor lieutenant's cabin, and within a mile there is a gentleman's

house where you may also lie. Thus you may comfort not only thousands there, but many more that shall hear of it, and thus far, but no further, can I consent to adventure your person."

The enthusiasm of the people heightened as the danger increased. "It



Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury.

was a pleasant sight," says John Stowe, "to behold the cheerful countenances, courageous words and gestures of the soldiers, as they marched to Tilbury, dancing and leaping wherever they came, as joyful at the news of the foe's approach as if lusty giants were to run a race. And Bellona-like did the queen infuse a second spirit of loyalty, love, and resolution

into every soldier of her army, who, ravished with their sovereign's sight, prayed heartily that the Spaniards might land quickly, and when they heard they were fled begun to lament."

This regal spectacle, when the queen, with a military baton in her hand, rode along the lines at Tilbury, did not take place until eleven days after the destruction of the Armada; but it must be remembered that this destruction was not known with certainty in England, and that it was still expected that the Duke of Parma would attempt the invasion. The queen on her white palfrey, uttering the heroic and now familiar words, no doubt produced a great impression on the excitable minds of the soldiers—"Let tyrants fear; I have always behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects, and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heart of the battle, to live or die among you all; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood even in the dust. I know that I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king—aye, and a king of England, too; and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince in Europe should dare invade the borders of my realm: to which rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms: I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns, and we assure you on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject, not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over these enemies of my God, my kingdom, and my people."

At that time the famous victory had been achieved by the elements. But if the English were in a great measure ignorant of this triumph, the court of Spain was in still profounder ignorance of all that had occurred. In his closet writing letters, amending dispatches, and duly attending to his devotions, was King Philip, confident of success. Already he regarded the kingdom of England as his own, and the Queen of England as his prisoner. Doubtless the Armada had swept the sea; doubtless Duke Parma had landed at Dover and marched to London; doubtless the

soldiery had won rich store of crowns in the sack of that opulent city ; doubtless the priests were celebrating mass in St. Paul's cathedral, and Parma feasting royally at "Whytal." The only intelligence Philip received for a considerable time was concerning the fire-ships off Calais. Other rumours which reached him conveyed the idea of a great victory having been obtained. It was whispered that the Queen of England was already on her way to Rome to do penance barefoot before his holiness the Pope. It was averred that the Armada had captured four Dutch men-of-war and many English vessels ; that in one engagement twenty-six English ships had been sunk and twenty-six captured ; that every English admiral of renown had been killed, except Drake, who had escaped in a cock-boat ; that the storm which had fallen on the Armada had compelled that gallant fleet to take possession of a port in Scotland, where it was refitting—that in fact the Armada had maintained the credit of its name and the glory of its sovereign.

As for the Spanish ambassador at the court of France he was vain-glorious in his assertions of success, and Seymour, the English ambassador, was anxious to be informed by his government as to the truth. "That which cometh from me," he said, "will be believed, for I have not been used to tell lies, and in very truth I have not the face to do it." So soon, therefore, as intelligence reached the authentic English envoy, a pamphlet was issued, not avowedly official, but at the same time known to be approved, in which the absurd assertions and vain assumptions of the Spaniards were amusingly ridiculed. When the King of France saw the pamphlet he offered a wager it was Stafford's doing and laughed at it heartily. The young courtier relishing the joke plagued poor Mendoza daily with petitions for some appointment in England, and suggesting the gift, for old acquaintance sake, of such trifling towns as York, Canterbury, or London !

Towards the end of August the news of defeat reached even the ears of King Philip. He wrote to Medina Sidonia, "At the very moment when I was expecting news of the effect hoped for from my Armada, I have heard the retreat from before Calais to which it was compelled by the weather ; and I have received a very great shock, which keeps me in anxiety not to be exaggerated. Nevertheless I hope in our Lord that he will have provided a remedy, and that if it was possible for you to return upon the enemy to come back to the appointed post, and to watch an opportunity for the great stroke, you will have done as the case required ;

and so I am expecting with solicitude to hear what has happened, and please God it may be that which is suitable for his service."

The pious aspirations of Philip were realized in a manner he did not anticipate.

Still good news was sent to Philip, news of partial if not entire victory, and the drooping spirits of the monarch revived, so that he wrote encouragingly to Parma, and suggested that he might readily make the passage to England, as the Armada having refitted would shortly be in the Thames, and adding—" 'Twill be easy to conquer the country so soon as you set foot on the soil."

Probably it might have been, but the Spaniards had not yet landed, and the Hollanders and English were still on the look out for the invaders and not disposed to leave the Channel free.

Some days later it occurred to the king that, perhaps after all the Armada was so much damaged by the stormy weather as to be incapable for the time of active service, and he straightway wrote to Parma: "In case the Armada is too much shattered to come out, and winter compels it to stay in, you must cause another Armada to be constructed at Emden and the adjacent towns, at my expense, and with the two together you will certainly be able to conquer England."

But before Parma could even respond to this letter, Medina Sidonia and the remnant of the invincible fleet arrived at Santanden, and a messenger was sent post haste to inform his Majesty that the invasion of England had hopelessly failed and that the Armada was completely shattered.

His Majesty's secretaries doubted what they should do when this intelligence arrived. Who should venture into his presence and tell him of his broken, ruined, forlorn expedition? There was some delay, but at length Secretary Moura consented to undertake the task, and entering the monarch's cabinet prepared to deliver the message.

Philip was writing at a desk, but looked up when his secretary entered.

Being informed of the arrival of the messenger he laid down his pen and enquired the news. The secretary replied that the intelligence was unfavourable, but that the messenger was charged with full particulars. The courier was accordingly admitted and produced his gloomy budget. The king listened without a change of colour, without any visible emotion.

"Great thanks," he said, "do I render to Almighty God, by whose

generous hand I am gifted with such power that I could easily, if I chose, place another fleet upon the seas. Nor is it of great importance that a running stream should be sometimes intercepted so long as the fountain from which it flows remains inexhaustible."

He took up his pen and went on writing.

"And how does his Majesty receive the blow?" asks Secretary Idiaquey of Secretary Moura.

"His Majesty thinks nothing of the blow," is the answer, "nor do I consequently make more of this great calamity than does his Majesty."

But there was a wail of agony throughout Spain—scarcely a noble or ignoble home—where there was not one dead; no outward sign of mourning might be allowed, but the lamentations could not be utterly hushed—or if hushed, the silence was eloquent.

Throughout Holland and England were heard the sounds of rejoicing; bonfires blazed, bells were rung, oxen roasted; and the solemn *Te Deum* resounded in every church. The overthrow of the Spanish invasion was complete; never had danger been so threatening, never had victory been so easily achieved.







Oak of Henry IV. at Fontainebleau.

## THE STORY OF THE THREE HENRIES.

[FROM A.D. 1588 TO A.D. 1610.]

**T**HE withered white-haired man busily writing in the Escorial and devoutly giving thanks to God, after an ancient pattern, that he was not as other men are, had formidable foes with whom to contend. He comforted himself with the unction that he had sent forth his invincible fleet to defeat the English, not to contend with the elements; but there were men whom he could no more subdue than he could calm the storm.

In France there was one of sound heart and head, quick of eye, strong of hand, resolute of purpose, in whom Philip recognized a dangerous foe. "A man of moderate stature, light, sinewy, and strong; a face bronzed with continued exposure; small mouth; full yet commanding blue eyes glittered from beneath an arched brow and prominent cheek bones; a long hawk's nose almost resting upon a salient chin, a pendant moustache, and a thick, brown, curly beard, prematurely grizzled." This was the man whom Philip feared and hated.

He was every inch a man. While he was coming into the world his mother sang a gay Bernese song, so that, as his grandfather observed, he should be neither sulky nor morose. And truly this man was neither; his ringing laugh was full of geniality, his ready wit and magnificent good humour were without a dash of bitterness. In the lappel of his dressing gown his grandfather had taken him as soon as ever he was born, and brushed his infant lips with a clove of garlic, and moistened them with generous Gascon wine. So, said he, should the boy be bold and merry. He was bold. Never a blither spirit at the board; never a more heroic nature in the field; wherever his white plume was seen there the battle was the hottest; the first to advance, the last to retreat—this great man—this noble spirit—this Henry of Navarre—was the dread of the industrious letter writer of the Escorial.

There was another Henry in France for whom Philip cared nothing; and he it was who wore the crown—Henry III. A weak, frivolous, contemptible creature, with neither mind to think nor heart to feel, a silly puppet in the hands of his crafty mother, the famous, or the infamous Catherine de Medici. His time was spent in the society of the vilest and most worthless associates, those who flattered his vanity and were unscrupulous in his service and their own, who laughed at his idle jests, praised his beauty, admired the cut of his clothes, and complimented him on his taste in monkeys and lapdogs. This king was never so well satisfied as when he put on woman's attire and rivalled the charms of the court ladies. It was his glory to have a woman's face, and to bare his neck and shoulders, and paint his cheeks and dye his eyebrows, and appear with jewelled stomacher and silken flounces, his little feet shod in satin slippers, and his delicate hands gloved; he slept in gloves to preserve the delicacy of his hands. Thus attired he would appear at court balls and tournaments—the belle of the ball room, the queen of the lists, indulging in mimicing coquetry with the gallants, and carrying with him

an odour of perfume, everything he wore being scented, even the little lapdog he carried occasionally under his arm and made to bark playfully at a too pressing suitor. At other times he might be seen dressed in the very height of the mode, slashed doublet and placarded vest, lounging in the public promenades and gravely playing at cup and ball, followed by a bevy of gentlemen and ladies all equally in the fashion and all intent on the same stately game. Sometimes, however, he became alarmed at what might come hereafter, or was frightened by his mother, and then he would throw aside his little porringer cap, and well starched ruff, and doublet of golden cloth, and in sackcloth bewail his sins, and say his prayers like a fawning coward; counting his beads—every bead made in the shape of a death's head—making rash promises to heaven, as if the saints were to be bribed, and this over, again betaking himself to cup and ball, or to the putting on of petticoats and the airs of a harlot.

This Henry III. succeeded to the throne of France on the death of his brother, Charles IX., chief actor in the Bartholomew Massacre. He had been elected King of Poland a short time previous to the death of Charles, and had set out for that country. The crown of Poland, subordinate to a fierce aristocracy, had long been a crown of thorns, and a law was at last passed putting it out of the power of any occupant of the throne to relieve himself from the weight of royalty by abdication. On receiving the news, therefore, of his accession to the regal dignity Henry was anxious to forsake the Poles; he therefore deceived his attendants as to his movements, slunk out of the palace by night, and did not rest till he had crossed the borders of his turbulent kingdom. He then slackened his speed, and amusing himself with the fêtes that were prepared in his honour on the road, consumed four months in his journey.

On arriving in France he found his mother Catherine de Medici had assumed the regency and was swaying the sceptre with no feeble hand. She was conciliating the Protestants—the Huguenots—striving to make them forget the horrors of the Bartholomew, not because she had any regard for them, but because they formed a powerful party in the state and might effect the stability of the throne. They had confederated with the liberal Catholics, and three princes of the blood were at their head: thus the court party was compelled to recognize them in another character from that of heretics, and soon after the return of Henry a treaty was signed with them by which they obtained large concessions.

The stern Catholic party were disgusted with what they considered the

weakness of the king and the queen mother in permitting these concessions, and they formed a scheme called the League to set aside the reigning sovereign and transfer the crown to Henry of Guise.

Henry Duke of Guise, Henry with the Scar they called him, was a popular favourite. He was tall and stately in appearance, with a dark, martial face and expressive eyes; a physiognomy made still more expressive by an arquebus-shot which had damaged his left cheek. He was the idol of the Parisian shopkeepers, and the fishwomen doated on him as something more than mortal. They saw in him the defender of the old



Henry of Guise.

religion and the uncompromising foe of all new-fangled doctrines. He certainly possessed this advantage over the reigning king—he was a man. But for Henry with the Scar and Madame League—as the great Spanish Catholic conspiracy against the liberties of France, England, and the Netherlands was affectionately termed by the Paris populace—honest Catholics would fare no better in France than they did in England. As to what they suffered in England the printsellers instructed the populace in the matter by coarse caricature engravings of supposed cruelties inflicted by Queen Elizabeth on her Romish subjects. But although Henry of Guise was the ostensible head of the League, its great chief was in reality



Philip of Spain; Spanish counsel, Spanish ducats, Spanish promises were the real machinery, and Catherine de Medici, ostensibly supporting the frivolous king, was in reality playing into the hands of Henry of Guise, Philip of Spain, and the Pope of Rome.

On the death of the Duke of Anjou, the king's brother—the Anjou who was almost King of the Netherlands—new life was given to the civil dissensions which disturbed France, for it left Henry of Navarre, the brave, merry-hearted king who had been welcomed into the world by a gay song and a draught of Gascon—heir to the crown. He was a Huguenot, a stout, staunch Protestant. “He was the man to prove, too, for the instruction of the patient letter-writer of the Escorial, that the crown of France was to be won with foot in stirrups and carbine in hand, rather than to be caught by the weaving and casting of the most intricate nets of diplomatic intrigue though thoroughly weighted with Mexican gold.” This prince had been early trained to regard the Spaniards as his bitterest enemies—enemies on whom an heirloom of wrong was to be avenged. His education had been of the roughest. Barefooted and bareheaded he had been allowed to wander among the peasantry of Berne, to climb its mountains and rocks, to grow as rugged as a bear and as nimble as a kid, to feed on black bread, beef, and garlic, to read the Bible and to scorn a lie. He could ride, and shoot, and break a lance with any man, could do with less food and less sleep than most men, and was in every way qualified to play a chivalrous part in the great drama of history. With his uncle Condé, and Admiral Coligny, and Louis of Nassau, he had studied the art of war—in the battle field. In a sort of State imprisonment after the Bartholomew Massacre, at Paris, he had learned a little of the subtlety of courts. Henry of Guise had endeavoured to ascertain his exact sentiments, had courted his society, had written many a letter to him with no other inscription than “to my master,” and many a letter had he received in reply “to my gossip.” But the wily duke with all his cunning was an unequal match for the simple-hearted Bernese, who saw through him and gave him no advantage, so that, finding himself foiled, Henry of the Scar became the bitterest enemy of Henry of Navarre, and more especially when there was a probability of his ascending the throne of France.

“Of all the princes that stood between him and the throne, there was none remaining save the helpless, childless, superannuated youth who was its present occupant. Henry of Navarre was legitimate heir to the crown of France. ‘Espoir’ was now in letters of light upon his shield; but he

knew that his path to greatness led through manifold dangers, and that it was only at the head of the Huguenot chivalry that he could cut his way.

“He was the leader of the nobles of Gascony, Dauphiny, and Guienne, in their mountain fastnesses; of the weavers, cutlers, and artizans in their thriving manufacturing and trading towns. It was not Spanish gold, but carbines and cutlasses, bows and bills, which could bring him to the throne of his ancestors. And thus he stood the chieftain of that great austere party of Huguenots, the men who went on their knees before the battle, beating their breasts with their iron gauntlets and singing in full



Henry of Navarre.

chorus a psalm of David before smiting the Philistines hip and thigh. Their chieftain—scarcely their representative—fit to lead his Puritans in battle field, was hardly a model for them elsewhere. Yet though profligate in one sense he was temperate in every other. In food, and wine, and sleep he was always moderate. Subtle and crafty in self-defence, he retained something of his old love of truth, of his hatred for liars. Hardly generous, he was a friend of justice, while economy in a wandering prince like himself was a necessary virtue, of which France was one day to feel the beneficent action. Reckless and headstrong in appearance, he was in truth the most careful of men. On the religious question, most cautious

of all, he always left the door open behind him, disclaimed all bigotry of opinion, and earnestly implored the Romanists to seek not his destruction but his instruction. Always open to conviction on the subject of his faith, he repudiated the appellation of heretic. A creed, he said, was not to be changed like a shirt, but only on due deliberation and under spiritual advice. In his secret heart he probably regarded the two religions as his chargers, and was ready to mount alternately the one or the other as each seemed the more likely to bear him safely in the battle."

No man saw more clearly—or, at all events, with more interest—the anarchy into which France, between these three Henries, was gradually sinking, than Philip of Spain. He felt that he must first make sure of France before he again attempted an invasion of England, or could hope completely to subjugate the Netherlands.

The state of France became every day more and more perplexing. A hundred different plots were hatching; couriers riding hither and thither with secret despatches; hired bravoës ready to kill sometimes Henry the King, sometimes Henry of the Scar, sometimes Henry of Navarre; all the foundations of society seemed to have given way; and the Queen Catherine de' Medici, who had been playing a life-long game, found all the cards going against her.

Henry III. dreaded the Duke of Guise; he felt that he was dangerous, and would fain have kept him off, or have knocked him like a mad dog on the head, by deputy; but Guise was fearless, the crown was at stake, and who shall be king hereafter was freely discussed in the presence of the monarch. Henry heard that Guise with an army was approaching Paris, and forthwith sent forth a courier to forbid him coming. But the royal exchequer was empty, the courier did not receive his fee, and failed to deliver the message, so Guise came on, banners displayed, and weapons glittering in the light; he was welcomed by the Parisians, the traders and the market women thronged about him to give him a hearty reception. Henry III. sent for four thousand of his Swiss guards; but at their appearance the whole city broke forth in insurrection, the streets were unpaved, the windows piled with stones, chains were stretched and barricades erected. The royal troops were invested and attacked. Foremost in the interests of the League and in opposition to Henry III. were the Sixteen, a faction so called on account of its affairs being managed by sixteen members, one for each division of Paris—a faction which asserted the doctrines of the League to their extreme, who adopted what in







THE BATTLE OF IVRY, 1590, BETWEEN HENRY IV. AND THE LEAGUERS.

England was afterwards called "*the thorough*," and which modern Yankees would call the "whole hog." It was determined in its opposition to any toleration of the Protestants, firm in its loyalty to Rome, most friendly towards Philip of Spain, most bitterly at enmity with Elizabeth of England. It believed, or professed to believe, in the Duke of Guise as the staunchest man and truest Catholic in France.

Very miserable had been the condition of the king,—a king who counted his beads—sometimes—and who liked the society of a priest—occasionally—as it was like being pleasantly tickled, he said, to hear the good father



Sixtus V.

talk—but who was never very zealous in religion, and was well content to be left alone with his courtiers and courtezans, his monkeys and his lapdogs. He knew very well that his cousin of Navarre was a different sort of man from himself, but he liked him. He at least was honest, and had nothing of the vulpine sagacity of Guise. He would have been glad to make terms with Navarre, openly recognize him as his successor, and so receive him at court, but the man, as the Pope, Sixtus V., complained, was unsound in the faith—the ablest princes in Christendom, Elizabeth of England and Henry of Navarre, both heretics! "In the winter of

1586-7 the queen-mother held many conferences with Henry, in which every means was tried to detach him from his party and induce him to turn Catholic; but all without success. Henry mingled in the fêtes and balls which accompanied the queen-mother wherever she went, and seemed to enjoy the pleasure of her court as much as she desired; but whenever she attempted to extort a compromise he was on his guard. Once, when she complained of his obstinacy, and said she sighed for nothing so much as peace, 'Madam,' he replied, 'I am not the cause of it; it is not I who hinder you from sleeping in your bed, it is you who prevent me from resting in mine. The trouble you give yourself pleases and nourishes you, quiet is the greatest enemy of your life.'"

The failure of the negotiations with Henry of Navarre had resulted in an appeal to arms. On the 20th of October, 1587, the royal army was defeated by the Huguenots at Contras, in Perigord; this defeat had been in some degree compensated by the overthrow of a German army 40,000 strong, which had marched to the help of the French Protestants. The position of the three Henries was becoming every day more critical when the year of marvels began—and the sun with a sword in his mouth was seen (?) in the heavens—when King Philip's dockyards were busy with the Armada and Duke Parma was courteously explaining everything to the English envoys. The first evil which befel the Protestant cause in France was the death of the Prince of Condé—under strong suspicion of being poisoned by his wife. The death of the prince was deeply bewailed by the Protestants: when the event was announced to Henry he gave expression to his grief in loud cries, and exclaimed that he had lost his right arm. The loss, however, which the Protestants sustained by the death of the Prince of Condé was more than compensated by what befel their opponents.

The League-men, as we have seen, marched on Paris; the powerful Sixteen rose up to welcome the invaders; the Swiss guards of the king were badly used, many of them murdered, and the great *day of the barricades* (May 22, 1588) was long to be remembered. Henry III. escaped, not without difficulty, and fled to Chartres, leaving Guise in possession of Paris, and Catherine to make terms with the Leaguers.

In retirement Henry III. reconciled himself to Henry of Guise by publicly disinheriting Henry of Navarre. But he had made up his mind as to what he would do. Guise he dreaded. He was ambitious and unscrupulous, and made very little secret of deposing the weak monarch

and either taking the crown for himself or offering it to Philip of Spain. His sister was also said to carry at her girdle a little pair of golden scissors with which she laughingly remarked she meant to give the king the tonsure, and send him to a monkhouse for the rest of his life. There was one way of getting rid of Guise which naturally occurred to a man like Henry III., namely, the dagger of the assassin. It was a ready mode of disposing of troublesome princes. Philip and Parma had employed it successfully against William the Silent, and would have used it against Elizabeth, if they could. So Henry took comfort and congratulated him-



Prince of Condé.

self on giving the finishing stroke to the career of the proud, ambitious Guise: besides, there was Scripture precedent for it—"Art thou in health, my brother? and he stabbed him under the fifth rib."

Guise heard that the king proposed to assassinate him, but laughed the threat to scorn—"He durst not." So said Guise, and confident in his own strength, thought no more of the matter.

The States-General was convoked at Blois. It is an ancient and picturesque town, built on a steep slope crowned at one end of the ridge by the historic and gloomy castle, and on the other by the cathedral. The castle was for ages the residence of kings and princes, and though it

was for years neglected and degraded to mean purposes, within a comparatively recent period it has been restored to something of its pristine grandeur. It is the scene of some of the most stirring events—plots, crimes, murders—in French history; but there is no part of the edifice so interesting as the suite of rooms in which the tragedy of the Guises was consummated. Tradition, as it seems, gloated over this deed of blood and preserved the memory of the minutest particulars connected with it, and although at the Revolution the interior was stripped of almost all its decorations and the walls whitewashed like those of a common prison, the different chambers are still pointed out where the acts of the dark drama was performed. We may visit the room where Catherine de Medici—the real instigator of the murder—planned and prayed, reverentially seeking help from the saints sometimes, and profanely dabbling with sorcery at others—now consulting Urim and Thummim, now bribing the Witch of Endor. We may stand in the room where the weak, vacillating Henry was surrounded by his unscrupulous gentlemen, and distributed to them five-and-forty duly consecrated daggers for the murder of the hero of the barricades. We may go into the chapel adjoining where the robed priests offered their prayers for the success of the murder. We may visit the *Salle des Etats* where the council was assembled on that dark winter day (December 23, 1588) and Guise, never in better humour, was eating plums when summoned to private audience with his Majesty. We may recall for a moment the tall, stately form, dark, martial face, and piercing eyes which Antonio Moro loved to paint, as he smiles somewhat grimly at those who are near him, as though to say—“What wants the idler with me?” We may follow that soldierly figure as he approaches the old cabinet and lays his hand on the arras which covers the door. He hears maybe the intoning of the priests, little thinking their prayers are his requiem—but in a moment falls pierced by more than forty wounds—the king to whose presence he is summoned is the King of kings.

For two hours the body of Guise lay in the outer chamber with a cloak and cross of straw thrown over it. At length the royal murderer stepped forth, and those who stood near uncovered the face of the corpse to show the crowned Cain how well the work had been accomplished. The king spurned it with his foot—“*Je ne le croyais pas aussi grand*,” said he, and ordered it to be burnt and the ashes thrown into the river.

So ended the life of Henry of the Scar.

The day after the murder the duke's brother, a cardinal, was arrested and put to death. Thus perished the original planners of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Those who see the vengeance of heaven declared in the violent deaths of the perpetrators, in the misfortune and extinction of their race, are not contradicted by these events.

The exasperation of the Parisians, on learning the fate of the Guises, knew no bounds. The Pope, the Sorbonne, the clergy, and the council of Sixteen breathed vengeance everywhere; the insurrection spread from Paris to all the great towns of the kingdom. Two brothers of Duke Henry were alive, the Dukes of Mayenne and of Aumale; the Pope refused to absolve the king, and his only resource was a reconciliation with Henry of Navarre. The two kings met, and marched on Paris. In the *Maison de Gondi* at St. Cloud, a Dominican friar, Jacques Clement, obtained admittance under the plea of presenting some letters, and, whilst opening them, the friar stabbed the monarch in the lower part of the stomach. The king exclaimed, "The wicked monk! he has killed me!" and, drawing out the knife, struck Clement with it. The attendants rushed in and slew the assassin, so that neither his motives nor his instigators could be discovered. Henry lingered two days and expired. Henry of Navarre was summoned to the dying monarch, who declared him his successor, and at the same time embracing him, conjured him to renounce the reformed religion (1589). Clement was declared a saint and a martyr—nay, a deity. A statue was erected to him, with this inscription: "St Jacques Clement, pray for us sinners!" His mother was addressed with the same Scriptural salutation that was applied to the mother of our Lord.

Henry of Navarre now became King of France; but the throne he inherited was not his in possession. It had still to be won. The Leaguemen while they eulogised the assassin of Henry III. execrated the heresy of Henry IV. and chose for themselves a new king in the person of an old cardinal whom they proclaimed by the style of Charles X. In the absence of the new king, who was at that time a prisoner, the Duke of Mayenne declared himself lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and prepared to carry on the war. Mayenne was no great soldier; in person he was a large, corpulent, clumsy man, slow in all his movements, and requiring a large share of food and rest. It was a saying of the shrewd and candid Sixtus V., that the Bernese, as he called Henry, was sure to win, seeing that the time he lay in bed was not longer than that occupied by the Duke of Mayenne in taking his dinner.

At Arques, close in the neighbourhood of the castle bearing that name, a battle took place between the forces of Mayenne and Henry. The army of the League was 30,000 strong; that of the Huguenots not more than 4,000. One of the young officers of the League scornfully enquired where Henry's forces were, and was answered: "You do not see all—you omit to count God and my right!" The possession of the castle of Arques was of considerable advantage to Henry. It occupies a commanding position on a tongue of high land between two valleys, and covers a large area with its ruins. It was beneath the walls of this castle that the battle was



Duke of Sully.

fought, and its artillery contributed not a little to the result of that day. Sully, the sagacious counsellor of Henry, tell us, in his memoirs, that there four pieces of cannon made four splendid streets in the squadrons and battalions of the enemy. In fact, three or four discharges not only checked their advance, but compelled them to shield themselves from the heavy cannonade behind a bend in the valley. From this check they never rallied, and their effort to cut off the communications of Henry with Dieppe was rendered abortive by the rapidity of his movements. It was a fiercely contested battle of about eight to one—but the League were

entirely defeated. "A rude obelisk raised on the brow of the hill marks the spot where the deadliest struggle occurred."

Elizabeth of England was not indifferent to the fortunes of Henry of Navarre. She saw her old enemy, Philip of Spain, bent on crushing the liberal spirit in France, as he had striven to do in the Netherlands, and to make France but a stepping-stone towards the desire of his heart—the seizure of England. Twenty thousand pounds in gold, and four thousand troops under Lord Wallingbury, arrived immediately after the victory of Arques. Thus reinforced Henry marched on Paris, made himself master of the suburbs on the left bank of the Seine, and continued to act on the offensive during the remainder of the year.

But the most decisive victory gained by Henry over the League was on the plains of Ivry—a site marked by a monumental obelisk. The engagement took place on the 4th of March, 1590. The troops under the command of Mayenne were enormously superior to those attached to the cause of Henry, but the battle was not decided. It was fought, and fought bravely—the monarch himself setting a noble, chivalrous example of devotion and heroism.

The spirit-stirring lines of Macaulay tell the story better than any prose description :

"The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.  
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.  
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,  
Down all our line, a deafening shout, 'God save our lord the king!'  
'An if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—  
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.

"'Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!  
The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!'  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;  
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.



"Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein!  
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain.  
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;  
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.  
 And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,  
 'Remember St. Bartholomew,' was passed from man to man.  
 But out spake gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman is my foe:  
 Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go.'  
 Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,  
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?"

Immediately on the victory of Ivry, Henry marched on Paris; but he was unable to capture it, and settled down before its walls to starve it into subjection. Of all forms of siege, perhaps, that of the blockade is the most horrible. The miserable beings within the city are simply left to die—or to surrender—all hope of help is cut off; the old, and the weak, and the very young suffer the most. There is a famine—a famine within sight of plenty. Nothing can be more horrible than the details which are left to us of the condition of beleaguered cities. And Paris would have fared no better than others but for the generosity of the king.

It is worth while to look at this beleaguered city—a city divided into three cities—the City, the University, the Ville. Victor Hugo, describing Paris as it appeared not long before the time to which we refer, tells us: "The city, which occupied the island, was the most ancient, the teaster and mother of the others, placed like a little old woman between two handsome daughters. The district of the University covered the left bank of the Seine, from the Tournelle to the Tower of Nesle, points which correspond to the Halle aux Vieux and the Mint of Paris at this time. Its enclosures usurped a large portion of the fields where Julian erected his warm baths. The hill of St. Genevieve was within it. The farthest curve of the wall was that extending to the Papal gate, that is near to the present pantheon. The Ville, the largest division of the city, was on the right bank of the river; it extended from the Tower of Billi to the Tower of Bois; that is, from the present Griever d'Abondance to the Tuileries. The Ville extended farther into the fields than the district of the University. These three divisions were of a very different character: the Ville abounded with palaces, the University with colleges, and the City with churches. The island might be said to be under the jurisdiction (putting aside minor powers) of the bishop; the City, of the provost of the merchants, and the University of the rector. A large and

deep ditch surrounded the city wall, the Seine supplying the water which filled it; at night they closed the gates, put four iron chains across the streets, and then Paris slept tranquilly."

But Paris, with its walls and gates and iron chains, could not be supposed to be sleeping tranquilly when those who stood on Notre Dame looked out as hopelessly and as helplessly for succour as shipwrecked mariners for friendly sail. The prices of provisions rose rapidly as the army of Henry of Navarre arrived and settled down before the walls of Paris. The famine fell on the poorest first; only the rich could buy bread and meat, and the rations served out were scanty. As the summer advanced the sufferings of the citizens became more terrible. Horses, dogs, asses, cats, and even rats, were ravenously eaten. The Duchess de Montpensier refused gold and jewellery to the amount of two thousand crowns for a favourite dog, saying she would reserve it for herself when her stores were exhausted. No less than thirteen thousand persons are estimated to have died of hunger during the blockade.

Henry of Navarre, well advised of what was going on within the city, was deeply affected by the recital of the sufferings the poor people were called upon to undergo. In order to relieve them, he opened a free passage for such of the starving inhabitants as chose to depart; and forth, they came, the mere semblance of humanity, many of them so exhausted as to be carried out, utterly unable to move hand or foot. But a few only, comparatively, accepted the royal grace, the rest preferred to take the chances of war—to die—but not to surrender. With a tenderness of heart which certainly militated against his own interests, Henry permitted a good store of provisions to be smuggled into the city; he could not bear the thought of his people suffering while he had it within his power to relieve them. In the meantime the arquebus and crucifix worked on the religious sentiment of the multitude. This Henry, they said, was a heretic, accursed of God and man—an outcast from both heaven and earth—and unworthy of either. They did not forget to eat of his bread, however, nor to avail themselves of all the advantages which his generosity placed within their reach; but they reviled him in church and market, and promised the people speedy help from Spain.

And the help they predicted was really at hand. Alexander Farnese was rapidly approaching. He who had laboured so zealously in the cause of the King of Spain and Pope of Rome in the Netherlands was hastening to relieve Paris and support the Catholic cause. Henry of Navarre was in

no condition to withstand the superior forces of the Spanish general, and the siege was raised.

While Philip of Spain was lending his assistance to the Catholic party in France, Elizabeth of England was supporting—if not with equal energy, at least with some pretension—the claims of the Protestants. When the Spaniards invaded France the queen advanced a loan and sent over three thousand men to act with Navarre against the hated foe of England and Holland. The Earl of Essex was anxious to have the command of this force, but Elizabeth bestowed it on Sir John Norris. This disappointment to the earl was afterwards compensated, as fresh troops



Rouen.

were soon ordered to France and the command bestowed upon him. In August he landed at Dieppe, and finding Henry engaged at a distance pitched his camp at Arques, near the scene of Henry's triumph, doing nothing but knighting his officers to keep them contented. His whole force consisted only of three hundred horse, three hundred gentlemen volunteers, and three thousand infantry. On the king's arrival the siege of Rouen was begun, where the English suffered terrible hardships; and in the spring of 1592, the siege having been raised on the approach of the Prince of Parma, Essex left his troops with Roger Williams, having lost his brother, Walter Devereux, in the campaign.

Throughout the spring and summer of the ensuing year (1593) the

fortunes of Henry of Navarre were very gloomy. He had strong foes in the French Catholics, men who hated the Protestant Bernese with a good Catholic hatred, and still stronger foes in the tried veterans of Spain. The help rendered by England was not so great as Henry had been led to expect. Such as it was, it occasioned serious squabbles among the royal councillors, Burleigh and other statesmen of the parsimonious school not clearly seeing the advantage to be gained by fresh advances and fresh troops, especially as both were employed not only against the Spaniards but against the Catholics of France. Against the use of the means placed at his disposal an express stipulation had been made with Henry. The queen and her ministers were prepared, "for a consideration," to baffle and, if possible, overthrow the Spaniards; but they were not prepared to make war on the French. Still it was beyond their power to control Navarre. He employed men and money as he would—if the men were withdrawn, the Spaniards would probably triumph, and England once again be threatened with invasion. The dreaded Parma had not entirely resigned his contemplated "London Fury," and the conquest of the Protestant party in France would bring him so much nearer to the realization of his plan.

Never was Queen Elizabeth more sorely puzzled how to deal with that merry and brave Bernese. She was in the worst of tempers and, says our historian, "for this cause not only dealt sharp words but heavy blows about her on her attendants." Still there was the comforting assurance that Henry was of the true faith, and that, like herself, he was excommunicated by the Holy See—accursed of Rome.

Gradually rumours reached the ears of Elizabeth that Henry of Navarre was wavering in his religion—nay, that he was positively treating with the Catholics, and would probably abjure his own creed. The whole country was a prey to anarchy: the Catholic factions could agree upon nothing; the cardinal whom they had dubbed king was dead; Philip of Spain was demanding the crown for his daughter Isabella, whose mother was a French princess; the Duke of Mayenne wanted to grasp it for himself, and the people were becoming conscious that the objects of their leaders were selfish. One terribly dangerous foe to Henry of Navarre and Elizabeth of England had, indeed, been removed; but this only rendered it the more imperative—in the opinion of Elizabeth—that Henry should prosecute the war. The great Duke Parma was dead, and who should stand in his place? Henry, however, saw very plainly that

so long as he professed Protestant opinions he would never become King of France. When Elizabeth heard that he was preparing his abjuration she sent off a strong remonstrance—it was the composition of Burleigh—but before it arrived the deed was done.

The ceremony of abjuration took place at St. Denis, in the month of July, 1593; the king placing his hands between those of the Archbishop of Bourges, promised to live and die in the bosom of the Romish church, and to defend it against all men. The *Te Deum* was sung, but loud above the strains of the choristers rose the shouts of the jubilant people—Vive le Roi! There were many old veterans of the Huguenot army with bent brows that day; but the majority saw that the king—never a very stout-laced monarch—was acting more from policy than conviction, and were unwilling to forsake him, even though he were a renegade. They had followed his white plume too long to desert him.

On hearing the news Elizabeth burst into one of her violent passions, heaping on her old ally her cherished flowers of abusive rhetoric. She allowed several weeks to elapse before she wrote to him, even then it was in no measured terms that she referred to what he had done. "Ah, what grief!" said she, "ah, what regret! ah, what pangs have seized my heart at the news which has been communicated to me! My God! is it possible that any worldly considerations could render you regardless of the divine displeasure? Can we reasonably expect any good result can follow such an iniquity? How could you imagine that He whose hand has supported and upheld your cause so long, would fail you at your need? It is a perilous thing to do ill that good may come of it. Nevertheless, I yet hope that your better feelings may return, and in the meantime I promise to give you the first place in my prayers—Esau's hands may not defile the blessing of Jacob," and so on to the same purpose. Very proper reflections these—and much to be commended, but they would have fallen better from the lips of a princess who had never allowed state policy to interfere with her own religious sentiments. Poor Queen Elizabeth is said to have been so troubled in mind about the spiritual declensions of Henry, that she could find no peace, but in entering on a course of systematic divinity and translating Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy."

In the meanwhile Henry applied himself—under the advice and by the assistance of his sagacious minister Sully—to the removal of all cause of discontent among his Huguenot subjects. At Nantes he received deputa-

tions from the Protestants, and consulted them as to their wants and the guarantee which they required. Acting on their advice, tempered by his own prudence and the advice of his counsellor, Henry drew up and issued the famous Edict of Nantes. By this the Protestants were to enjoy freedom of worship in all the towns where their creed then prevailed. They were allowed to have meetings of their representatives as well as to raise sums for their clergy, paying at the same time the tithes due to the established Church. In suits of law their judges were to be half Catholic and half Protestant; and several terms of surety were left to them for a certain time. The Parliament offered considerable opposition to the passing of this edict, and the king was obliged to use menaces as well as persuasions to overcome their obstinacy.

Queen Elizabeth having completed five books of translation of Boethius, and derived, it is to be hoped, as much consolation from philosophy as philosophy can give, found it convenient to renew her friendly relations with Henry of France. With him she concluded a treaty, offensive and defensive, against Philip of Spain—for the withered white-haired man was still formidable, and the dread occasioned by the Armada had not yet faded from the public mind. In consequence of the alliance thus formed the Spaniards poured into France from the Netherlands. In France they proposed to themselves an easier victory than they had ever competed for in Holland, the Dutchmen being of the English turn of mind—years afterwards so strongly condemned by the great Napoleon—namely, *not knowing when they were beaten*. Velasco, the constable of Castille, penetrated into Champagne and directed his attention against Franche Comté. Fuentes marched into Picardy, defeated Henry's army, took Dourleno and Cambury, and threw the King of France into great alarm. At once he sent to Elizabeth, but Elizabeth herself was far too much alarmed to further the aid he sought. These terrible Spaniards, though their great duke was dead, were still bent on the conquest of England. Nothing could be easier—so the whole affair presented itself to the mind of Philip: land an army—defeat the English forces, march on London, sack the city, erase the armourial bearings of the queen, substitute those of Spain—everything might be done—*if*—but there is so much assumed in that postulate. Still the dread of invasion so far influenced the councils of the English queen that so far from assisting Henry with men and money she withdrew her troops from Brittany.

“In March, 1596, the Archduke Albert, who had been appointed

passion and admiration—saying, I had reason, *Je me rends*—protesting that he had never seen the like. He kissed it, took it from me, vowing that he would not forego it for any treasure, and that to possess the favour of the original of that lovely picture he would forsake all the world . . . . I found that the dumb picture did draw out more speech and affection from him than all my compliments and eloquence.” The upshot of it was that the help Henry needed was sent, and that Boulogne and Montreuil were saved from the Spaniards.

But to return to the fleet ready to sail with the queen’s “heavenly breath for its forewind.”

“On the 1st of June,” says a popular historian, “the fleet issued from Plymouth water, and being joined by twenty-two ships from Holland, it amounted to a hundred and fifty sail, carrying fourteen thousand men.



Cadiz.

On the 20th the fleet cast anchor at the mouth of the harbour of Cadiz, and there discovered fifteen men-of-war, and about forty merchantmen. The next morning a fierce battle took place which lasted from seven in the morning till one o'clock at noon. The English sailed right into the harbour, spite of the fire from the ships and the forts, and the Spaniards finding the contest going against them, attempted to run their vessels ashore and burn them. The galleons got out to sea; the merchantmen, having reached Puerto Real, discharged their cargo, and were burnt by order of the Duke of Medina. Two large ships with an argosy were taken, and much booty fell to the captors. The Earl of Essex displayed the utmost gallantry. Instead of remaining with the army, he went on board and fought in the thick of the danger. The sea-fight over he landed three thousand men and marched upon Cadiz. A body of horse and foot



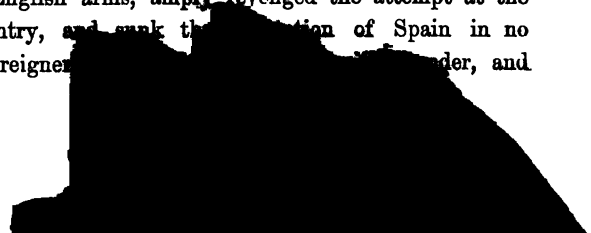
THE SIEGE OF PARIS: HENRI





was posted to oppose his progress, but fled at his approach; and finding that the inhabitants in their terror had closed the gates, they made their way over a ruinous wall, and the English without delay followed them. Spite of the fire kept up from the tops of the houses, Essex led his men to the market-place, where they were speedily joined by the lord admiral, who had found his way through a portal. The city capitulated, paying 120,000 crowns for the lives of the people, the town and all its wealth being abandoned to the plunder of the troops.

"Through the whole of the conquest Essex was the real hero. He not only led the way regardless of danger, but when the place was won, whilst others were engrossed only by the accumulation of booty, he was busy exerting himself to check the cruelties of the invaders—to save the lives and the honour of the inhabitants. He succeeded so well that never was a city taken with so little insult or injury to the people. The soldiers were restrained from shedding blood wantonly—from treating the women with contumely; and so far was the moderation of the conquerors carried, that about three thousand men were sent away to the fort of St. Mary, under guard, being permitted to carry with them all their jewels and apparel. The conduct of Essex in all this drew applause from the very enemy, the king and the Infanta, his daughter, joining in it. Essex proposed to strike a great blow whilst the panic of their victory paralysed the country. He recommended that they should march into the heart of Andalusia; and such was the destitution of disciplined troops from the great drain which the wars of France and the Netherlands had occasioned, such the discontent of the nobles and the disaffection of the Moriscoes, that much mischief might have been done before they could have been successfully opposed. The plan, however, was resisted by the other commanders, and Essex then offered to remain in the Isle de Leon with four thousand men, and defend it against the whole force of the enemy. But the other leaders would hear of nothing but hastening home. They had laid the town in ruins, with the exception of two or three churches; they had nearly annihilated the fleet, had collected a vast booty, and inflicted on the Spaniards a loss of twenty million ducats. The conquerors returned home, having dealt the severest blow on Spain that it had received for generations. They had raised the prestige of the English arms, amply revenged the attempt at the invasion of their country, and sunk the reputation of Spain in no ordinary degree. Foreigners were now no longer to be feared, and



the people raised thunders of acclamations as the victorious vessels sailed into port."

The capture of Cadiz and the destruction of his fleet roused again the old enmity of Philip. So long as life remained he entertained the hope of achieving the conquest of his two great enemies—Henry of France and Elizabeth of England—and of completing the subjugation of the revolted Dutch provinces. One more blow he determined to strike, and having prepared a fleet, gave it into the command of the Adelantado of Castille. The expedition fitted out by Elizabeth was again commanded by Essex; but entertaining some doubt as to her favorite's loyalty—Philip had praised his soldiership, and it may be flattered his vanity—sent for him and "talked" to him privately for some hours, sending him away at last pale and flurried, but still high in the queen's favour. The fleet set sail on the 11th of July, 1597, the queen having published a prayer—a very remarkable specimen, in its way, of queen's English, in which divine help was sought to "assist with wonder our just cause, not founded on pride's motion, nor begun on malice's stock." "The effect of the royal prayer, however," says an historian already quoted, "was very transient, for the fleet had not sailed more than forty leagues when it was driven back by a tempest, which raged for four days. Essex himself disdained to turn back, but, with his utter contempt of danger and his dogged obstinacy, he, to use his own words, beat up his ship in the teeth of the storm, till it was actually falling asunder, having a leak which obliged them to pump eight tons of water per day out of her; her main and foremast cracked, and most of her beams broken and reft, besides the opening of all her seams. The gentlemen volunteers were so completely satisfied with sailing with such a man, that on reaching land at Falmouth they all stole away home. But Essex himself was as resolved as ever to prosecute the voyage, though the queen would advance nothing more for refitting the fleet. He got as many of his ships into order as he could, and on the 17th of August was enabled to sail again, though the men had by this time consumed most of their provisions. He made now, not for the coast of Spain, but the Azores, where they took Fayal, Graciosa, and Flores—useless conquests, as they could not keep them, and which led to immediate quarrels, for Raleigh, with his indomitable ambition, took Fayal himself without orders, which Essex very properly deeming an honour stolen from him, resented greatly. He ordered several of the officers concerned to be arrested; but when he was advised to try Raleigh by a court-martial, he

replied, "So I would had he been one of my friends." Such was Essex's high feeling of honour, that he would not risk his proceedings against the offender being attributed to malice or pique. What was worse than this dispute, however, was that the Spanish treasure vessels returning from America, which Elizabeth had expressly ordered them to lay wait for,



(From an authentic portrait.)

had escaped into Tercera, and they were obliged to return with the capture of three Spanish ships and other plunder, valued at one hundred thousand pounds.

"In the meantime the Adelantado had sailed from Ferrol and menaced the British coast. He contemplated seizing the Isle of Wight or some

town on the Cornish coast, which he might retain till the next spring, so as to favour the landing of the grand fleet, which was then to sail. Essex was already returning, and approaching this Spanish fleet without being aware of it, and a day or two might have seen the two navies engaged; but another storm arose when the Adelantado was off the Scilly Isles, and dispersed his fleet. Essex's fleet was also involved in the same tempest, but could escape into friendly ports, whilst the Spanish was compelled to brave the hurricane, and, pursued by it across the Bay of Biscay, reached the Tagus minus sixteen of its best ships."

At the commencement of the following year, Henry of France made known to the Queen of England his intencion of seeking a peace with Spain. He was heartily wearied of the anarchy which prevailed throughout his own country, and of the evil which threatened all Christendom while Spain was in open hostility with the leading States of Europe. He loved his people, and was most anxious to advance their social comfort and to deliver them from the miseries of war. Enough had already been done for honour's sake—he had never shunned the field when there was occasion for martial valour—his chivalrous spirit was above suspicion, but he yearned for peace. At the Conference, the English ambassador extraordinary, Sir Robert Cecil, strongly opposed the terms proffered; this opposition was warmly supported by the Dutch deputies, who saw risk for the United Provinces in the withdrawal of France from the anti-Spanish league; in England, also, much opposition was offered to all terms of peace, and no man was more vehement in his demand for war than Essex. In the midst of one of the debates in the council, Burleigh put his pocket Bible gently before the earl, open at the words in the Psalms—"Bloodthirsty men shall not live out half their days." Essex took no notice of it, but it came to be looked upon as prophetic.

The peace between Spain and France was signed in the spring of 1598, all the places held by the Spaniards in France being given up. Six months after the signing of this treaty, the voluminous correspondent of the Escorial laid down his pen for the last time. He died on the 13th of September, in the seventy-first year of his age.

So after forty years of civil war France breathed at last, the royal power established above the reach of private ambition, and Henry of Navarre the great centre of European influence. But there was a want still felt—something which disturbed the serenity of those who remembered that kings were but mortal. Who should take the place of Henry

when death summoned him away? He had no child by Margaret Valois. The second union of the king was regarded with extreme interest by the nation. No man regarded it with more anxiety than Sully. To him the king was attached both with justice and reason; and notwithstanding his personal affection for the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrees, he listened to the suggestions of his councillor and accepted the hand of Marie de Medici, daughter of the Duke of Tuscany.

This marriage cost the king a bitter pang, for he loved Gabrielle with all his heart; and when she heard his decision she shed "tears as big as



Marie de Medici.

little peas." They were alone together under the famous oak of Fontainebleau—Gabrielle pleading, the king tempted to yield, tempted to risk a private alliance contrary to the wishes of Sully, rather than ally himself with a royal house. Suddenly, it is said, Sully appeared. He heard and saw all—saw that the king was yielding, and by that step imperilling his own crown and the peace of France.

"Your Majesty," said he, bowing respectfully, "appears to have decided. You have determined to do that which I believe to be ruinous to the prospects of the country, fatal to the peace of France. I have but

one duty—a solemn and unpleasant duty—and that is, to request your Majesty to appoint my successor.”

“You desert me, Sully!” exclaimed the king in a reproachful tone.

“Sire, I cannot, loving my country, and desiring an honest fame, incur the odium of having connived at an unpopular and unwise act. I must resign, to save my honour and my reputation.”

“Your Majesty will find many *as* faithful and attached ministers,” exclaimed Gabrielle d’Estrees, beginning to recover hopes.

“And so, Rosny,” said the king affectionately, “you have made up your mind, in this case, to leave me.”

“I say it, your Majesty, with deep regret; but it is my duty——”

“Then, Rosny, it must be that you are right. You would never leave me, were you not persuaded of the justness of your cause. This afternoon send the demand for the hand of Marie de Medici. Go, my friend.”

The minister bowed, without a word, and retired.

“Your Majesty,” exclaimed the alarmed Lady Gabrielle, who had not yet learned to understand the king’s fickleness, “your Majesty prefers that Rosny to your beloved Gabrielle.”

“That Rosny, Gabrielle,” said the king gravely, “is the guardian of my crown.”

Gabrielle tried every art to persuade the king to disgrace the minister, and take one more compliant. Then it was that Henry made his historical reply to the fair dame.

“Pardi, madame! this is too much. You have been incited to this by some enemies of mine. In order, then, that you may be quite at ease on the subject, let me tell you, that I would rather lose one hundred women as beautiful as you, than one man like Sully.”

Gabrielle d’Estrees was silenced. After dinner she renewed the conflict in Sully’s pavilion, but in vain.

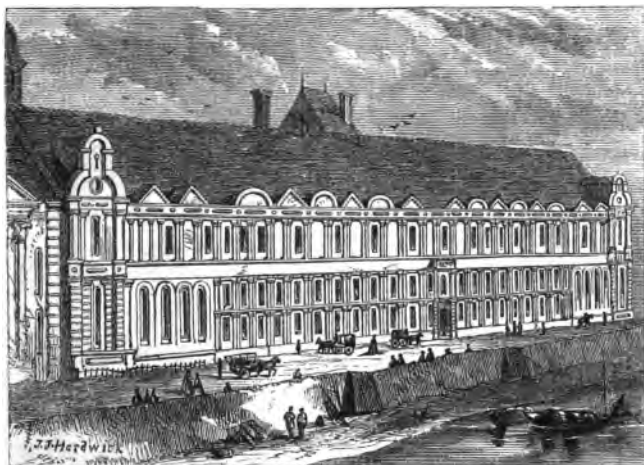
The hand of Marie de Medici was formerly asked by the king, and Gabrielle d’Estrees returned to Paris, after begging the monarch’s pardon on her bended knees.

She retired to her apartments in the Hotel Zamet, where a few days later she died, after eating a meal which had been all poisoned. It was never known, nor even suspected, by whom this poison was administered, as the object could not very well be discovered. It has even been suggested that she ate only some mushrooms which were of a poisonous tribe, and was thus accidentally killed.

Soon after this event Fontainebleau was in activity. The alliance with the house of Tuscany was concluded; Henry became the husband of Marie de Medici, who, on the 21st of September, 1601, presented him with a dauphin. The king was delighted, placed his own sword in the infant's hand, and exclaimed, "*Ma vie!* rejoice! Heaven has granted our wish: we have a handsome son."

So of the three Henries, this brave Bernese was the most blessed: a child was given him to sit on his throne.

France attained a degree of prosperity hitherto unknown. Sully, who was eminently aristocratic—so much so that he had vehemently opposed



The Louvre, Paris.

the introduction of those manufactures which enriched the civic class at the expense of the landholders—had been, however, overruled by his sovereign in this, and founded the silk manufacture of the kingdom, as well as that of tapestry. Small mirrors, in the Venetian style, commenced to be manufactured. Industry began to contribute to the revenues of France. Literature and art added to its grandeur. The king housed in the gallery of the Louvre artists of every description; de Thou and Jeannin, d'Ossat and Duperron formed part of his council; Pithou wrote the "Treatise on the liberties of the Gallican Church;" Jérôme Bignon commenced his great works on jurisprudence; Arnaud and Etienne Pasquier were the glory of the bar; Regnier wrote his satires, which still



retain a place in the standard literature of his country. Henry IV., who loved the luxury of palaces and gardens, executed great works at Fontainebleau, the Louvre, the Tuileries, and Monceaux; he constructed the château of Saint Germain, now destroyed, the Place Royale, and the Place Dauphine; he finished the Pont Neuf, the Hotel de Ville; and, notwith-



Tomb of Queen Elizabeth, in Westminster Abbey.

standing all the expenditure entailed thereby, collected a numerous and disciplined army, paid with regularity, and accumulated thirty-five millions of specie in the cellars of the Bastile.

In collecting and disciplining an immense army, Henry foresaw that the liberal tendencies of the age, the intolerance of Spain, and the cupidity of Austria, would and must produce a universal war. Henry contemplated a grand scheme which war only could realize—a scheme which should

entirely reorganize the States of Europe and establish on a constitutional basis the right of people and princes.

Henry had understood the necessity of sowing, by long and peaceful works at home, the seeds of his future triumph, and of securing numerous allies abroad. Already, on signing the peace with Spain, it was for war that he had prepared. He mediated between the Pope and the Venetians, whom Spain had succeeded in embroiling, and reconciled them; every year he furnished subsidies and ammunitions to the Dutch; and in 1608 entered into a defensive league with them, forcing the Spaniards to treat with the United Provinces as with a free country. There had long been a good understanding between him and Queen Elizabeth of England, and when, in April, 1603, he heard of her death, he was deeply afflicted. It was, indeed, an irretrievable loss to him. Henry did not, however, lose courage. Numerous States successively entered into his alliance. He was soon enabled to calculate on the Prince of Orange, on Sweden and Denmark, on nearly all the Protestant princes of Germany, on the numerous reformers of Bohemia, of Hungary, and the Arch-duchy of Austria, on the Duke of Savoy, on the Pope, and finally, on James I., the new King of England.

But the great project of Henry was never to be realized. Rumours were abroad that with the great forces he had assembled he proposed his own aggrandizement only, and the extension of his own territories. Added to this, there was the suspicion that he was about to forsake the Catholic faith and resume his forsaken Protestantism. This suspicion was fatal to him.

A mad young friar of the name of Francis Ravailac resolved on his death. The third Henry was to die as his namesakes—he died by the hand of an assassin.

Before joining the army Henry determined on appointing his queen Regent in his absence; and her coronation, a ceremony which had not yet taken place, was thought to be requisite. For his own part the Bernese cared nothing for State ceremony—the golden orb and sceptre, the jewelled crown, were to him no more than baubles, but to Marie de Medici they were most precious. She delighted in the pomp and pageantry of palaces, and insisted on her coronation being conducted with the utmost splendour. Henry was annoyed, and fretted. He frequently said he should never see Paris alive, and longed to contradict his own presentiment. The coronation took place. Even the heart of Marie de Medici must have been

satisfied with the splendour of the ceremonial. Henry presented her with the golden orb—the emblem of sovereignty—the child Louis standing between them. Rubens painted the picture, and it is one of his noblest works. On the day after the coronation, May 14, 1610, Henry manifested great despondency. He wished to see Sully, who was then ill at the



Assassination of Henry IV. of France.

Arsenal ; so the royal carriage was ordered, and, accompanied by seven of his suite, the king left the palace.


In the narrow street, Rue de la Ferronnerie, the carriage was delayed by two loaded carts. It was the moment chosen by Ravaillac for the crime he meditated. Springing forward he leaned full into the carriage

and stabbed the king with a poniard, first in the stomach and then in the heart.

, 'I amwounded!'

They were the last words of Henry of Navarre. He fell back a corpse.

"To paint the rage and despair of the people," says a modern writer, "would be impossible. The once-detested Henry had won every heart, and the general grief for him partook of the character of madness. Tears were the least tokens of sorrow ; many died on learning the catastrophe, amongst others the brave de Vic, the comrade of Henry. The lifeless body was borne to the Louvre, whilst Ravailac, who made no attempt to escape, was taken, brandishing his dagger, and only preserved by the guards from being instantly torn in pieces. He had been a monk, strongly imbued with the king-killing principles that the Jesuits had broached. His crime had long been meditated by him, but no proof exists that he had been instigated either by Spain or by any knot of malcontent courtiers. Suspicion, indeed, has scattered its stain on all with an unsparing hand. Epemon, the queen, Concini, and many others were accused as being privy to the deed ; and the record of Ravailac's trial having been destroyed, whilst these personages possessed the chief influence, gives some colour to the charge. Ravailac was torn limb from limb, and was astonished to hear the lamentations of the people for their *father*, and their eagerness to offer their horses for the punishment of the *regioide*."





View of Rochelle.

## THE STORY OF THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.

[A.D. 1627-8.]

**R**OCHELLE, in the year of grace 1627, is a place of no considerable importance. It is a second-rate commercial town, with a third-class fortress. It exports some excellent brandy, made in the adjoining province of l'Aunis; but neither for its eau-de-vie, its corn, or its wine, is Rochelle particularly famous. Its fame belongs to a far distant date—to a widely different condition of society to that of the Napoleonic dynasty—to an age when civil discord and religious differences unsheathed every sword in France, and divided the people against each other. Rochelle was the head-quarters of the Huguenot, the Protestant party in France; the great centre and metropolis of the French reformers. There they made their stand against the Catholic party, and openly defied the authority of Church and State. The Huguenots, who had followed the white plume of Henry of Navarre, were men of determination. They were expert in the use of their weapons—weapons not furnished from the spiritual armoury, and were not willing to yield an inch of ground or doctrine. At Rochelle they had defied the royalists shortly after the Bartholomew massacre; at

Rochelle they had maintained their own for more than half a century, working and worshipping, none daring to make them afraid ; but in 1628-9, when Louis XIII. was king, and Cardinal Richelieu, prime minister, Rochelle was the scene of one of the most memorable sieges on record ; and the visitor to Rochelle to this day is reminded more of that terrible event, than of anything else that has happened in the old town before or since.

The little port of Rochelle is entirely enclosed by the buildings of the town, and consists of an outer tidal basin, and an inner wet dock, protected by a pier, and flanked at its entrance on either side by the round towers of La Chaîne and St. Nicholas. A quay planted with trees runs round the harbour, and forms an agreeable promenade. Opposite the tower in the bay on the shores of which it stands are the islands of Ré and d'Oléron. The island of Ré is the scene of the Duke of Buckingham's unfortunate expedition, and in glancing towards it we can imagine something of that heart sickness which the people of Rochelle must have felt at seeing help so near, and yet so powerless to save. At low water the remains of Richelieu's famous dyke are still to be seen—a long pile of stones, stretching from the point of Coreille to that of Fort Louis, a distance of 1640 yards. Within the town we may visit the house of Guiton, the chief magistrate during the siege—a man of iron will and inflexible determination. We may visit also the Hotel de Ville, where he made his notorious dagger speech ; and there we may see the Council table at which he presided, and the chair in which he sat. Everywhere there is something to recall the heroic struggle—to banish the Rochelle of to-day, and restore the Rochelle of 1628. Again the watchmen were on the lofty tower of St. Sauveur, straining their anxious eyes towards the island of Ré ; again the mayor, gaunt with famine, and the brave Duchess de Rohan animate the drooping courage of the besieged ; again all the horrors of starvation are renewed, and the streets filled with dead and dying. Vauban has changed the aspect of the town, as he has changed the aspect of many another town ; but there is more than enough left of ancient Rochelle to recall the chief incident in its history.

Before entering on the story of the siege of Rochelle, we shall take a rapid glance at the events which had transpired in England and the Netherlands, while the Protestants of France were assisting those liberties for the destruction of which Philip of Spain had so long plotted and prayed.

In the Netherlands Prince Maurice, the son of William the Silent, the grandson of Maurice of Saxony, whom he resembled in visage and character, was bravely maintaining the independence of his countrymen. While yet a mere stripling he had taken for his motto, "*Tandem fit surculus arbor*,"—"The twig shall yet become a tree;" and his career nobly justified the legend. The Spaniards found in him a foeman of no common ability. Against his dashing, daring exploits, even the great Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, found it difficult to maintain his ground; and when at the time of the siege of Paris, Parma was sent to France with a hint from the Escorial, that the relief of the "good city of Paris" would in some measure compensate the failure of the Armada, Prince Maurice availed himself of the opportunity to seize on several important posts, and carry confusion into the very heart of the Spanish provinces. When Parma was dead, and the command devolved on men of less ability and more obstinacy, the young Prince made still further advances; and with very little help from England, continued to obtain many valuable advantages over the Spaniards, thereby distressing King Philip, and perhaps hastening his end.

As an example of what he effected by stratagem, the capture of Breda is characteristic. Some boatmen of the village of Liere, who were accustomed to supply the garrison with turf, were engaged in this enterprise. The vessel was filled with armed men—most of them young, some mere boys—all of whom were concealed in the hold; a quantity of turf was piled on the deck, and to all appearance the vessel was as innocent a craft as ever divided blue water. Unfortunately, as it seemed, but fortunately as it turned out, the ship sprang a leak, and the sailors were forced to work at the pumps to keep her afloat. The men in the hold were up to their waist in water, but they made no sign, and one of them, while the vessel was alongside the quay and the Spaniards coming aboard, begged his nearest-companion to stab him,—he had a violent cough, and feared that the sound would attract attention; but the noise of the marines labouring at the pumps prevented the sound being heard, and, after taking off a quantity of turf for immediate use, the Spaniards left the ship, promising to unload her in the morning. Under cover of the night, the armed men in the hold, chilled and cramped but nothing daunted in courage, stole forth from their place of concealment, and crept towards the Spanish lines. They were challenged by the sentry, whom they immediately slew, but he had fired his matchlock, and the alarm was given.

A deadly fight followed, in which the Dutchmen obtained a complete victory, for the Spaniards, taken by surprise, and never suspecting the smallness of the number of assailants, capitulated, and Breda was given up to seventy men. For this brave and daring act each soldier received two months pay and a gold medal of twenty-five guelders value; and an annuity for life was settled on the skipper and his men.

The Dutchmen, animated by the spirit of their great leader, William the Silent, still offered the firm undaunted front to all the aggressive measures of Spain which they had presented in the early days of the revolution. The example of their courage and unanimity enflamed the zeal of other Protestant communities writhing beneath the cruel pressure of Spain and Rome. The friends of religious and political liberty pointed to the Netherlands as an instance of what might be done; the foes of freedom came to regard the Seven Provinces as seven plagues, and to suppress with craft or cruelty, or both, all the yearnings of the people to a similar condition.

During the years 1608 and 1609 negotiations were pending between Spain and the United Provinces of the Netherlands. These negotiations were conducted at the Hague, but it was not until March, 1609, that they were brought to a conclusion. The result was a truce of twelve years, which was, in fact, equivalent to a peace,—Spain freely and fully acknowledging the independence of the Dutch States.

James, King of England, had a claim on the United Provinces for eight hundred thousand pounds, on account of men and money supplied by Elizabeth, for which he held the towns of Flushing, Brill, and Ramme-kens. So anxious was James to obtain his debt, and so bitterly opposed was he to the heroic Hollanders who had struggled for forty years against the power of Spain, that it was reported he intended selling these cautionary towns to Philip III. "But the spirit of Protestantism was too strong in England tamely to witness such an anti-Protestant policy; and, in fact, James himself was rather afraid of an attack from Spain than hoping for a coalition with it." On the conclusion of the treaty, the debt was acknowledged by the States, and engagements entered into for its payment by annual instalments of sixty thousand pounds; the cautionary towns to be held by James until the whole of the debt was discharged.

It is scarcely possible for Spain to have hated the Netherlands more thoroughly than did the King of England. His views of the royal



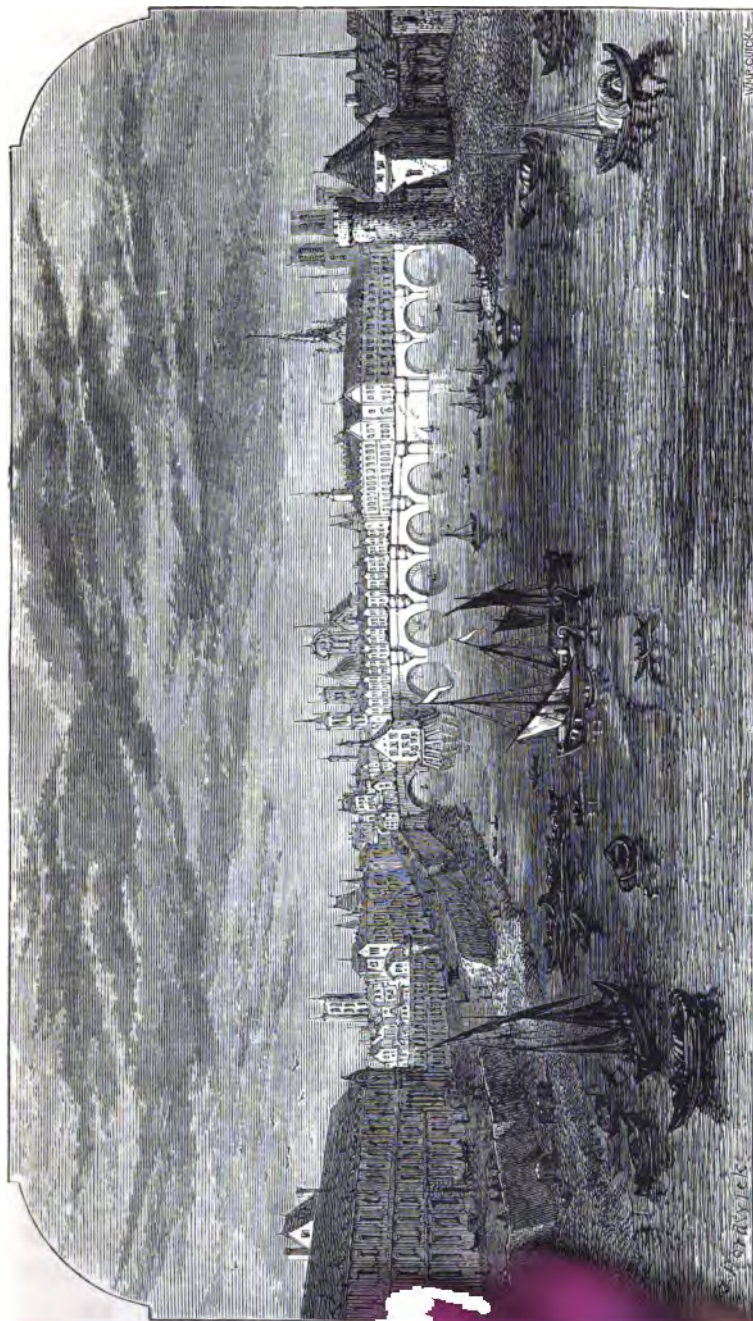
rogative, and of the duties of subjects, were totally incompatible with the opinions held by the Dutchmen. To him a king was a god: no monarch, not even his ill-fated son, ever clung so tenaciously to "right divine" as the first of the Stuart line in England. "Kings," he was wont to say, "are justly called gods, for they exercise a manner or resemblance of Divine power upon earth. For if you will consider the attributes of God, you shall see how they agree in the person of a king. God hath power to create or destroy, to make or unmake at his pleasure; to give life or send death, to judge all and to be judged of nor accountable to none; to raise



James I. of England.

*(From a Print by White, after Samuel Hearn.)*

low things and to make high things low, at His pleasure; and to God both body and soul are due. And the like power have kings. They make and unmake their subjects; they have power of raising and casting down, of life and of death; judges over all their subjects and in all cases, and yet accountable to none but to God only. They have power to exalt low things and to abase high things, and make of their subjects like men of chess—a pawn to take a bishop or a knight, and to cry up and down with any of their subjects as they do of their money. And to the king is due both the affections of the soul and the service of the body of his subjects."



VIEW OF PARIS FROM THE SEINE, A.D. 1650.

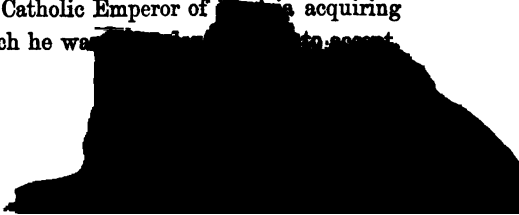


Views such as these were undoubtedly held by Philip the Second of Spain, but were utterly opposed to the free spirit of the Netherlands, who saw in James nothing but a feeble tyrant—a despot lacking courage and opportunity.

In England the direct line of the Tudors had ceased on the death of Queen Elizabeth, and the collateral branch of the Stuarts had introduced the King of Scotland to the English throne. The celebrated Buchanan had been the tutor of this king, and he being accused of having made his pupil a pedant, replied that he could do nothing better with him. In appearance, the king was of middle stature, more corpulent, says one of his contemporaries, through his clothes than in his body, his attire being made large and easy, the doublet quilted for stiletto proof, his breeches in great plaits, and well stuffed; his eyes were large, ever rolling after any stranger who came into his presence; his beard was very thin, his tongue was too large for his mouth, his skin “as soft as taffety sarcenet, which felt so because he never washed his hands, but rubbed his fingers slightly with the wet end of a napkin.” He was very weak in the legs and disposed to lean on the shoulders of any who stood near him. His manners were as uncouth as his appearance was ungainly. He was in all points the most singular contrast to the stately and dignified queen who had preceded him, and whose intellectual and diplomatic powers were made still more apparent by the pedantry and weakness of King James.

Among those who first arrived at Court to pay homage to the new king was Prince Frederic of Nassau, from the United Provinces, attended by the three able diplomatists—Valck, Barnevelt, and Brederode. King James, as we have shown, had no sympathy for the Hollanders; he looked upon them as rebels and traitors, regarding the struggles of Protestantism on the shores of the North Sea as a dangerous example to set before his own subjects. Besides, there were some thousands of crowns still due to the English treasury, and James was in want of this money, which the Hollanders seemed in no hurry to pay.

The marriage of Elizabeth, the daughter of King James, to the Elector of the Palatinate, who subsequently became King of Bohemia, led the English into a closer alliance with the Protestants of Germany, and consequently on avowedly friendly terms with the Dutch. “Frederic, the elector, was a Protestant of the Calvinistic school, and the Protestants of Bohemia, anxious to prevent the Catholic Emperor of Austria acquiring their crown, offered it to him, which he was about to accept.



James was thunderstruck by the news, and instantly avowed that the Elector had entered on an enterprise which would involve him in utter ruin." Protestantism had found at an early date a stronghold in Bohemia: persecution in all its most cruel and revolting forms had been exercised, but this only augmented the zeal and number of reformers. Until 1526, Bohemia had been an independent kingdom, but in that year it was united to the empire of Austria by the marriage of Ferdinand the First to the daughter of Louis the Second. This union added to the intensity of the persecution. The people were driven, by repeated acts of oppression, into open rebellion. The Viceroy of Austrian royalty refused the rites of baptism, marriage, and burial, to all who would not conform to the Catholic discipline, and suggested burning the Protestants with dogs into the folds of the church. Stung to madness by insult and oppression, the Bohemians flung off the Austrian yoke, made common cause with the United Provinces, and other Protestant communities, and boldly challenged the Catholic powers to trial by battle. This was the beginning of the famous THIRTY YEARS WAR.

"At this moment, when all the Protestants of Germany were united in a Union for the maintenance of their principles, but were opposed by the far more powerful League of the Catholic princes, when Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria, supported by the able and active Elector Maximilian, of Bavaria, the head of the League in Germany, and by the Archduke of Austria, was promised the co-operation of Spain, the crown of Bohemia was offered to Ferdinand, the palgrave, and he fatally accepted it. He was a mere youth of twenty, with more ambition than ability, and he was spurred on by his wife, Elizabeth of England, who told him he had courage enough to aspire to the hand of a king's daughter, but not to grasp a crown when offered, and who, when reminded by him of their electoral province which they possessed in safety, exclaimed 'Better a crown with a crust than a petty electorate with abundance.'"

So the crown was accepted. The coronation took place at Prague on the 25th of October, 1619, and on the 8th of November in the following year the new king was expelled from his capital without a crown or a crust. The Austrians triumphed, and he and his queen found a refuge in the Netherlands.

In the meantime, James was endeavouring to ally his son Charles—Baby Charles, he called him—to the Royal house of Spain. The proposed match was distasteful to the English, as they dreaded a Catholic Consort

for the young Prince. It was scarcely less palatable to the Spaniards. Philip the Third—the father of the courted Princess Donna Maria—set his face steadily against the union. He hated the English—hated the Protestants, and had not forgotten the Armada; but when his son Philip IV. ascended the throne, matters were more easily arranged. The new king and his favourite, the Duke of Olivarez, were zealous for the marriage, and negotiations were commenced in all due formality. Baby Charles and his friend and councillor, the Duke of Buckingham—com-



Nuptial Casket of Philip III. of Spain.

monly called Dog Steenie—started on a romantic adventure to visit the princess *incog*. They called themselves John Smith and Thomas Smith, and contrived on their way to get into and out of a good many scrapes. At Paris, they attended a masqued ball, and there Charles is said—on no very good authority—to have fallen in love with his future wife, Henrietta Maria, sister of Louis XIII. At Madrid they

were publicly recognised, and treated with all honour. But Baby Charles was determined to be still further romantic, and so, having ascertained that the princess was out in the early morning gathering May dew, he climbed a wall, and sent her off shrieking with terror at the daring impropriety.

Dog Steenie, in the meanwhile, was striving to outshine the grandees of Spain, and rapidly making enemies. To James he was continually writing letters for money and jewels, describing Baby Charles as quite poor in appearance, compared with the Spanish splendour. "Sir, he



George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

(From a Print after Michael Mierevelt.)

hath neither chain nor hat-band; and I beseech you to consider, first, how rich they are in jewels here; then, in what a poor equipage he came in; how he hath no other means to appear like a king's son; how they are much needed at such a time as this, when you may do yourself, your son, and the nation, honour; and, lastly, how it will neither cost nor hazard you anything. These reasons, I hope, since you have already ventured your chiefest jewel, your son, will serve to persuade you to loose these more after him: first, your best hat-band, the Portugal diamond, the

rest of the pendent diamonds to make up a necklace to give his mistress, and the best rope of pearl, with a rich chain or two for himself to wear, or else your dog must want a collar, which is the ready way to put him into it. There are many other jewels which are of mean quality, and deserve not that name, but will save much in your purse, and serve very well for presents."

This was the tenour of all Buckingham's letters to the king. A George was wanted for one courtier, a garter for another, a jewelled ring for a third, and so on until James's treasury was more than exhausted—in debt deeply; forming a collar for Baby Charles's neck neither light nor jewelled. A singular contrast was thus afforded by the relations between the Courts of England and Spain under James and under Elizabeth:—

Oh! for the swords of former times;  
Oh! for the men who drew them.

Time had been when an English sailor was singeing the beard of the King of Spain, when Spanish galleons were brought into English ports laden with treasure, when a grey-haired letter-writer at the Escorial was absolutely more afraid of the petticoated King of England than of all the potentates in Europe. Now it was England who sued humbly for alliance with Spain, who wasted her substance in costly presents to the grandees of Madrid, and who virtually ignored all that had been done by Howard of Effingham, Leicester, Drake, Raleigh, Hawkins, Frobisher, and the rest of the heroes who gathered round Queen Bess.

And in the Netherlands the contrast was almost as striking. Time was when the provinces, struggling for freedom, and almost destroyed by Parma, had found a staunch ally in England's Queen. Now, they had no friend at the English Court, but at the Hague were royal pensioners, the King of England's son-in-law and daughter—ex-king and queen of Bohemia—who had lost their crown and were humbly thankful for the Dutchman's crust. The imbecility, obstinacy, and despotism of James, rendered him an object of derision throughout the Netherlands. They introduced him freely into burlesque plays, and at Antwerp a player enacting a courier rushed hastily on the stage, crying—"News! News!" On being asked what news, he replied that the ex-king of Bohemia was soon likely to have an immense force in the field, for the King of Denmark had engaged to send him a thousand, the Dutch ten thousand, and the King of England a hundred thousand. "Thousands of what?" demanded those



who acted as spectators. "Oh!" replied the courier, "the King of Denmark's are red herrings, those of the Dutch are Dutch cheeses, and the King of England's are ambassadors." All kinds of caricatures were exhibited of this unfortunate and misguided king. "In one he had his pockets and his purse turned inside out; in another, he was fighting with an empty scabbard instead of a sword; in a third, with a sword that a whole crowd tugging at could not get out of the scabbard; and, in a fourth, carrying a cradle after his daughter, the ex-queen of Bohemia, who was wandering homeless with her child on her back."

At home James was offending all parties except the sycophants, who



Theobalds, favourite Residence of James I.

were loth to take offence so long as anything was to be got from the man who treated them like dogs. His time was chiefly spent in hunting; his favourite residence Theobalds, his pleasures of the rudest—only relieved by the pedantic display of learning which at the best might have qualified him for the mastership of a third-rate grammar school. He aroused the indignation of the Nonconformists by his base desertion of their cause and the persecution which he directed against them. He excited the bitter enmity of the Catholics by the most intolerable exactions and oppressive edicts. Expounder of law and gospel, he scented a heretic at whatever distance, and gave chase in the most approved style of spiritual sportsmanship. Vorstius, a Dutch clergyman, fell a prey to this ecclesiastical

Nimrod. A treatise he had written was put into the hands of James, who, in the space of one hour, picked out a long list of what he called "damnable heresies." The worthy and distinguished man, at the instigation of James, was deprived of all his offices and emoluments, driven into exile, and, by the English and Scotch divines, sent by James to the synod of Dort (1619), was further persecuted and expelled from Holland. King James was the last monarch in England who sent a fellow-creature to the stake for heresy.

When not engaged in polemical controversy, James was occupied in



View of Dort.

hunting. To recall him to some recognition of his duties the people of Royston caught a favourite hound of the king's and put a label round his neck, inscribed, "Pray, good Mr. Jowler, speak to the king, for he heareth you every day, and so doth he not us, and entreat that it will please his majesty to go back to London, or else the country will be undone."

Whether the king was in London or at Theobalds, the country was as likely to be undone by his weak and yet despotic rule.

In Spain, Baby Charles and Dog Steenie growing weary of Spanish etiquette, and resolved on returning home, contrived to slip away from



the Court. They lingered for some time at Segovia, and Charles sent a very flattering letter to the Pope, which gave his holiness immense satisfaction. Returned to England, Charles set about breaking off the Spanish match. The intention of James had been to induce the Spaniards to engage in a war for the restoration of his son in law's electorate—he could not hope for the crown of Bohemia; but whatever his intentions might be, Charles was resolved not to marry the princess, and Dog Steenie



Castle of Segovia.

having received some well merited rebuffs from the Spanish grandee, was very anxious to avenge his quarrel.

Before the marriage with the Infanta of Spain was formally broken off, overtures were made to the Court of France for a union between Charles and the Princess Henrietta Maria. There was a decided desire in France for this alliance, and it was far more approved in England than had been the contemplated union with Spain. The English people were more disposed to receive a daughter of Henry IV. than a grand-daughter of Philip II. The negotiations were after some delay concluded, but the

marriage did not take place until the Prince of Wales had ascended the throne of England.

The marriage took place by proxy on the 11th of May, 1625, on a platform in front of the ancient Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris.

“That stately old fabric was hung with rich tapestry and tissues of gold and silver for the occasion. From the palace of the Archbishop of Paris to the church, a gallery was erected on raised pillars draped with violet satin and figured with golden fleur-de-lis. A great procession



Notre Dame, Paris.

marched from the Louvre to the Archbishop's palace, and thence through the gallery to the church. First went the Duke of Chevreuse, as proxy of the King of England, arrayed in black velvet, and over it thrown a scarf glittering with roses composed of diamonds. The English ambassadors followed next, and after them walked the bride wearing a splendid crown of England; her brother, the King Louis XIII. conducting her on the right hand, and her younger brother Gaslin the Duke of Orleans on the left; her mother, Maria de Medici, followed her, and next to her Anne



of Austria, the Queen consort, in a robe bordered with gold and precious stones, and her long train borne by princesses of the house of Condé and Conti. Madame Montpensier, the grand heiress, afterwards married to Gaslin Duke of Orleans, led the remaining ladies of the royal family.

"At the church door, the King of France and his brother Gaslin delivered the bride into the hands of Chevreuse, Charles's proxy, and the Cardinal de la Rochefoucault performed the ceremony. From the platform the bride and her attendants advanced in the cathedral and witnessed mass at the high altar; but Chevreuse, acting exactly as a Protestant for a Protestant king, whom he represented, retired with the English ambassador during these ceremonies to a withdrawing apartment, prepared for the purpose. On the return of the royal procession to the Louvre, Henrietta, as Queen of England, was placed at the banquet on the right hand of King Louis."

The Duke of Buckingham, attended by a numerous and splendid train of English nobility, arrived in Paris to conduct the bride to England. He wore, says the Hardwicke paper, "a rich white satin uncut velvet suit, set all over, suit and cloak, with diamonds, the value whereof is thought to be worth fourscore thousand pounds, besides a feather made with great diamonds, with sword, girdle, hatband, and spurs, with diamonds; and he had twenty-seven other suits, all rich as invention could frame or art fashion."

The condition of France at the time of the marriage between Henrietta and Charles, was far better than that of England. For some years—thanks to the wise policy of Henry IV.—it had been such as to call forth the respect of all European Powers. At the conference for effecting a truce between Holland and Spain—a conference which established the independence of the Dutch republic—the English ambassadors had been made to feel the inferiority of their position. Prince Maurice told them openly that their master dare not open his mouth in contradiction to the king of Spain, and evidently recognized the superiority of his French allies. The only real cause of trouble to France was the religious dissensions between the Catholics and the Huguenots—dissensions which had already plunged the country into all the horrors of civil war. The government of Louis XIII. was feeble and violent. The Protestants were his most formidable enemies. The nobles who had leagued themselves together against him had been overcome by promises; but the religious party were not to be so easily satisfied. The agents of Rome and of

Madrid were at work exasperating the government against the Huguenots. The Huguenots saw plainly that their religious liberties were only to be maintained with the sword, yet they still hesitated to take a final step.

At Rochelle, in 1620, there assembled a general assembly of Protestant reformers, made up of representatives from the various departments of France. When Louis XIII. heard of the intended meeting, he published an edict forbidding the assembly. Despite this prohibition, the assembly was convoked and declared itself permanent. One of its first acts was the issue of a decree, dividing the Protestant regions of France into circles,



LOUIS XIII.

(From a Painting by P. de Champaigne.)

after the manner of Germany, uniting again the circles into a general government, and establishing the rules by which this government was to raise troops and taxes, to levy war and exercise independent jurisdiction. The scheme was directly borrowed from the United Netherlands. This bold step was made too hastily. The Huguenots of France were not suffering from cruelty or oppression in any degree comparable to what the Hollanders had been called upon to endure. But the voice of moderation was hushed by a few over-zealous partizans who sat at the council, partizans as despotic in their way, as were the foreign agents and the

Jesuits in the court of the king. Many of the Huguenot nobility—resolved to maintain their religious principles and to insist on their free right to worship in whatsoever way they pleased—were unwilling to cast aside their allegiance to the king and to establish or attempt to establish a republic. The far-sighted Huguenots saw plainly that under existing circumstances success was well nigh impossible, and that failure would only bring about a more deplorable condition for their co-religionists. But despite all that could be urged the manifesto was issued—war declared—and as there remained no alternative but either to side with the Catholics or Huguenots, most of the Protestant nobles gave in their adhesion to the cause, and the Duke of Rohan took the command of an army of Huguenots in the south, while his brother the Count of Soubise was placed at the head of an army at Poitou.

As soon as the royal army crossed the Loire, it became evident the Huguenots were in no condition to resist. They were scattered like sheep. The towns submitted. St. Jean d'Angely, the principal fortress belonging to Rohan, was besieged and taken after twenty-three days. A corps of observation was left before Rochelle, and the French clergy voted a million of gold to defray the expenses of the siege.

It was necessary, however, to reduce the other strongholds in the south of France before any direct attack was made upon the "metropolis of heresy." The royal army entered Montpellier on the 18th of August, 1621, and besieged Montauban, a stronghold of the Protestants. But the inhabitants resolved on a vigorous defence, and conducted their operations so successfully that, after three months' pressure, the siege was raised, half the troops brought against the town—together with their commander—having perished of an epidemic. The sufferings of the royalist soldiers were of a frightful nature, and the besieged, throughout the struggle, were in a far better condition than the besiegers. Had all the Protestant strongholds been as ably defended, the cause of the Huguenots must have triumphed. But there was both weakness and indecision in the councils—where preachers and soldiers—advocates and magistrates—were all bent on carrying out their own peculiar views, and very unwilling to yield to one another. In 1622, therefore, when the cause of the Huguenots was at the best, a treaty of peace was concluded at Montpellier. "The principal conditions of this treaty, which were not observed with good faith by the court, were, together with the confirmations of the edict of Nantes, the demolition of the fortifications con-

structed by the Huguenots during the war, the interdiction to the Huguenots of holding lay assemblies, and the suppression of all the places of safety except Rochelle and Montauban."

During the five years following there rose gradually into ascendancy at the court of France, one of the most distinguished men of his time—Cardinal Richelieu. He was the son of Francois du Plessis, captain of the guard to Henry IV., and was born in Paris in 1585. He was at first intended for the army, but changed his purpose and entered the church.



Cardinal Richelieu.

*(From a Picture in Her Majesty's collection.)*

At the age of twenty-two he was consecrated Bishop of Luçon. Deputed to the States General in 1614, he gained attention at court, won the favour of Marshal d'Ancre and of Marie de Medici, the Regent. To that princess he was made almoner in 1615. In 1616 he filled the offices of secretary-at-war and home secretary. In 1617 he followed Marie de Medici to Blois, when for a season she had fallen into disgrace; subsequently he brought about a reconciliation between her Majesty and the King, and in 1622 he received a cardinal's hat. In the following year he entered the Council of the States, almost in opposition to the king, who



had a repugnance to his person. Louis had said to his mother, "I know the bishop of Luçon better than you; he is a deep and dangerous man, whom it is necessary to distrust." This distrust, however, faded away under the influence of the subtle minister of state, and was succeeded by complete submission.

Under the guiding hand of Richelieu the foreign policy of France was changed. Intimate relations were established with all the powers hostile to the throne of Austria. Old treaties of peace and amity were renewed with the United Netherlands; the suit of the English Prince of Wales (Charles I.) was favourably received; the Princess of France was married with great state, as we have seen, to the king of England. The Protestants of Germany had risen up against the Austrian Colossus, and received friendly assistance from France. The advances of the Spaniards in Italy were steadily opposed by France, and Spain, in revenge, offered their aid to the Huguenots if they would again revolt against the authority of their king. It seems a striking anomaly this of Spain—so intolerant of heresy—inciting the French Protestants, the copyists of their old foes the Dutchmen, to enter on a war for religious liberty. We can scarcely imagine Philip II. or the Duke of Parma acting in this way.

Irrespective of the amicable overtures of Spain the Huguenots were incited to revolt by the conduct of the court of France. They had many subjects of complaint. A fort commanding the town and port of Rochelle, which, according to the treaty of Montpellier, ought to have been razed, was still standing, garrisoned by the royalists. The assembly of large vessels in the port of Blaven, on the coast of Brittany, still further irritated and alarmed them. They believed themselves on the eve of being blockaded in Rochelle, and were resolved on forestalling the threatening danger.

Soubise, brother of the Duke of Rohan, took up arms, without consulting his party. Early in the month of January, 1625, he descended on the island of Ré with five small vessels, in which he had embarked three hundred men-at-arms, and one hundred mariners. On the 17th of January he entered the harbour of Blaven, at the head of this little flotilla, attacked the king's ships, and compelled them to haul down the royal colours. It was a brave and dashing adventure, but the sequel was marred by bad weather. The prizes he had captured, and for which his little band had fought valiantly, could not be got out of the harbour on account of adverse winds, and the Duke of Vendenne, with a couple of

thousand men, took advantage of their position, and pounded them vigorously with shot. After three weeks the wind shifted, and Soubise went off with part of the king's fleet, but with no permanent hope of success. There were overwhelming numbers to stay the gallantry of his exploits—exploits which were called by no better name than that of piracy—and Soubise was obliged at last to abandon everything, and take refuge in England—the exile's home!

The Duke of Rohan, in the meanwhile, stirred up the Protestants of Upper Guienne and Languedoc, but their prowess was displayed to little purpose; it compromised them with the State, and did not in any degree advance their own cause. English and Dutch vessels were employed against them—another anomaly—but the Dutch and English tars swore they would sooner be hanged than fight against Protestants, and so they were of but little service. Spain was still busy offering help to the Huguenots, but offering it with caution. The example set by these reformers was dangerous, and but little in accordance with the spirit of the Inquisition. The Huguenots felt this as much as the Spaniards, so they declined assistance, and made terms of peace. Spain concluded treaties with France about the same period. The Huguenots made peace, it was said, for fear of the Spaniards, and the Spaniards made peace for fear of the Huguenots. At all events the peace was signed between the Catholics and Protestants of France, and Rochelle was still a free city and “metropolis of heresy.”

Dissatisfied with their condition—angry with themselves, with the king, with Richelieu—with those who ought to have been their allies, and with those whose professed regard they had every reason to suspect, the Huguenots brooded over their wrongs at Rochelle for two years—and Richelieu watched them like a hawk over a dove-cote.

In the meantime the courts of France and England were rapidly becoming involved in controversy and hostility. When Henrietta Maria arrived in England, she had said to her liege lord king Charles:—“Sire, je suis venue en ce pays de votre majesté, pour être commandée de vous;” but she did not retain the sentiment. The domestic peace of his majesty was utterly banished by the perverse temper of his wife, urged on by her infatuated French domestics. Her attendants rendered themselves obnoxious to the public, and were of necessity dismissed. On their dismissal, the queen is said to have flown into an unappeasable rage, and to have broken the glass windows with her fists. The attendants themselves were

most unwilling to quit, and went away at last with many "wild outcries and grimaces," taking with them "all the queen's clothes as perquisites, leaving her without a change of linen, and not without difficulty being persuaded to give an old satin gown for her immediate use." This ejection made a strange sensation in the French court, and ultimately led to an open rupture. King Charles was accused by the French of having broken the marriage article; and by his own people of losing money and men in affairs with which they had no concern. On both sides the feeling ran high, and "Dog Steenie," the Duke of Buckingham, having been

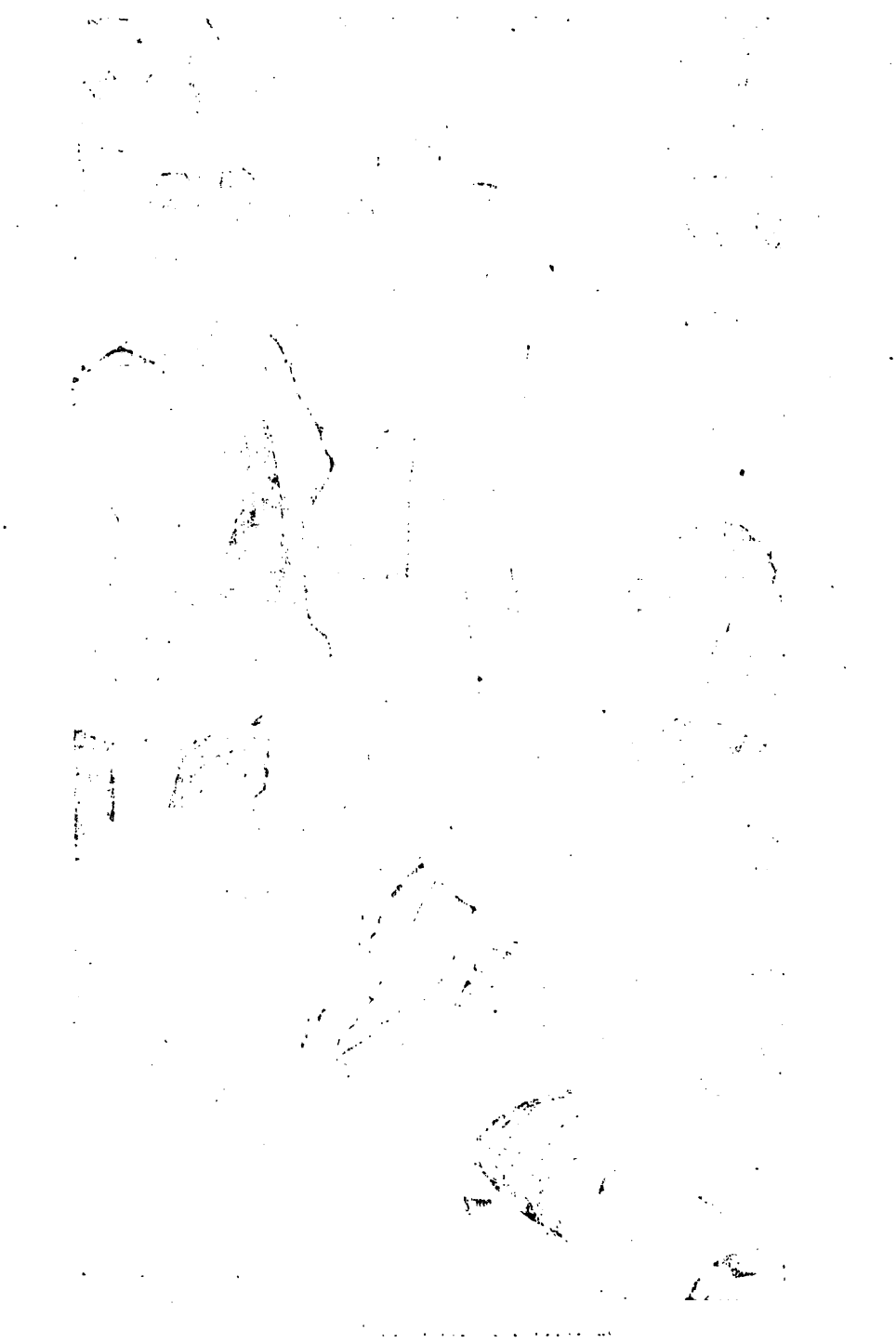


Duke of Rohan.

(From an Old Print by Balthazar Moncornet.)

refused an audience of the king of France, was uncontrollable in his wrath, and swore he would visit Paris sword in hand.

The cause of the Huguenots at Rochelle offered an excellent opportunity for a quarrel with France. Emissaries were despatched to the French Protestants to concert measures for revolt; emissaries were received in England with the same object in view. It was finally determined that Charles should send a fleet and army to Rochelle, which the Duke of Rohan should join with four thousand men. "It was rumoured that it was planned for a protestant state to be established between the Loire and





THE DUCHESS DE ROHAN ENCOURAGING THE DEFENDERS OF ROCHELLE.

the Garonne, at the head of which Buckingham should be placed. That there was some great scheme of this kind is certain, for Charles, in dismissing ambassadors from his uncle the king of Denmark, said that he kept his full intent from them, "for," he says, "I think it needless, or,



Portsmouth.

rather, hurtful, to discover my main intent in this business, because divulging it, in my mind, must needs hazard it."

The expedition of Buckingham was kept as closely as possible; so closely in fact, that the Huguenots themselves seemed to have no idea of

when it would arrive. "On the 27th of June, 1627, the English fleet sailed out of Portsmouth. It consisted of forty-two ships of war, thirty-four transports, and carried seven regiments of infantry of nine hundred men each, a squadron of cavalry, and a numerous body of French Protestants—together about seven or eight thousand men. That it might succeed, Buckingham took the command of it, for in his self-conceit he attributed former failures to his not being on the spot in person to give the troops the advantage of his consummate genius and experience; the whole of his military genius, if he had any, being yet to be discovered, and the whole of his experience amounting to having seen soldiers on parade."

When the expedition arrived off Rochelle on the 11th of July, the Huguenots refused to permit the English to land. They had not as yet made any hostile demonstration against Louis XIII., and distrusted the profession of King Charles. In addition to this, the people of Rochelle did not feel themselves at liberty to enter into an alliance with the English without the consent of the French Protestants generally; and besides this, it was harvest time and they were busy, having no mind to turn their sickles into swords. Soubise and Sir William Porcher were permitted to enter the town and to have an interview with the council, but all their eloquence failed to change the determination of the citizens, and so Buckingham was shut out by those whom he had come to relieve.

Unwilling to return without a laurel, the Duke of Buckingham determined, in opposition to the express desire of the citizens, to make a descent on the islands of Ré and Oleron, which the Huguenots had some time before surrendered to the king. This sudden diversion took Toiras, the governor, by surprise. Hastily summoning a few troops he endeavoured to prevent the landing; but this effort was overcome, after a fierce skirmish in which about four hundred French and five hundred English were slain. Among those who fell on the side of France was the Baron de Chautal, father of Madame de Sevigné and nephew of the celebrated Montaigne. On the retreat of the French, Buckingham, instead of following in pursuit, applied himself to the landing of the remainder of his troops and stores, an employment so leisurely conducted that five days elapsed before he made any further advance against Toiras. Toiras, on the contrary, immediately availing himself of the opportunity, stored up an ample supply of wine, provisions, and ammunition in the strong citadel of the town of St. Martin—where "stony strength would laugh a siege to scorn."

At length assembling his troops with as much ostentatious parade as though he were exercising them on a field-day, Buckingham advanced upon St. Martin. There was a small fortress in his way called St. Prié—a fortress too insignificant in the opinion of his grace to warrant any delay to capture it: it was consequently left untouched, and with banners waving and bugles sounding the English army arrived and settled down before St. Martin.

The citadel of St. Martin crowned a steep rock commanding the bay and the town. When the experienced eye of Sir John Burroughs—a tried veteran—fell on it, he declared his conviction that it would defy their efforts. Jewelled and perfumed Buckingham ridiculed this idea, and when the worthy knight pressed upon him the truth of his assertion, he sharply reprimanded him and bade him be silent. Two or three days afterwards old Burroughs was effectually silenced by a musket-ball—never more to wag tongue in this world, either in praise or censure.

Buckingham at first proposed carrying the citadel by a *coup-de-main*, but this was so plainly impracticable that he was forced to yield—the attempt to storm the castle would have been nothing but a wilful waste of life. It was then invested in form; the duke, who was woefully ignorant in these matters, overseeing the construction of the trenches and batteries, and giving experienced engineers the benefit of his counsels.

The French historians tell us that the duke and many of his officers behaved with wanton cruelty. They relate how a long boat, with thirty Catholic gentlemen on board, was seized by an English cruiser, and how nine and twenty out of the thirty were cast into the sea, Buckingham expressing great indignation that even one had been spared. It is also asserted that by his order all the women in the town of St. Martin, whose husbands were engaged in the defence of the citadel, were driven, with blows, into the trenches, and directly exposed to the galling fire of the French. There several women were shot dead—perhaps by their own husbands—with their babes at their breasts.

As intelligence of the English attack in France spread over the continent, it awakened the utmost consternation. The ex-king of Bohemia, and pensioner at the Hague, the United Netherlands, the king of Denmark, all hastened to express their astonishment and dismay at the rupture. They would not admit Charles's representation of his obligation to support the French Protestants. They proposed to mediate between the contending powers. Ambassadors extraordinary were despatched from the



court of Denmark to the court of France. The Dutch deprived of their commissions all English officers in their service, who had joined the expedition to Rochelle. But nothing moved Charles. "He wrote to Buckingham congratulating him on the success of his attempt on Ré, which was yet no success at all, promising him great reinforcements and provisions, and exhorting him to prosecute the war with vigour, and to listen to no proposals of peace. He applauded a proclamation which Buckingham had prepared to assure the French Protestants that the king of England had no intention of conquest, his sole object being to compel the king of France to fulfil his engagements towards the French Protestants, into which he had entered with them. That, in spite of these engagements, he had not dismantled the Fort Louis, in the vicinity of Rochelle, but, on the contrary, had endeavoured to surprise the town, and reduce it by force to comply with his own religious demands. Charles, however, ordered Buckingham to make an alteration in the manifesto, so that, instead of the defence of the Protestants being the sole cause of his coming, it should be the chief cause, and allow him to put forward other reasons for his hostilities as occasion might require."

The Duke of Rohan made a tour of the French Protestant churches in the south, making known the declaration of the king of England, urging upon them the necessity of union and of decision at this critical period, kindling their enthusiasm and quickening their zeal by his appeal to their patriotism and their love of liberty, and pointing to the example of what other nations had accomplished by vigorous and determined action. The Duke was empowered to raise troops and advance to the relief of Rochelle; but that city was still neutral, it was in no hurry to declare against the king, and there were stormy debates in the Council Chamber day after day, while the former were gathering in their stores.

The king's troops, who had hastened to the neighbourhood of Rochelle at the first symptoms of revolt, were brought down and massed round the city, to be in readiness should their services be required. But the inhabitants showed no sign of revolt, and consequently offered no excuse for violence.

The English army under Buckingham still beleaguered fort St. Martin with no prospect of success but by the starving of the garrison. In order to cut off all supplies they had recourse to works analogous to those which Richelieu afterwards employed in the siege of Rochelle. A boom was thrown across the harbour, composed of the hulls of large vessels and

barges, attached with iron chains, stout cables, and anchored securely. A sort of bridge was made over it, mounted with cannon, altogether presenting a very formidable aspect, and affording immense satisfaction to the duke. He regarded it as an engineering work worthy of Alexander Farnese. So well pleased was he with the result of his labour, and so confident the garrison must surrender, that he ventured on civilities with Governor Toiras, sending him a present of a dozen melons, Toiras in response forwarding to him a dozen bottles of orange water. But all unknown to Buckingham—who imagined not only that all corn and wine and flesh were cut off, but that the garrison had no water—there was a subterranean stream which flowed directly under his works and supplied the beleaguered French with one of the grand essentials of life. Better soldiers and shrewder engineers might have suspected this, but the English duke never doubted but what Toiras was in the greatest extremity, and already gave himself the airs of a conqueror.

Toiras the governor was anxious that the state of affairs should be communicated to King Louis. The siege had lasted several weeks, and his provisions were short. But to communicate with the works beyond the formidable boom appeared almost impossible. There were, however, three men in the fortress who resolved at all risks to carry the message. Under cover of the night they would swim across the harbour. It was a daring exploit, but the condition of the garrison was becoming desperate. Toiras accepted their proffered services, and they stole away from the citadel and made the attempt to cross the harbour. In this attempt one of them lost his life; another through fatigue was obliged to give himself up to the English. The third, a Gascon named Pierre, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the English and arrived safely at the court of France. He did not escape unnoticed. Some English sailors in a boat observed him and gave chase, but he deluded them into the belief that he was a fish by dexterously diving whenever they came near, and remaining under water until immediate danger was over. A storm favoured his escape, but he was so exhausted when he reached the land as to be incapable of standing upright. He was found in a very exhausted condition by a peasant who rendered him every necessary assistance, and thus enabled the courageous man to reach Fort Louis, when the king highly commended his conduct and gave him a pension of a hundred crowns.

The letter from Toiras the governor was contained in a tin box and had suffered no damage from the sea-water. It contained full particulars of

the condition of the besieged and the works of the besiegers, and besought the king to send immediate help, as without such aid the garrison would be compelled to surrender. Orders were immediately given for the fitting out of a small fleet to be sent to the relief of St. Martin. But nearly all the seamen in the neighbourhood were Huguenots, and unwilling to engage in the enterprise. After some delay the necessary vessels were obtained and manned, and on the 5th September—a moonlight night—Captain Vaslin set sail with six pinnaces, loaded with provisions, powder, shot, and other necessaries.

In the meanwhile Toiras, hard pressed both for provisions and for ammunition, his troops suffering many severe hardships, and the prospect of relief apparently very far off, began a parley with Buckingham. The sight of a white flag was highly encouraging to the English commander, who congratulated himself on having achieved a conquest and won imperishable laurels. He was resolved to behave in what he chose to consider a thoroughly chivalrous spirit; he would make no extravagant demand on the garrison, he would not deal hardly with hungry men; still he required time to consider, and, like the story of the barber's fifth brother in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, he planned so good a fortune out of the frail materials which lay before him, that it was a terrible blow to see it all so suddenly destroyed.

While Buckingham hesitated and delayed the signing of a capitulation which Toiras seemed willing to yield, Captain Vaslin and his flotilla came to the rescue. The navy, not in the least expecting this attack, were ill-prepared to receive it; and though the sailors and marines fought with great pluck, and instances of personal valour were not few, the enemy succeeded in bursting the boom drawn across the harbour, and only retired when they had completed their object.

On the next day the duke endeavoured to continue his negotiations with the beleaguered garrison, but his indignation was scarcely greater than his surprise, when, in response to his summons, the soldiers of Toiras appeared on their fortifications, each armed with a good store of provisions. One exhibited a leg of mutton, another a pig, a third a pair of fowls, a fourth a good piece of beef, a fifth a bottle of wine, a sixth a sack of corn; they stuck sausages and other convenient edibles on the end of their lances, and flourished them in sight of the English commander with every show of triumph. It was a grotesque scene—oddly at variance with the sanguinary spectacle of war. The derisive cries with

which they hailed the English herald were the plainest answer to his summons. They would not surrender. More than three months had been spent in starving them into subjection, and here were they better provided than those who beleaguered them, absolutely laughing in their faces. The English soldiers, whose "war-worn coats" and lean lantern jaws spoke eloquently of the sufferings they had undergone, were loud in their outcry against the fleet. If the fleet, they said, had not betrayed its trust, St. Martin would never have been relieved. The sailors, instead of justifying themselves, as they might well have done, for they had fought bravely, demanded their pay—pay in heavy arrears, and thus added to the perplexity of Buckingham. It appeared that when the boom was broken, the ships laden with provisions immediately landed their stores while the battle was raging, that they also received the sick and wounded, and sailed straightway from the harbour before the rest of the fleet retired and covered their retreat.

Round about Rochelle the royal forces were still gathering, and the Rochellois were being rapidly driven into revolt. They were watching with an intense interest the progress of the Duke of Buckingham at Ré, not yet determined whether to receive him as an ally, or to ignore his protection altogether. They could not fail to observe the wavering confusion of mind which marked all the movements of the inefficient commander, and were reasonably dubious as to any help he could render them. A written requisition submitted to Buckingham from his officers urgently recommended the abandonment of the siege. One day he was willing to comply; the next determined to remain. In October he was joined by the Earl of Holland with fifteen hundred men; early in November by eight hundred men from Rochelle. Thus reinforced he resolved on a general assault, and on the 6th of November the assault began.

As the veteran Burroughs had foretold, the assault was a complete failure. The cannonade produced no effect on the stony strength of St. Martin, but the slaughter was terrible. Finding the assault utterly impracticable, it was abandoned, and the English withdrew towards their ships; but, unfortunately for them, the Marshal Schomberg had posted himself with a strong force on the island between them and their vessels. The fort—Fort Prié—which Buckingham had thought of no importance, was now occupied and garrisoned by French troops, the result being that the English were compelled to defile along a narrow causeway across the

salt marshes, connecting the small island of Oie with that of Ré. Nothing could more forcibly demonstrate the incompetence of Buckingham for military command than his thus suffering the enemy to land and lodge in the line of his retreat. The fire of Schomberg was kept up steadily as the English retreated, and his cavalry harassed their rear, throwing them into the utmost confusion, until the pressure and disorder on the causeway became frightful: hundreds fell under the murderous fire of the artillery, hundreds more were sabred by the dragoons, and scores were pushed off into the bogs and salt pits, and there miserably perished.

To the credit of the English however be it said, they fought with distinguished bravery; and however incompetent as a general the duke was not wanting in personal courage. Defiling along that blood-stained causeway, the French had them at every advantage; and when on fairer ground they turned to give battle, Schomberg declined the combat. Two thousand English soldiers perished on that day, besides fifty officers; twenty-two pair of colours were captured, and suspended in Notre Dame, Paris. The prisoners taken by the French were restored without ransom, with the exception of Lord Mountjoy, for whom, in derision, Schomberg demanded a couple of English hounds. Buckingham, it was said in derision, was unable to get into the citadel, but at home he would no doubt get into the Tower.

The exaggerated statements which had been circulated as to the success of the Duke of Buckingham, together with his renewed overtures in his master's name of friendly alliance with the Rochellois, induced the citizens to rise in revolt, just as his Grace gave up the siege operations and made an inglorious retreat. "A really good general" it has been justly remarked, "though he had suffered considerable loss, would still have thrown himself into Rochelle, and with the sea kept open by his fleet for supplies, might have yet done signal service in the defence of the place. But Buckingham was no such general. He determined to withdraw, contemplating another enterprise equally impossible to him as the taking of the citadel of St. Martin. He had an idea of the glory and popularity of recovering Calais, and communicated this notable project to the king. Charles was charmed with the project, and as he had assured Buckingham that he had done wonders and almost impossibilities on the island of Ré, so he anticipated an equally splendid result: this, in any other man except Charles would have looked like bitter irony. In the eyes of the

more sensible officers of the fleet and army, the notion of attempting the surprise of Calais with a reduced and defeated force and such a general, was scouted as madness. Buckingham turned the prows of his fleet homewards, and arrived in England towards the end of November. The fleet and army were indignant at the disgraceful management of the campaign; the people were equally so at the waste of public money and the ruin of national honour; but Charles received Buckingham with undiminished affection, and took to himself the blame of the expedition, because he had not been able to send sufficient reinforcements and provisions."

In Rochelle the people beheld the departure of the English fleet with the utmost consternation. They had been assured that Charles would never permit them to be abandoned; and here in the very beginning the English fleet and army were withdrawn, and the French forces—undisturbed by the presence of a foreign foe, were concentrated around the town—Gaston of Orleans, Schomberg, Richelieu himself and the king, Louis XIII., all bent on the destruction of the Huguenot stronghold.

Many and long had been the debates in the council before the Rochellois displayed the flag of revolt. Determined had been the opposition of many of the leading citizens to any step which could compromise them with the government until they were assured of efficient aid. They doubted the English, they suspected the Netherlands, they could have no faith in the promises of Spain—but hesitancy was at length overcome. The troops massed around the town were insolent and menacing. The bolder spirits among the citizens demanded that a final blow should be struck for civil and religious freedom,—and their enthusiasm prevailed. There was one man in the town who in his younger days had seen rough service, who had sailed through troubled waters and fought many a hard fight. His name was Guitin, a man of indomitable courage, a sort of privateer by whom—whatever else might be suspected—it was certain no cowardice would be displayed. No man hesitated more than he as to whether Rochelle should declare for revolt; but when at the council it was finally decided that this step should be taken, that none but he should be their chief magistrate and leader, he rose up at the board and spoke like a hero. His words were not words of great swelling vanity, but sober, earnest, fixed resolve. He held an unsheathed dagger in his hand, and raised it again and again as he proceeded;—swearing that from that moment the dagger should be on their table whenever they met in council,

and that he himself would strike it into the heart of the first who should talk of surrender; or, if he wavered, let them strike him dead. He cast the dagger on the table as he concluded, and there was something of the rapt vision of an ancient prophet in his aspect, as he told them of the troubles that might come—the plague, the famine, the sword. But those who clustered round him only laid their hands upon their swords and swore before the Lord they were prepared for all.

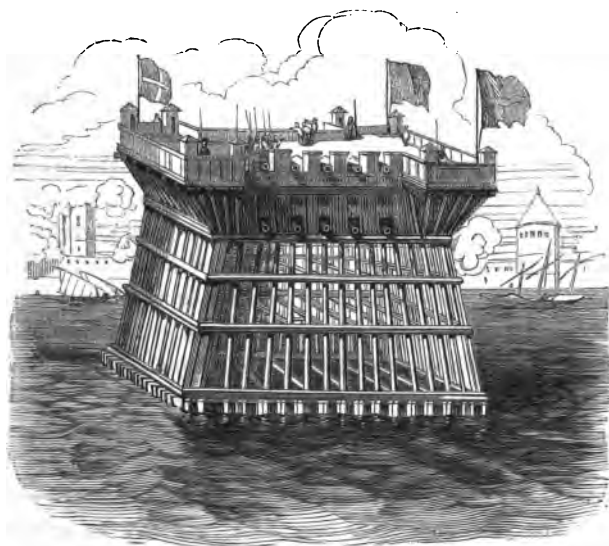
Rochelle was immediately thrown into a state of defence. Its existing fortifications were repaired and strengthened, and new batteries erected. The Duke of Rohan was not in the town, but the old Duchess of Rohan—a lion-hearted woman—was there, and by her presence and enthusiasm stimulated the energy of the citizens. An embassy was also sent to the English Court representing the condition of the Rochellois, and reminding the king of his promise. Charles declared that he would hazard his three kingdoms, if need be, for their deliverance. But something more than words were wanting.

Richelieu, who was the prime mover of the siege, saw that the city could only be reduced by famine. An attempt to carry it by assault would be but wanton waste of human life; at the same time, to starve the citizens into capitulation required some extraordinary engineering operations, very costly both in time and money. On the land side the work was comparatively easy, and the city was rapidly enclosed by him for three leagues in circumference, but the sea was still open, and supplies could thus be obtained with tolerable certainty by the besieged, there never being wanting dashing skippers to run the blockade.

An Italian engineer, Pompey Targon by name, excited some attention by a notable scheme of which he described himself as the inventor,—a scheme for effectually closing the port of Rochelle. This man obtained an introduction to Richelieu who, interested in his statements, commissioned him to carry out his project. What his plan was remained a profound secret, but whatever it might be it turned out a complete failure after six months' labour, and was renounced.

Two Frenchmen were the next projectors who received the patronage of Richelieu. One of these was Metezean, architect to the king; the other, Tiriot, one of the first masons in Paris. They proposed to construct a dyke of enormous size and strength, extending from one side of the entrance of the harbour to the other; by this means no vessel would be able to enter without the consent of the besiegers, and all supplies to the

Rochellois would be effectively cut off. Richelieu assembled all the chief officers of the army, and of the fleet, and laid before them the project. The council were divided in opinion as to its practicability, it being argued that the force of the sea, should a storm arise, would destroy the work; but the projectors replied so pertinently to every objection, that the majority were at length convinced, and were satisfied, says a French writer, that these men were sent to them of God. Both Metezean and Tiriot received handsome gratuities, and operations were speedily commenced. The soldiers were employed as labourers, and worked heartily, so it was



Castle of Argencourt.

carried on with rapidity; and a storm which threatened its destruction only served to assure the projectors of the real stability of the structure.

To protect the labourers a strong fortress was erected on Coureille and Chrutends, the foot of the dyke. The work itself was defended by stockadoes, and the opening in the centre through which vessels could pass to and fro, was commanded by a fortress called the Castle of Argencourt.

While this great work was in progress Richelieu was winning golden opinions from the peasantry and his own troops. For the speedy settlement of all disputes between the soldiers and the people he instituted a



tribunal whose decisions were always prompt and generally pure. He interdicted all pillage, and punished severely any act of treachery or violence committed by any of his men. But to their comfort he was not indifferent; he himself saw to their rations, and ascertained that they were good in quality and satisfactory in quantity; the pay of the troops was increased and paid with unusual punctuality; added to this he behaved to all who were about him with so much cordiality and courtesy as to gain over many to his side who at the outset were anything but well-disposed towards him. Those who saw him at the time describe the happy blending of the priest and the soldier, and here amid duties the most diversified and demands on his time and patience that would have exhausted half a dozen ordinary men, he still maintained that unruffled calmness, strict punctuality, and business aptitude, which distinguished him in all circumstances.

The Rochellois beheld with dismay the erection of the dyke but were powerless to prevent it. Their cannon thundered harmlessly over the blue waters; and the report of the watchmen on the lofty tower of the town was increasingly discouraging. There were a few skirmishes between the citizens and the besiegers in the parallel on the land side; and an occasional sortie under cover of the darkness. In these skirmishes the people of Rochelle invariably displayed heroic daring. They would venture much to capture a gun or destroy an outport—anything to bewilder their foes and confound their operations. They fought desperately, and those with whom they fought were no field-day soldiers. Such scenes took place almost daily at the beginning of the siege; but nothing of any real importance was done, and day by day the city granaries were emptying and the shadow of famine fell upon the town.

The unhappy people were in daily expectation of receiving help from England, and twice an English fleet came within sight of the beleaguered town, but Richelieu's formidable dyke prevented its entering the harbour. Those who saw in it deliverance—knew that the horrible reality of famine was upon them, and that the ships they saw, with straining eyes, could banish the dread evil—saw the silver sails sink below the horizon with something of the feeling of shipwrecked mariners when they fail to attract the notice of a passing vessel. From the height of the town, they could look round on a region of plenty; fields, gardens, orchards, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep—enough and to spare, while they were perishing with hunger. They could stand in the trenches made

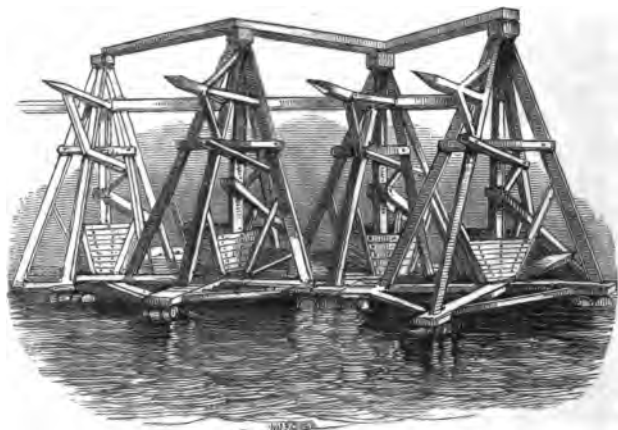
round the town and watch the gallant army of the soldiers as they were marshalled for some holiday pageant, filling the air with shouts. They could hear the music which seemed to mock their misery, and watch with longing eyes the troops at the camp fire cooking their rations and singing songs of home.



A Fight beneath the Walls of Rochelle.

Stealthily creeping through the streets, unseen, unheard, smiting one here and another there, was the famine. The shops were closed, night and day the prayers of the people rose up to heaven, and every day there were wild reports of demons lurking in the air, breaking the stillness of

the night with shrieks and laughter. They turned for consolation to the Book of Comfort, but again, and as though drawn to it by a spell, they read of the famine in Samaria—"and behold they besieged it until an ass's head was sold for four score pieces of silver, and the fourth part of a cab of dove's dung for five pieces of silver. And as the king of Israel was passing by upon the wall there cried a woman unto him saying, help, my Lord, O king. And he said, if the Lord do not help thee, whence shall I help thee, out of the barnfloor or out of the winepress? And the king said unto her, what aileth thee? And she answered, this woman said unto me, Give thy son, that we may eat him to day, and we will eat my



Stockadoes erected to defend the Dyke.

son to morrow. So we boiled my son and did eat him; and I said unto her on the next day, Give thy son that we may eat him, and she hath hid her son." It was darkly whispered through the town that this horrible thing had been realised at Rochelle. That, maddened by hunger, women had slain their little ones and eaten them. Where was the Elisha to prophecy of sudden plenty? When should Benhadad-Richelieu be driven away, and a day of good tidings rise on Rochelle?

Famine decimated the besieged, but it did not cast down their courage. They accepted contentedly their scanty rations of shell-fish and grass; they fared well on horse-flesh, but their resources failed. There was not a horse in the town. The sea seemed hardened against them and yielded nothing for their support; every green herb was exhausted. Before this

came to pass, the authorities of the town had found it necessary to station a guard in the graveyard and to punish summarily various attempts to seize on the bodies of the dead for food. Death held a carnival in this beleaguered town. Death, it was seen everywhere—in the quiet market, in the empty houses, in the cold, gloomy smithy, in the deserted wine-shop. It was seen in little groups of agonising sufferers crouching in obscure corners, praying for death speedily; it was seen in the dead bodies that soon began to encumber the streets—dead that the dying were too unhappy, too indifferent to bury. There were some few driven mad by the horrors of the scene, and who added to it by their wild cries and frantic gestures, flying through the streets at night, and seeming to bear charmed lives.

Amid all the terrible realities of the famine there were many instances of heroic self-devotion: for eight days a father kept his child alive by nourishing it with his own blood. Many preferred death to sharing the scanty food they could get with those they loved; and while in their mad fury some blasphemed heaven and polluted earth by their violence at the misery which had come upon them, for the most part they bore it patiently and hoped against hope.

Out of eighty men who were defending a gate, scarcely ten could support themselves without a staff. Of those who laboured in the batteries, scarcely one in five was able to stand erect. The preachers went amongst the people, exhorting them to faith in heaven; and the old Duchess of Rohan, the mother of the two brothers Rohan and Soubise, animated the courage of the unhappy garrison by her heroic words. She also went amongst them, sharing all their privations, enkindling afresh their enthusiasm as she assured them of a speedy deliverance. Guitin, too, gaunt with famine but strong of will, surveyed the heroic defenders of the town with a grim smile—"It is enough," said he, "if one of the citizens remain alive to close the gates."

Deliverance never came. King Charles had solemnly pledged his honour to assist the Rochellois, but he was unable to keep his promise. He despatched the Earl of Denbigh with a fleet; and the Earl, after shewing himself for seven days before the town, retired without striking a blow. He had been raised to rank and title simply on account of marrying the Duke of Buckingham's sister, and was, as a commander, even more incompetent than his brother-in-law. The Duke himself now resolved on returning with the fleet to Rochelle. Popular dissatisfaction

against war was running high. His physician, Dr. Lambe, was murdered by a mob in London, and a placard was fixed on the walls in these words:—Who rules the kingdom?—the King. Who rules the King?—the Duke. Who rules the Duke?—the Devil. Let the Duke look to it, or he will be served as the doctor was served." There was a doggrel rhyme also, very popular about this time, and equally threatening in its nature :

Let Charles and George do what they can,  
The Duke shall die like Dr. Lambe.

The duke affected to despise these threats, but Charles was alarmed for his safety. He went with him to Deptford to see the ships that were to carry relief to Rochelle, and is reported to have said: "George, there are those who wish that both these and thou may perish; but we will both perish together if thou dost."

Buckingham went down to Portsmouth. On the 23rd of August he was in excellent spirits, even dancing gaily, it is said, as he went to breakfast. "While at breakfast, Soubise, the envoy of the Rochellois, went to him, and was seen in earnest private conversation. It is supposed that Soubise had come to the knowledge of certain recent negotiations between England and France, in which both monarchs showed every tendency to listen to an accommodation, though neither had yet ventured to propose it, and knew that it was the object of Buckingham rather to treat than to fight when he got to Rochelle. At that very moment Mr. Secretary Carleton had arrived from the king with instructions to Buckingham to open by some means a communication with Richelieu, and then, as it were, accidentally bring about a treaty. Probably Soubise had acquired hints of these things, for both he and many other Frenchmen about Buckingham appeared greatly discontented, and vociferated and gesticulated energetically. The duke, it is said, had been endeavouring to persuade Soubise that Rochelle was already released, which he was too well informed to credit."

As the duke went out to his carriage, still talking with the gentlemen who surrounded him, an officer whispered something in his ear; he turned, and the next moment a knife was plunged into his heart and there left sticking. The assassin boldly declared himself. He turned out to be a gentleman of birth and education—John Felton by name—who had served under the duke in the expedition to the island of Ré.

Felton was hanged at Tyburn and gibbeted at Portsmouth.

dead and the dying ; the former were decently interred, the latter received proper attention, and several of them survived to tell in after years the horrors of that siege.

In due course Louis XIII. and Cardinal Richelieu with all "the pomp and circumstance of war," made triumphal entry into the city. Amid salvos of artillery, and shouts of "Vive le roi," the stronghold of revolt received back its king—the metropolis of heresy welcomed the Cardinal.



Entry of Louis XIII. into Rochelle.



Magdeburg.

## THE STORY OF THE MASSACRE AT MAGDEBURG.

[MAY 10, 1631.]



WHILE the events recorded in the Story of the Siege of Rochelle were taking place in France, and the expressed sympathies of the English Government with the French Protestants had involved both countries in war, Ferdinand the Second of Germany was teaching Catholic Christianity at the sword's point to the Protestant states of the Fatherland. Generals Wallenstein, Piccolomini, and Tilly were the chief apostles of the emperor, and none were more zealous than they in fighting for the faith.

Compared with the treatment of the German Protestants, who fell under the power of Ferdinand, that of the Huguenots by Richelieu was just and merciful. The wily cardinal, the saintly soldier, was not vindictive. He felt that a stronghold like Rochelle could not be permitted to maintain its independence with safety to the state. He dismantled the town, and forfeited its privileges; but he did not interfere with the religious liberties of the people; he did not attempt to crush Protestantism with the iron heel of despotism; he was a politician, not a bigot. Ferdi-

nand, on the contrary, was resolved on the extirpation of the Protestants ; determined by the help of fire and sword, and what help the heaven he besieged with prayer might send, to restore a catholicity of faith, to ignore all that had been accomplished by Luther, Calvin, Erasmus, and other reformers : there should be but one faith—one church—one highway to heaven, a faith and church and highway approved of by Ferdinand the magnificent, or —.

There is a story told of two Irish chieftains in ancient times, one of whom despatched to the other a dubious message with a threat unexpressed, but emphatic. "Pay me tribute, *or else*—" Not to be intimidated nor outdone in equivoque, the other replied, "I owe you no tribute, *and if*—" Of course they fell to fighting.

Something like this was the condition of the quarrel between Ferdinand and the German Protestant States. Nothing was very clearly expressed on either side, but both meant defiance, and victory or death.

The resistance to Austria had, as we have shown, begun in Bohemia : the Protestants had invited Frederick of the Palatinate, son-in-law of James the First, to become their king. Like a young and foolish man, he accepted their offer ; assumed the crown, to have it taken from him, and himself driven into exile, losing not only his new kingdom, but his old Palatinate. Spain, Bavaria, and Austria, all leagued against the Protestant States, presented an invulnerable front to the united efforts—feeble it must be owned—of an allied host enlisted in the Protestant cause. All Germany was overrun with the victorious troops, and the most horrible desolation followed the triumphant march of Wallenstein, Piccolomini, and Tilly.

The war had its origin in Frederick of the Palatinate accepting the Bohemian crown ; but it rapidly assumed a wider and more serious aspect than could have been the case, had the mere question been the restoration of this simple-minded man's hereditary possession. It became a battle of belief—the crusade of political and religious intolerance, and it lasted thirty years.

Where commerce had built her giant cities, and enriched her merchants with tribute from the very ends of the earth, where richly laden argosies were moored on rivers more auriferous than fabled Pactolus, and where merchant princes dwelt in state surpassing that of emperors born in the purple, there was ruin—utter and irremediable. Houses marked by smouldering embers—ships burnt to the water's edge—stately halls but charred and blackened timbers—and crushed and mutilated corpses everywhere.



Where cattle grazed and crops ripened, where smiling homesteads gave invitation to the passer by, where orchards exhibited their tempting fruit, and old mills lazily performed their work as if there was no hurry, but plenty of time on hand to stop and think about it—where in the green meadows and the yellow uplands there were all the indications of a happy, prosperous, and contented people—there was now desolation and death. Villages lay in ashes; where the peasant had so often engaged in the wild frolic of the kermese, there were headless bodies—naked, young, old,



General Tilly.

(From an old Print by Balthazar Moncornet.)

men, women, rich, poor, literally stripped of everything, and flung together in a ghastly heap. The corn ready for the sickle had been fired—wantonly destroyed; Ruth and Boaz—wealthy landowners and humble gleaners—consumed amid the sheaves; granaries had been ransacked and thousands of flour sacks emptied of their contents into the river. There was neither the lowing of oxen, nor bleating of sheep—herds and flocks had been driven off by the Austrian soldiers. Everywhere there was wanton destruction, and outrages unnameable. The sword to the throat, and the fire to the roof tree, were mercies compared with some of the

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atrocious acts which were not only tolerated but applauded by gentlemen and soldiers.

Christian IV. of Denmark, observing with grief and indignation the horrible condition to which Germany was being reduced, attempted a diversion in favour of the Protestant princes, but the attempt was futile: he was not only repulsed, but drew the armies of Austria into his own dominions. "But in Sweden had risen up a king, able, pious, earnestly desirous of the restoration of Protestantism, and qualified by a long



General Wallenstein.

(From a Painting by Vandyke.)

military experience, though yet a young man, to cope with any general of the age. Gustavus Adolphus had mounted the Swedish throne at the age of eighteen, and was now only seven-and-thirty; yet he had already maintained a seventeen years' war against Poland, backed by the power of Austria. But now an armistice of six years had been settled with Poland. Wallenstein, the ablest general of Austria, had been removed from the command, in consequence of the universal outcry of the German princes in an imperial council at Ratisbon against his cruelties and exactions; and the far-seeing Richelieu, who was attacking the Spaniards in Italy

and the Netherlands, perceiving the immense advantages of such disunion in Germany, had offered to make an alliance with the Swedes."

Towards the close of the month of June, 1630, Gustavus Adolphus entered on the campaign. He embarked fifteen thousand of his veteran troops at Elfsnab and crossed into Pomerania. This province had to a certain extent been abandoned by the imperial troops and fell an easy prey to the Swedish king. Its towns and fortifications fell into his hands almost without a struggle, as the Austrian general, Torquato Conti, retreated before him without coming to a general engagement; but in his retreat Conti destroyed everything—he left the country a desert. "During a whole day's march Gustavus Adolphus saw not a single head of cattle, but wretched creatures crowding round, imploring food to save them from death, and presenting the appearance of ghosts rather than men."

The earliest intelligence received by the heroic Swede related to the hazardous position of the important city of Magdeburg; he sent to the citizens a message entreating them to hold out for three weeks, when he hoped to bring them relief.

Magdeburg (capital of the Prussian province of Saxony) occupies an important position on the Elbe. It was of importance to the Imperialists to hold this town and fortress, or to destroy both; but favourably situated for defence, strongly fortified, and garrisoned by brave men, it had withstood the great Wallenstein for seven months and was at the period to which we refer (1629), showing the same bold front to Tilly—a general who had earned for himself the surname of the *Ferocious*. Magdeburg held staunchly to political independence and religious liberty. The atrocities committed by the imperial troops failed to strike terror into the breasts of the citizens. They believed their position to be well-nigh impregnable, and they looked for relief from Gustavus. But day by day passed over, and week by week, and still no help came. The besieged looked out wistfully for any sign of an approaching army, but they saw nothing but the entrenchments of the besiegers and the grim soldiery who were only biding their time to sack one of the fairest cities in Europe.

Gustavus on quitting Pomerania had pushed on, carrying all before him; he had beaten the Austrians at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and might have attained a complete victory had the German princes seconded his efforts. Unfortunately they showed no great zeal in the cause, and, indignant at their timidity, he threatened to march back to Stockholm. But the critical condition of Magdeburg made him unwilling to resign the object.

of his expedition—besides his promise, which, alas! for Magdeburg, was never to be redeemed.

Apprehensive of the approach of Gustavus, Tilly cast about for some ingenious scheme whereby the city might be taken. To starve it into surrender was impossible for want of time; to carry it by assault equally impracticable on account of its great strength and the vigilance of its garrison; but it might be overcome by stratagem.

One morning early in the month of May, 1631, the citizens of Magdeburg were surprised by the cessation of the fire from the Austrian batteries. That fire had been the daily music to which they had grown



Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden.

*(From an authentic Portrait.)*

familiar, and when it ceased they looked hopefully at each other and felt that deliverance was at hand. These Austrian butchers, doubtless, had been informed of the coming of Gustavus and were ready to take flight. This surmise was confirmed by the breaking up of Tilly's camp and the rapid retreat of his troops.

The citizens watched the departure of the enemy with the utmost joy; relief was surely at hand; they at least were to be spared the "tender mercies" of those ferocious troopers who had won for themselves eternal infamy by their revolting cruelty. So said, so thought, the good folks of Magdeburg, and quiet families clustered round the board at evening meal

gave special thanks to God for this great deliverance. The garrison were right jovial in their way and jested, at the cost of Tilly, who had wasted so much time in the fruitless effort to subdue the town. "Magdeburg fall a prey to this dastard Austrian!—never while a hand remains to grasp a falchion—

‘And let me the cannikin clink, clink,  
And let me the cannikin clink;  
A soldier’s a man,  
A life’s but a span,  
Why, then let a soldier drink.’ ”

Who can blame the town guard if they kept holiday that night? they had kept watch and ward through many a weary night. Now the danger was over they had nothing to fear; Gustavus Adolphus would soon be in their midst.

Had the usual precautions been observed, and that untiring vigilance maintained which had characterised the garrison throughout the siege, a great calamity would have been spared. In the darkness and silence of the night a few troopers stole down to the walls of Magdeburg, and took cognizance of the state of the city so far as they were able. There was the stillness of death over the old town. No measured tread of sentinel, no watchword challenge, not even the bay of a dog—Magdeburg slept, and the silence was only broken by the musical chimes from the cathedral tower. The troopers having satisfied themselves that the city was unguarded, departed with the news, and about an hour before dawn on the morning of the 10th of May, a large detachment of Tilly’s army came back to Magdeburg; they crept forward stealthily, part of the darkness—apparitions that seemed to grow out of the darkness; lanterns were borne by a few of the troopers, and many carried scaling ladders. They crossed the dry ditch, and gathered in great force under the walls that had so long defied their guns; they planted their ladders, and a picked number of veterans ascended and made good their footing on the rampart. Signalling to those below that all was well, they were speedily joined by a larger number of troopers, and their first act was to surprise the sleeping sentries, and slay them before they could raise an alarm.

The work they had come to accomplish was then begun. The alarm was raised just as the grey dawn was yielding to the roseate tint of morning, and a wild cry—the shriek of despair—told them that the enemy were within the city.

While the gates were flung open, and a body of cavalry charged up the

principal thoroughfare, the soldiers who had scaled the walls busied themselves in butchering. In vain the garrison attempted resistance. They were only partially aware of the real extent of their danger—suddenly roused from their sleep, some of them but half roused, all of them bewildered by surprise and terror. Their ranks were broken, they were put to flight, pursued, cut down, hunted from place to place, and brutally murdered when they cried for quarter.

In the meanwhile the houses of the wealthiest citizens were rifled, the inhabitants put to death, and the buildings fired. There was no sparing, no respect for age or sex—the mother was slaughtered in the midst of her terrified children, or cruelly rescued to see each of her darlings slain, herself the last victim. The troopers were diabolical in their merciless ingenuity: they revelled in the horrible outrages they committed. They celebrated their bloody saturnalia, and joined their coarse jests and mocking laughter to the entreaties of their miserable victims. Scores were hurled into the Elbe—driven into the river at the sword's point, hunted to death; a very large number were consumed in their houses—birds burnt in their nests—the assassins driving those who attempted to escape back into the flames, seizing an infant from its mother's arms, and casting it on a heap of blazing furniture, holding her fast to see her child die. Scores of women, in the great terror which seized on them when the news spread that the enemy were within the walls, had fled for refuge in a church. Even Attila had some respect for holy things and holy places, and, perhaps, they thought that the Austrians might spare them as they knelt before God's altar. The troopers closed the doors of the church, and set the building on fire. The frantic cries of the women rose shrill and piercing above the roar of the fire and the shrieks of the people without. But there was no mercy for them: they were to be sacrificed as a burnt offering—a human holocaust to Austrian despotism. Outside another church fifty-three women were afterwards found together in a ghastly group, each with her head severed from her body.

Every man who entered the city that day seemed devil-inspired. Blood and plunder were what they all sought; but they indulged their ferocious passions by every kind of gratuitous cruelty, some of them binding young and beautiful women to their saddle girths, and bearing them through all the horrors of that frightful day.

There is no counterpart in modern history to the outrages committed



during the sack of Magdeburg, except that of the Sepoys in India—"putrid Delhi" is the only instance which at all approaches a parallel. Tilly, the savage fanatic, wrote to the Emperor an exulting despatch, in which he said:—"Never since the destruction of Troy and Jerusalem has there been such a victory." Some of his own officers, heart-sickened by



Massacre at Magdeburg.

the sights they beheld, besought him to put a stop to the massacre, but he answered:—"Give the soldiers another hour or two and then come to me again."

Another hour or two, and the streets were running with blood, and all quarters of the city in flames. One petition only would Tilly grant, and

that was the sparing of the cathedral at the special request of his old schoolfellow, Canon Bake.

Thirty thousand persons perished during the massacre. So long did it require to clear the streets of the dead, that five days elapsed before Tilly made his triumphant entry. Nearly seven thousand corpses were thrown into the Elbe. Only one hundred and thirty-nine houses were left standing.

A convulsive shudder thrilled Europe at the news of the fate of Magdeburg. And as you visit the city to-day you are reminded of that frightful drama. The cathedral spared by Tilly—one of the noblest Gothic



Frankfort-on-the-Maine, A.D. 1792.

edifices in Germany—still lifts its beautiful pyramidal tower, and is still rich in art treasures—and there you may see Tilly's helmet and gloves. The gate by which he entered the town has been walled up, and upon the house of the commandant whom he beheaded may still be read the words— "REMEMBER THE 10TH OF MAY, 1631."

Laden with enormous booty the Austrian army quitted the neighbourhood of Magdeburg. On the 17th of September, Gustavus Adolphus gave battle to Tilly before Leipsic and routed him with great slaughter. This victory turned the scale of war. The German princes revived under the stimulating influence of their ally's success. They joined heartily in the war, drove the Austrians from the greater part of their country, took




Hanover and Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Frederick the Palsgrave united himself to the victorious army of Gustavus, hoping to be reinstated by that monarch in his patrimony; but the Swedish king was so much incensed against Charles of England for not joining in the enterprise against Austrian despotism, that although he received the Palsgrave kindly he gave him no immediate hope of restoration.

After this Gustavus rescued Darmstadt, Oppenheim, and Mainz. In the meanwhile the Saxon field-marshal, Von Arnim, invaded Bohemia and captured Prague; the landgrave of Hesse Cassel and Bernard of Weimar defeated Tilly's troops in the lands of the Upper Rhine.

"This sweeping reverse compelled the emperor to recall Wallenstein to the chief command; who, assembling forty thousand men at Zuaim, in Bohemia, marched on Prague and drove the Saxons not only thence, but out of Bohemia altogether. Meantime Gustavus issuing from his winter quarters on the Rhine directed his course to Nuremberg, and so to Dunauworth, and at Rain on the Lech fought with Tilly and the Duke of Bavaria. Tilly was killed, and Gustavus advanced and took Augsburg in April, and Munich in May, and after in vain attacking Wallenstein before Nuremberg he encountered him at Lutzen in Saxony, and beat him, but fell himself at the hour of victory. He had, however, saved Protestantism. Wallenstein lost favour after his defeat, was suspected by the emperor, and finally assassinated by his own officers. The generals of Gustavus, under the orders of Gustavus's great minister, Oxenstjerna, continued the contest and enabled the German Protestant princes to establish their power and the exercise of their religion, at the peace of Westphalia in 1648."

The peace which was signed at Westphalia at the termination of the thirty years' war comprised three distinct treaties. The first between Spain and the United Provinces, which proclaimed the complete independence of the Netherlands. The second between France and Austria. It stipulated for liberty of conscience for the Protestants, regulated the rights and relations of the Germanic States; gave Alsatia to France, less the imperial city of Strasburg; confirmed it in the possession of the three bishoprics, Toul, Metz, and Verdun; and decreed perpetual peace between France and Rome. The third treaty conferred Pomerania and some other places, besides money, on Sweden for the valuable help rendered throughout the war.





Naples.

## THE STORY OF MASANIELLO.

[A.D. 1647.]

**N**APLES is one of the fairest and foulest spots in Italy. The bay is magnificent, dotted with islands here and there, and surrounded by shores remarkable for their luxuriant fertility. Extending in a long and gentle curve from Posilippo to Portici, Naples charms the eye with its graceful variety of town and country, as if art and nature were contesting in a loving rivalry which should contribute the most to make the city and its environs the loveliest in Europe. A mole formed something like the letter L stretches out into the bay, and offers a convenient harbour for vessels of small draught; a lighthouse sends its friendly and inviting beams over the water when the sun goes down. In the rear of the city are numerous acclivities clothed with vineyards and gardens, and farms and villas; behind these are wooded mountains and old monastic houses and villages that nestle among the brotherhood of pine trees; and in the rear of all these, its graceful outline clearly defined against the azure sky, is Vesuvius, with a distant view of some of the boldest summits of the Appenine chain.

But the interior of Naples is nothing like so beautiful as the visitor might be led to expect from its outward aspect. Many of the streets are narrow, dark, and dismal; the houses are so lofty that the strip of blue

sky can scarcely send its light to the bottom, where hungry ill-clad children are gesticulating in the mud, and hungry grown-up people—with traces of masculine vigour and feminine grace, which rags and wretchedness cannot altogether obliterate—are lounging lazily. The poorest quarters of every city in the world bear a striking resemblance to each other, and the same sort of squalor to be found in London is to be seen in Naples, only under a more picturesque aspect. Since the Italian revolution there is a marked change in the Neapolitans. They are not what they were. There used to be a saying in their city that *feste, farine, forche* (shows, food, and gibbet), were all that were required to keep the lower classes quiet. They want more now. Of the gibbet Bomba gave them enough and to spare; but with food they were not equally well supplied. Now-a-days, they are getting less gibbet and more food; as for the shows—the spectacles—they like them as well as ever.

As a rule Neapolitans are not much enamoured of roofs; they like the open air, and the sellers come into the streets to sell, and the buyers come into the streets to buy, and the manufacturers and menders to make and to cobble, and the loungers to look on, and the mountebanks to amuse them all. Suppose yourself in a Neapolitan street, or on the mole, if it be a holiday time, which it is almost sure to be; be good enough to look around: what do you see? Crowds of people everywhere, going this way in a tolerably steady line, going that way in a tolerably steady line again, but for the most part mingled in a fluctuating current which obeys no law, but ebbs and flows all sorts of ways at once and whirls you about as in an ever-varying eddy. There sits a tailor stitching at a coat, with shears and threadpapers, needles and paper patterns all strewn about him in the sunny little niche he has chosen for his perch this day. There stands a busy carpenter—not busy with his work, but industriously idle in a gossip with his friend who deals in ice-water and who at intervals utters the peculiar cry of the tribe. There are some gipsy-looking fellows lounging on the ground—they are Lazzaroni, famous all the world over as peculiar to Naples—a gay but ignorant host, content with hard fare and little work—a fill of maccaroni and a sun bath. Cannot you imagine as you look at these fellows, as you see one or more of them laying flat and fast asleep, their bronzed faces turned up to the sun further tanning—cannot you imagine as you look at yonder fisher sitting on the shore and mending their nets in an indolent manner peculiar to themselves, that of all men in the world these are the very last w



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ALIA, 1648.



hearts could be stirred by things political—that they who seem so indifferent to all things but the passing hour should ever stir themselves to action and strike for a good cause. But they can do so—they have done so lately—they are very likely shouting their “Viva Garibaldi” at this hour. And they rose up in all their strength two hundred years and more ago, and enthroned their liberator. It was a brief struggle, but a brave one—marred by selfish aims and petty jealousies, but it still stands out boldly in the page of history—an example and a warning.

The strange narrative of Masaniello and his eight days’ of royalty we relate as a strong illustration of Austrian and Spanish despotism, and the aspirations of the Neapolitan people two centuries ago.

Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, was also monarch of Naples, which in his time, and for a long period afterwards, was attached to the Spanish crown. During his reign and those of his successors, Philip II., Philip III., and Philip IV., the country was governed by the Viceroys of Spain, and suffered greatly from their oppression. The Neapolitans were most unwilling to submit to their Spanish masters, and every fresh impost was the occasion of an outbreak more or less serious, insurrections usually suppressed with tolerable facility by the soldiers and the hangman. In 1647 there ruled in Naples the Duke of Arcos; and on him Philip IV. of Spain relied for the defence of Naples against the machinations of Louis XIV. and Cardinal Mazarin, and also to realise as much profit out of the Neapolitans as it might be possible to obtain by fines, fiscal regulations, and other methods known to ministers of finance. In consequence of this double charge Arcos employed a vast number of spies, police, revenue officers, informers and the like; and the exciseman, never a very popular person, became the embodiment of everything that was hateful to the Neapolitans. One method adopted, that of farming the taxes, was the most distasteful of all. The farmers-general were the most rapacious of men, grinding the faces of the poor, and hunting up all defaulters with a perseverance worthy of a better cause.

One brilliant summer’s day, as the Naples bay was calmly sleeping and the last rays of the setting sun changed its purple to gold, when nobles, fishermen, and citizens were idly lounging, watching the few vessels whose white sails were spread in vain for a breeze, a young peasant woman, carrying in her apron fruits more luxurious than befitted her condition, entered the church of the Virgin of Carmel and knelt down before the image of the Virgin. The nave was almost deserted, the

twilight deepening into night made all within the building obscure; but a few candles burnt before the shrine of Mary, and by their light showed many a votive offering presented by pious hands. The peasant looked up at the statue, robed in golden cloth and crowned with flowers, and there were the tones of filial affection in her voice as she laid the fruits and flowers she had brought before the object of her adoration and prayed—

“O holy mother, protect Thomas Aniello, and keep him from harm!”

While she was praying another worshipper approached; a woman of about her own age, but in all other respects widely different from the humble Puzzolian. She had the majestic air of a princess, her attire was costly and elegant, there were diamonds on her arms, her fingers, and in her ears: she was evidently a lady of rank and fortune, but she knelt down beside the peasant and laid at the feet of the statue some rich gifts—jewels and gold that glittered in the light. After a brief silence she spoke to the woman beside whom she knelt—“The Virgin of Carmel is the patroness of youthful brides—are you among those happy ones?” The peasant answered with hesitation that she was, and had come to seek the blessing of the holy Mother. “Do you believe that she will help you?” “With all my heart.” “This is well; let us pray together.” Kneeling as sisters before the shrine, they were soon in each other’s confidence. The peasant girl was married; she was the wife of Thomas Aniello, or, as he was called, Masaniello, and her principal anxiety arose from the excitability of his temperament and the dread that his revolutionary principles might bring him into trouble. Could she obtain money enough to purchase a small house at Amalfi, so as to withdraw him from his Neapolitan associates, the danger might be escaped, but they had no means. Work was heavy, pay was light; there was abundance of fish, but a drought of silvery spoil was so heavily taxed that it was scarcely possible for the fishermen to live. The wealthy worshipper, ignorant of the wants and woes of poverty, was not without her share of trouble. She loved and was beloved, but her father, the Duke of Arcos, Viceroy of the Spanish king, had sternly forbidden her union, and on the next day she was to quit Naples, perhaps never to return. Before these two strangely assorted friends parted the daughter of wealth had pressed on the child of poverty a present of money, and the peasant girl had accepted it, and promised her prayers for the happiness of the bestower.

On the following morning Marie Arcos took leave of the man she loved, the Marquis Châtillon, cousin of Henry of Guise, and departed with her

mother for Spain. At the same time a courier was despatched by the marquis with a letter to the French ambassador at Rome—a letter which contained, among other matters of less importance, this statement —“Whenever the fleet and the money of Mazarin arrive off Naples, the Neapolitans are ready for revolt.”

Employing the money generously presented to her by Marie Arcos in the manner she proposed, Marie Aniello had been able to provide a more comfortable home than they had hitherto known, at Amalfi, and looked



Cardinal Mazarin.

*(From an old Painting by Nautuel.)*

forward to a happy, peaceful life. Unfortunately, hating the imposition of the government almost as much as did her husband, she permitted herself an act of indiscretion which hastened the catastrophe she so much dreaded. Visiting the city on one occasion she contrived to conceal a small quantity of contraband goods in a bundle, made up to represent a young baby. In the innocence of her heart she imagined that this little deceit would delude the officers of customs. An exciseman is all eyes and ears. The trick was discovered; the offender treated with great severity and lodged in goal. A very heavy fine was imposed.



No words can paint the indignation of Masaniello. But angry words, violent denunciations could not move stone walls or iron bars. The fine must be paid or the wife of his bosom die in goal. He sold everything he possessed, and when the penalty was settled and Marie was free she returned to an empty house and a ruined husband.

Masaniello swore to be revenged. It was his voice that was henceforth lifted up the loudest against the Spaniards; it was he who denounced the Duke of Arcos as a tyrant; he was the orator around whom gathered fishermen, artisans, peasants—he was a king among his fellows, but a king without a coin—a Demosthenes, but a Demosthenes who, for his own sake, had better have been dumb.

The feast of St. Januarius was a great day in Naples: the image of the saint was borne in procession through the streets; the blood of the saint miraculously liquified; the duke and all the court went in state to church, and heard the merits of his saintship; but there was a riot—the duke was insulted by the crowd, the procession scattered, and it seemed that other blood besides that of the deceased saint would run freely that day. The author of this tumult was Masaniello. He was a marked man—a man only to be silenced by a long cord and a short shift. But Masaniello was not to be found.

Shortly after this affair a tax was imposed by the Government on all fruits and vegetables—the chief food of the people during summer. The gardeners of Puzzoli, the brother-in-law of Masaniello at the head, arrived with baskets of figs and prunes at the gate of the city. The guard claimed the tax; the Puzzolians refused to pay; the soldiers attempted to seize the fruit; the peasants resisted: there was a struggle, in the midst of which Soudain, Masaniello's brother-in-law, jumped on a bench, crying, "God gives abundance, and the Spaniards dearth; since I must not live by my labour, the poor shall have it rather than the tax-gatherers;" and, reversing his basket, he scattered all the fruit on the highway. The children rushed forward, scrambling for the best; the officers denounced the peasants—the peasants boldly defended themselves; the storm was rising, when above the din was heard the clear shrill voice of Masaniello. "Gather up these fruits, but eat them not; rather change them into weapons. See here!" He seized a handful of figs, and cast it in the face of the captain of the Guard. The peasants followed his example: with fruit and fruit baskets, stones, and whatever else they could readily obtain, they pelted the officers and drove them from the gates.

On the same evening the custom-house in the market-place was reduced to ashes; the incendiary was Masaniello.

At that time there dwelt in Naples a certain Giulio Genovino—half chemist, half-alchemist, philosopher and sorcerer, but known as the Oracle of Naples. Perhaps he knew some of the secrets of Hermes, Trismegistus, Albertus Magnus, Agrippa, Paracelsus; perhaps he might have enlightened the world on the subject of *opere solis*, or *opere lune*; he might have talked all the gibberish of Geber; but better than all, he was acquainted with the insurrectionary plots of the populace, the designs of France, the intentions of Mazarin, the mission of Marquis Châtillon. Without looking into a magic glass, or without recourse to the hocus pocus of his trade, he could have told Duke Arcos that an insurrection was on the eve of breaking out, and that Spain would probably lose her hold of Naples. He was in close correspondence with the Marquis Châtillon; he knew that it was the intention of Mazarin to place Henry of Guise on the Neapolitan throne; and it is also supposed that he knew of the private designs of the marquis, who was to be first minister, and who proposed making the hand of Marie Arcos the ransom of her father. Most of all, he knew that the chief leader of the coming revolt was Thomas Aniello.

It is said that when Genovino first communicated this piece of information to the gay, butterfly marquis, and pointed out to him the fisherman who had little but his fine expressive eyes to distinguish him from those of his own condition, the nobleman affected to scorn the idea,—“What, deliver Naples by the hand of a half naked savage; impossible!”

It was the custom in Naples to celebrate the festival of the Virgin of Carmel, by a species of rude tournament held outside the church erected in her honor. A wooden citadel was built in the courtyard, and the youths of Naples divided themselves into two sections, representing, the one party, Christians, the other party, infidels; the former occupying and defending the citadel, the latter endeavouring to obtain possession, and to plant the crescent above the cross. All Naples gathered to behold the spectacle, and indeed there was no little interest attaching to their playful passage of arms. The Christians with the cross on their shoulders bore themselves bravely, and acted in the spirit of chivalrous daring. The Saracens fought with great determination—they were heroes worthy of Saladin. On the occasion to which reference is now especially made, the Turkish hero, a fellow of Herculean vigour, who

appeared bent on carrying the citadel at all hazards. The beleaguered Christians were hard pressed, and some of them cried they wanted Masaniello for their leader. The cry was electrical; for the conduct of this young man had made his name familiar to all within the city. "Masaniello," they cried; "Masaniello and the Christians." It was a diversion, and the pagan assailants of the citadel were as well pleased to join in it as the defenders—"Long live Masaniello," they shouted; "death to the Spaniards."



Masaniello  
(From an old Print.)

Masaniello was present; but he had resolved to quit Naples, to shun the society of the disaffected, to endeavour amid hard toil but domestic peace, to forget the political and social grievances of his people. When, however, he heard his own name coupled with aspiration for liberty, and with threats of vengeance on the oppressor, his enthusiasm returned. Genovino and Châtillon were ready to add fuel to the flame. They touched him, drew him aside, and as the rude play went on Genovino talked with him of all the wrongs which Naples endured, of the glory which would for ever belong to the deliverer, and the certainty of success if the blow were struck with decision.

Every word of the oracle sunk into the heart of the poor fisherman. Yes, doubtless he was the Samson who should smite the Philistine hip and thigh—the Gideon that with the sword of the Lord should restore the liberties of his countrymen. What were home and wife compared with the glory of this work—patriots must be prepared for sacrifice; besides, if victory were attained, all the glory would be shared with Marie.

Scarcely knowing why, but finding relief to his overcharged mind in action, Masaniello came to the rescue of the Christians. With a good stroke he felled Pione, the Saracen leader, and following this by a charge on the Turkish host, broke their lines and put them to flight. It was done in excellent humour and was hailed with delight even by the vanquished, but the child's play was soon turned to terrible earnest. With the cross of Carmel on his shoulder, the banner of the Madonna in his hand, he cried out to both parties—Christians and Saracens—to the on-lookers—to all true Neapolitans to follow him—"Death to the Spaniards! down with the infidels! Down with the Gabelle!" The proud Spaniards laughed at this ebullition—what could a mob of *lazzaroni* effect with an ignorant half-clad savage for a leader? Even when the excited multitude reached the palace of the viceroy, and beat like an angry sea on its stone walls, Arcos felt perfectly secure. He came out on a balcony and looked down contemptuously at the upturned faces of the crowd; he laughed insultingly at their menaces and bid them do their worst.

The true friends of the government counselled immediate action. The uproar, they argued, should be silenced, the streets cleared, the ringleaders sharply punished; but Arcos gave his peculiar shrug—" 'tis but a masquerade of children," he said, "that will end before the troops are under arms; let them be merry, the poor rogues are welcome to their holiday."

After parading the streets for hours without committing any direct act of violence the rioters gradually disappeared, and to all appearance the affair was at an end; but while the city slept, Masaniello was busily engaged with two allies—Dominico Perrone, leader of the contrabandists, and Guiseppe Palumbo, a brigand chief. Neapolitan brigandage is formidable at this day, and two hundred years ago it was certainly no better; the daring atrocities committed in open daylight were patent to the citizens and the police, and both classes appeared equally afraid of encountering these lawless bands. With the smuggler Perrone and the brigand Palumbo, Masaniello arranged his plans. The fishermen and *lazzaroni*, with their allies, were placed under the command of captains



and lieutenants who received their instructions how to act. To Masaniello himself was entrusted the chief command.

Early the next morning the toecin was sounded from the tower of Carmel as the signal for the insurrection. Immediately the crowds in the market-place raised a cry of death to the Spaniards, and each man drawing his weapon—all having been previously armed with such weapons as they could obtain—marched on the government offices, broke into the treasury, seized all the money they could find, burnt the registers and official documents, slew those who made any show of resistance, and then set fire to the building.

In this act, and in all that followed, Masaniello was the foremost man. It was his voice that rang loud and shrill above the tumult, he who as the flames leaped into the air and the rioters with wildest gestures danced round the pile, called out—"to the viceroy, to the palace!"

Thundering through the streets in obedience to this command, the multitude increasing every moment in numbers, every lane and alley pouring forth its tributary stream as the turbid torrent rolled along, the crowds followed their leader. Pale faces appeared at many a window, and here and there some poor fugitive fled before them, as peasants on the volcano fly before the lava stream.

Intelligence of the outbreak was conveyed to the governor, who in the moment of danger showed no small courage; but it was too late. Before any plan could be adopted, the wild torrent had rushed into the square, and flooded every approach to the palace. The guards on duty were easily disposed of: they fought well; were down and up and down again, pierced by a score of weapons, trampled by a thousand feet. The strokes of hammers and axes fell like hail on the palace doors, showers of stones smashed every window; it was plain that those within could offer no resistance, and the few shots that were fired only seemed still more to excite the madness of the crowd. With a ringing of glass and iron and splintering wood, the principal door gave way and the rioters rushed over it, some falling in their mad haste to be the first, and being trampled on by their fellows. Through corridor and vestibule, adorned with the utmost splendour, poured the mob, recklessly smiting costly vases and mirrors as if they were human foes, and piercing old pictures with their knives. On the grand staircase a body of halberdiers strove to keep back the throng, but the effort was in vain: if those in the forefront hesitated, those in the rear pressed forward; a few seconds' interruption only was

offered, and then the mob had gained the stairs, and swept, with shouts of vengeance, into the state apartments.

The duke was in his writing closet, preparing reluctantly to yield to the popular clamour, and rescind the objectionable imposts. He had no suspicion how far the animosity against Spain extended, and how vain would be any effort on his part to subdue the clamour by concession. He fondly imagined that he had but to step forth to receive respectful attention; that he had but to state the abolition of the taxes to be the most popular man in Naples. That one of the vulgar herd should usurp his authority, dwell as a prince in the land, and sway the destiny of the country, was to him a thing impossible. He was signing the official document, abolishing the imposts, when the people broke into the palace. Still he was resolved to meet them, and accordingly went forth. The scene he beheld startled, if it did not terrify him. Hundreds of angry, maddened, desperate men were struggling forward, a dozen voices called him by his name, a dozen knives were raised against him—there was no time for parley. He retreated, was pursued; but knowing the arrangements of the palace better than those who followed him and yelled for blood, he effected his escape to a side entrance, where a carriage was in waiting to convey him to a place of security—the church of St. Louis. As the carriage emerged from the gate into a narrow thoroughfare, some stragglers saw the face of the governor and raised the alarm. The rioters were immediately in pursuit; but fortunately the asylum was reached before the mob could effect their purpose. Once within the church the governor supposed himself to be secure, and threw himself before the altar in gratitude. But he was mistaken; the angry multitude were bent on his destruction, and it was clear that those who meant murder would not hesitate at sacrilege. His only chance of safety was that of reaching the fort of Castel Nuovo, and in that he was happily successful.

Howling vengeance at their disappointment the rioters paraded the city in different bands; some robbing the shops of the armourers and spoiling the stores of the wealthier merchants, others stripped all the government offices, and others broke open the gaols and strengthened their ranks by all those who, justly or unjustly, were within their walls.

The market-place was their chief centre, and there towards the close of the day great multitudes assembled and were harangued by Genovino the oracle. It was he who pointed out the necessity for maintaining order, for elevating some one commanding genius to the chief place in the State;

he who intimated that no man was so well qualified for this position as Thomas Aniello—the fisherman poor in purse but rich in patriotism, ignobly born, but with a noble soul—an uncrowned king, but one upon whose brow the diadem would be well placed. The multitude listened with rapture to the declamation of the orator. They felt themselves complimented in all the praises of their companion—it was the apotheosis of poverty—the triumph of *sans culottes*. So they shouted for Masaniello until they were hoarse, and swore by all the saints in and out of the calendar that he should be their prince.

Knowing nothing of all this, his poor wife Marie waited for him anxiously at their humble home at Amalfi, and her heart was troubled, as she feared that he might again have assorted with the demagogues of Naples.

In the drama that was being played out in Naples, there was one man—a man whose features Vischer the painter has rendered familiar—more powerful than all others. Behind the illustrious persons who by cunning and courage, by force and fraud, were disputing possession of Naples; behind Duke Arcos who had cancelled the last privilege and pocketed the last crown of the Italians; behind Genovino who was thwarting the duke; behind Masaniello who had ruined the farmer-generals and made fruit cheap; behind the Marquis Châtillon who was playing Masaniello against the duke, and the duke against Masaniello—in order that he might win his beloved, and give Naples to Henry of Guise—was a man more potent than them all—he was a poor rascal, Giuseppe Basilo by name, and rat catcher by profession.

In his picture he is represented as a man of middle age, of crabbed, peevish aspect, but with an expression more simple than wicked; his eyes large and prominent, his ears thick and fat, his nose flat, his lips full, shaded by a heavy moustache, his chin covered by a short ragged beard. He wears a rough hairy cap on his head, his clothes are those of squalid poverty; he has a knife at his girdle and a box, attached to a leather strap, on which are two shields, one of them emblazoned with a dagger between four stars. On his shoulder is a rat; in his hand he holds some infallible rat destroyer; to his right stands a dog, to his left a boy holding a pole surmounted by a cage, from which dead rats are pendant.

Throughout the anarchy which followed the outbreak under Masaniello this man was the true king of Naples.

To the people he was the humble rat catcher, ready at any time to rid their houses of vermin, charging but twenty scudi for the capture of ten

rats. But to the government he was of more importance. For fifteen years he had been a spy—the most active agent of the police, the most useful instrument of administration. He carried his box of rats to all quarters of the city, and he was free of every house, great and small. To capture rats he must go everywhere, no staircase, no passage, no door must be closed against him; if rats were to be killed, the rat catcher must be permitted free access to his victims; this piece of skirting board must be removed; this cupboard must be ransacked; this private staircase must be opened. He was a wily fellow, this Giuseppe Basilo, with an excellent memory. No one feared him; he was counted as half imbecile; the lazzaroni looked down on him; but he was a Machiavelli in tatters.

Intimately acquainted with all that was going on in the city—the plots and counter plots, he was able to inform the viceroy of the intention both of the wily French emissary and the simple fisherman. He waited on the viceroy only a few hours after the escape of his highness, and laid before him an exact account of all that had transpired, and of all that was likely to occur.

In the meantime the rioters having completed the overthrow of the Government, and invested Masaniello with all the honours of the viceroy's office, sent messengers—duly authorised to expend what might be necessary—to Amalfi, for the purpose of bringing the wife of Masaniello in triumph to Naples. The preparations for her reception were made in haste; but they were on a grand scale, and thousands waited her arrival on the shore. She never arrived. The vessel in which she was conveyed was captured by a Spanish cruizer, and the unfortunate woman was carried as a prisoner to Castel Nuovo.

When Masaniello received this intelligence, his rage was unbounded, and he swore a bitter vengeance on the Spaniards.

He kept his oath. There were not wanting those who hated the Spaniards, and who loved spoil. A list of victims was made out, and the Company of Death entrusted with the execution. In vain the more calm and reasonable among the revolutionists urged Masaniello to consider rather the future of Naples, than the gratification of private vengeance. He would listen to no one—hear no counsel but that of his own excited passion.

It may suffice in this place to notice one of these terrible executions. The house was stormed, stripped of all moveables—furniture, pictures, glass, china, exotics, tapestry, everything from that of the nursery to that



of the collar was brought out and piled for the burning. Winebutts drained of their contents—scarce books, all the elegancies of a lady's boudoir, all the works of art that genius could devise or wealth purchase, were heaped together in a pyramid and fired. More like devils than men the revolutionists danced wildly round the blazing pile, and shouted in answer to the fire's roar, and, not content with this, they slew horses and cattle, and threw their carcasses into the flames. Still worse, they took the hunting dogs, bound them, and cast them into the furnace; they served cage birds after the same cruel fashion, and yelled their mad triumph as the jubilant flames leaped and danced at every fresh addition. In some places they were guilty of still more atrocious acts. They threw living beings in the fire—babes plucked from their mother's arms. There was no effort made to restrain the fury of the populace. The Company of Death knew no mercy.

But a singular species of order prevailed throughout the general disorder. The portraits of the king and queen of Spain were treated with marked respect. They were exposed to the populace on a dais beneath a canopy of cloth of gold, and no violence was offered to them. While the most violent acts of incendiarism also were being committed, not a single sailing vessel was destroyed.

As Masaniello ascertained that some of those on whom he had counted were withdrawing from the insurrection, he issued a decree by which it was ordained, on the penalty of death, that all males above a given age should enrol themselves under the popular flag within twenty-four hours. On the following day he attacked with ten thousand men, and carried by storm, the fort of St. Lorenzo, where he found a large quantity of arms and an excellent supply of ammunition, together with eighteen pieces of artillery. He then reviewed his troops with all the ostentatious display that could be brought to bear on the spectacle,—troops amounting in number to 112,000 men; he selected seven thousand as his own personal body-guard, and made a triumphal progress through the city. Bells were rung—banners and banderols displayed—all Naples gathered to do him honour, and the air rang with the shouts—"Long live Masaniello, the saviour of the people, the enemy of despots."

The market-place is the principal place in Naples. In the market—the scene of the most striking, gorgeous, and solemn events in Neapolitan history—Masaniello was enthroned as viceroy,—the fisherman king—pontiff—general—the chosen of the people—the emancipator of his

countrymen. The spectacle was one of the most brilliant that can well be imagined. On a throne covered by a canopy of golden cloth, sat the fisherman, while the people did homage before him as before a monarch—offered reverence as before a god. He was ready of speech and impressive in manner, and when he addressed the multitude there were thunders of applause. It may be the effect was theatrical—that the triumph in Auber's opera is scarcely more dramatic—but it was suited to the temperament of the people,—it was in keeping with the scene and the time. Around him were grouped his lieutenants, Peronne and Palumbo, Mario Vitale his secretary, and Genovino, his prime minister; he moved with the activity of Hercules, spoke with the address of an accomplished statesman, and with something of the sublimity of a prophet. Indeed the people were strongly disposed to regard him as an inspired man; but there were those who knew the secret of his inspiration,—those who were discreetly silent, except among themselves when they had their quiet jest at the *afflatus* of Genovino.

In the meantime, two of the ejected nobility, Duke Madolini and his brother Caraffa, plotted against the life of the fisherman king. They corrupted Peronne by a large bribe, and that sworn adherent of the popular cause accepted the money and played the traitor. The occasion for the proposed assassination was a state visit of Masaniello to the church of the Virgin of Carmel; a hired assassin—gentlemen by no means rare in these times—being introduced among the three hundred peasants who were privileged to occupy the court-yard of the church. As the Liberator rode into the enclosure a shot was fired, no one could tell by whom, and a cry was raised that Masaniello was slain; but this was a mistake, he was uninjured, the ball had rebounded from an ornament—the cross of Carmel—and he was saved. This incident gave rise to the popular belief that Masaniello bore a charmed life, and it was confidently stated that he was proof against both lead and steel. The indignation of the guards and of the people without the enclosure at the attempted assassination of their chief was uncontrollable. They rushed upon the two hundred and ninety-nine just men and the one sinner, and made an end of them all. Those who escaped into the church were murdered before the altar, there was no quarter given—no time allowed for explanation; and in the afternoon of that day three hundred human heads—a grisly trophy, which might have suited the taste of Tamerlane—was exhibited before Carmel, and there left to blacken and rot in the sun.

The Duke of Madolini did not escape suspicion. It was thought—and it is not improbable that Peronne threw out the suggestion—that he was the instigator of the attempted murder; but as he had taken the precaution of being out of the way, apprehensive of the Neapolitan Lynch law which would certainly be dealt out to him in liberal measure could he be found, the vengeance of the people was turned against his brother Caraffa. This noble was not spotlessly innocent, but at the same time he was not the direct agent in the affair. This signified but little to the people in search of a victim; they seized him in a monastic house where he had taken refuge, and put him to a cruel death,—indulging in wanton barbarity that need not be specified, and sent his head to deck the table of their hero.

He, alas for him! was fast losing his reason under the pressure of business,—the toils of state, and the scenes of butchery in which he was called to take part. He began to yearn after the quiet of his old home, to pine for the society of his old friends—changed into plotting counsellors of state and grandees of the first water. He refused to live in the vice-regal palace, but insisted in taking up his abode in a house which he had formerly occupied near the market. There he sedulously cultivated the acquaintance of Basilo, the rat-catcher, the only man—Imbecile the people called him—who seemed unaffected by the revolution in Naples.

Giuseppe Basilo, the rat-catcher, in his sordid dress and ragged cap, with his beard unshaven and his face unwashed, sat for hours opposite King Masaniello in dress of state, and discussed familiarly all that was going on—from a rat-catcher point of view. What should he know of state craft! what matter to him who swayed the sceptre! But it was well understood both between Masaniello and himself that he had been an official spy of the late government; that, to use his own expression, he had caught a few rats for the viceroy, and that he was willing on fair terms to catch rats for his highness the Fisherman. He adopted a plan not very common with spies. He told the truth—not all the truth, keeping a few “rats” still undiscovered, just enough to arouse the interest, fix the attention, and gratify the wishes of his listener. He told Masaniello that the Marquis Châtillon was a traitor; that he was plotting so as to undermine the plans of the Liberator; that the marquis was, in fact, the agent of Louis XIV. and of Cardinal Mazarin; that it was their intention to dethrone the Fisherman, and put the Duke of Guise in his place. He told him that the Marquis had his own private interest in the

game, that he proposed obtaining possession of the daughter of the late viceroy, and insisting on being allowed to marry her. At first Masaniello treated the story as a skilful invention of his friend the rat-catcher, but that wily person placed before him so much proof that he was fain to acknowledge its truth. With regard to his own wife, seized and imprisoned as we have seen by command of the viceroynal, Basilo was able to state that she was well, and well cared for, but that her great anxiety was to know how her husband fared, and her great desire to be restored to him. Basilo made no disguise of being in communication with Duke Arcos, nor of being paid to catch rats by that ex-viceroy.

The plan Basilo suggested to Masaniello was plain and practical. The Marquis of Châtillon had already summoned the Duchess and Marie Arcos from Spain; they would, in all probability, arrive that evening, when, instead of being conducted to Castel Nuovo, they would be secured by the Marquis. Now Masaniello might, if he pleased, adopt and supercede the plans of that distinguished nobleman himself. With these ladies as his prisoners, he might the more successfully treat for the restoration of his own wife. Doubtless, the ex-viceroy would be glad to conclude the arrangement.

The plan was so far feasible that Masaniello attempted to carry it out. The vessel arrived that evening; a felucca containing the marquis and a few followers put off to board her and seize the prize; a corvette, under revolutionary colours, bore down on both—the duchess and her daughter were secured by Masaniello and conducted to St. Lorenzo, where they were held in captivity while proposals of exchange of prisoners were sent on to Castel Nuovo, in the following terms:

“Child for wife—monseigneur—if you hold one hostage I hold two, and their heads shall answer for the Puzzolian—two humble fisherwomen for a vice-queen.”

In the evening the wife and daughter of the ex-viceroy, clothed in the ordinary costume of fisherwomen, were promenaded through the city, and thus exposed to the ridicule of the people, as the wife of Masaniello, in robes of State, had been exposed to the insults of the Spaniards.

While this was going on, a stranger three times approached Masaniello and in mystic language invited him to accept a royal crown. Masaniello answered that he was unambitious of any crown but such as heaven would bestow. He suspected a French plot, and his suspicion was not unfounded; when, how, or by whom, is unknown, but it was soon the



common talk of Naples that foreign assistance had been offered against the Spaniards, that the great Guise, the mighty Mazarin, the lordly Louis, were ready to support the independence of the Neapolitans.

But the people, and especially the leaders of the people, were doubtful, as they well might be, of the disinterested affection of King Louis. And when some of his secret partisans set up his portrait in place of the portraits of the King and Queen of Spain, under a canopy in the market, the painting was immediately removed and death denounced against any who should venture to paint the image or the superscription of the Gallic Cæsar. A few fellows of the lower class—lazzaroni of the lazzaroni—who raised a cheer for King Louis, were dealt with summarily. A beam for a block, a woodcutter's axe for a hatchet, and their lifeless trunks were thrown into a felon's grave. The Marquis of Châtillon, who was unacquainted with what had really taken place after the Duchess of Arcos and her daughter had been captured by the fishermen, relied on the statements of his friend the rat catcher—for Giuseppe Basilo was everybody's friend—that the French expedition must be successful, and that Masaniello himself had readily fallen into the trap. By the advice of Basilo he determined on seeking the peasant king, and felt confident that his subtle art of persuasion would be all potent with one so little accustomed to the flatteries of court. But to approach the new viceroy was even more difficult than to obtain audience of his predecessor in office. His guards and his chamberlain were infidels in the creed of Versailles; they had no respect for the beaux Watteau loved to paint; scented and beruffled exquisites with faces delicately daubed with pink and white appeared contemptible in the eyes of these fisher folk—with no more sentiment in them than Dutch herrings; so he strove in vain to gain admission, and moreover had the bitter mortification of seeing the woman he loved exposed to the ridicule of a vulgar mob. But Basilo was his comforter; he told him where and how to seek the viceroy, and following the instructions he received the interview was accorded.

It took place in a half-empty room—grimy, dusky, and unsavoury—on the basement story of the house occupied by Masaniello. There was an ostentatious display of squalid poverty. The viceroy with a blue and white shirt, open at the neck, a pair of canvas breeches, thick soled boots, and a red cap, sat on a truss of straw, his belt garnished with knife and pistols, and a sword and gun within reach. The only person with him was Luzzaro, a skilful limner and lieutenant of the Band of Death. They



TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS OF MASANIELLO THROUGH NAPLES.



were an evil-looking couple, laughing and chattering gaily, but on topics ill calculated to interest or reassure a brilliant satellite of the Grande Monarque.

Châtillon was received with easy familiarity and encouraged to expatiate on the generosity of his master in sending assistance to revolted Naples. He was also encouraged to mention his own views with regard to Marie Arcos, and when he had concluded Masaniello demanded to know how he might be assured of the sincerity of the French king. Châtillon declared the intentions of his master to be strictly honourable; not only the old enmity to Spain, but the favour with which Louis XIV. was well known to have shown towards all popular movements (!) must lead the new viceroy of emancipated Naples to the conclusion that none but the highest and the purest motives could have induced France to interfere. A fleet—men—money—would be placed at the command of his excellency—and when the defeat of the Spaniards was completed, and the integrity of free Naples insured, then Louis would at once withdraw his troops.

Masaniello questioned him as to whether he was certain of the truth of his own statements, and is said to have asked would he guarantee the fidelity of Louis with his own head. Châtillon declared that he would do so. He was then invited to a repast consisting chiefly of fish and macaroni coarsely cooked. It was rudely served, and the *flavour* of rose-coloured and rose-scented boudoirs was ill at ease with his plebeian companions. His sense of his own dignity was offended by their familiarity, his taste revolted against their food, and his scent was irritated by tobacco fumes. Still he patiently submitted. Indeed, who could help doing so when his host and his host's intimate friend might at any time stab or pistol him with impunity—a host and a host's friend plainly accustomed to this sort of work, and thinking little about it. When the repast was over a couple of fellows were brought in charged with publicly exhibiting the portrait of Louis. Masaniello would hear no defence, but ordered them for instant execution.

To Châtillon, however, he behaved with courtesy, promising that he should have an interview with Marie Arcos, a promise which he faithfully redeemed. But in the meantime, Basilo had captured a couple of rats—that is to say, he had intercepted two letters written by Châtillon: in one of them the marquis stated that he was completely blinding the fisherman, intimating that the said fisherman was little better than a fool; and in



the other, that he was likewise about to delude the ex-viceroy, and that Naples would soon be relieved both of insolent Spaniards and rebellious serfs. These letters were shown to the marquis, who protested that they were forgeries. This refuge of his would not have saved his life, had not Marie Arcos implored the mercy of the governor, and even her prayer might have been disregarded, but for the fact that she was held as a hostage for Masaniello's own wife.

A letter received from his wife, written in the Castel Nuovo, besought Masaniello to treat the ladies with all honour, assuring him that she was herself well treated and would soon be permitted to join him. Marie Arcos she had ascertained from a portrait to be the young and beautiful lady who had befriended her in the church of the Virgin of Carmel.

The letter, accompanied by an official document from the ex-viceroy, promising to exchange prisoners, changed the whole conduct of Masaniello. He furnished the duchess and her daughter with proper attire, and restored to them certain jewels which had been taken from the palace and had fallen into his hands. He also lodged them in appropriately furnished apartments and placed proper attendants at their service. As for Châtillon he was confined in a room in the castle, from which he found means to escape that night.

On the next day a deputation was sent to the ex-viceroy, commanded to treat on what was supposed to be, in popular belief, the charter granted by Charles V. to the kingdom of Naples. It was certainly true that Charles had granted certain privileges to the Neapolitans which had been denied them by his successor, but they were not in any way so great as the minister of Masaniello demanded. The ex-viceroy received the deputation with all respect. Had they arrived from the accredited agents of some powerful monarch, they could not have been more courteously entertained. The fisherman—elected to governorship by the public voice—was always spoken of by the ex-viceroy as Signor Masaniello. His bravery and prudence were alike extolled, and the members of the deputation were doubtless of opinion that the late viceroy himself was a far more agreeable person than they had ever supposed. The terms of the treaty were that Marie Aniello should be exchanged for the duchess and Marie Arcos, that the restoration should take place with becoming ceremony on the previous day, and that all honour should be paid to the ladies on both sides. It was further agreed that full immunity should be granted to all persons engaged in the late revolt; that all obnoxious taxes—which, indeed, in-

cluded all fiscal imposts—should be at once and for ever abolished, and that Signor Masaniello should be perpetual Governor of Naples under authority of his serene majesty Philip. IV. of Spain and his excellency the viceroy.

The deputation were ignorant that the "Imbecile," the rat-catcher, had that morning conveyed letters of assurances to the viceroy that a fleet and army under Don John of Austria would shortly be in the Bay of Naples to execute royal authority and suppress the rebellion.

Terms of the treaty having been agreed on, and mutual courtesies exchanged, the deputation returned to Naples, and bells were rung and salvoes of artillery discharged; all the city rejoiced, excepting the "Band of Death," and especially Luzzano their lieutenant. He troubled his long black moustache considerably that day,—a habit with him when annoyed. So on the day following there were public rejoicings throughout the city, and in gorgeous procession Masaniello, clothed in a doublet of gold with a cloak of crimson velvet, and a plumed hat, jewelled, rode by the side of the ladies, and conducted them amidst the greatest enthusiasm to the church of Carmel. There they were met by the Cardinal Archbishop and a long train of ecclesiastics with all becoming homage, and there also they were formally introduced to the ex-viceroy; and best of all for the poor Fisherman, Marie, his beloved wife, was given to his embrace. There was a solemn service, high mass, and a sermon, and after this a public proclamation of the treaty, and official signing and other stately routine, and then after that a grand procession through the city, where the wife of Masaniello saw many terrible evidences of what had occurred, and in the conduct of her husband—so unlike the simple fisherman to whom she had plighted her troth—she noticed a terrible change, for which at the time she had no means of accounting. Luzzano troubled his moustache, and swore no good would come of this.

In the records of famous sieges we often read of the besieged and the besiegers undermining one another, burrowing in the earth like moles and forming subterraneous passages beneath subterraneous passages, and secret penetralia—storehouses of explosive powder—beneath all these. It was so with the plots and counter plots which at that time undermined Naples. Masaniello stands alone as the man who was honest. He meant freedom to the oppressed, death to the despot, and he was not subtle enough to compete with friends or foes. He, poor simple soul, was working on the surface in the open day, but there were men of pick and

shovel deep down in the darkness. Here had Châtillon been swearing that the French meant nothing but friendly alliance, and here was Guise approaching to claim the crown. Here was Aroos swearing to a new and liberal constitution, and here was Don John with fourteen ships and six thousand men coming to tear the constitution into fragments and to give those who had complained good cause of complaint. To and fro among them all goes greasy, tattered Basilo, looking for *rats*;—and eyeing them all askance is Luzzano—lieutenant of the Band of Death, who sees himself and his brave companions in arms slighted by this peace and pageant, and the very aim and object of the revolt hopelessly defeated.

After the rejoicings were over Masaniello returned with his wife to the house he had occupied in the market, and there she saw with fear and grief the cause of the strange change which she had observed in him throughout the day. He was insane. Her voice soothed him; but when that influence was not exerted he would become frantic, dangerous to himself, dangerous to others, even dangerous to her whom he loved better than life. It was with difficulty she induced him to leave the house in the market, where he was continually beset by enthusiastic multitudes whom he was called on to address and with whom he was still an idol. The populace could not ascertain within a few hours how hollow was the truce they had made. But in the peaceful tranquillity of Amalfi to which Masaniello was induced to retire, Marie hoped and prayed for his restoration. Alas! for her, the Dictator of the people was not permitted the indulgence of rest or peace. The French emissaries were still endeavouring to incite the people to revolt against the Spaniards; the Spaniards, it was said, were only waiting an opportunity to devastate the country and take vengeance on all who had been engaged in the late revolt. Masaniello was summoned to Naples as its Governor. He returned, accompanied by his wife and her brother, but he was a changed man. Received by the Spanish authorities with all honour, and by the populace with enthusiasm, he cast aside the simplicity of his former life and played the despot with no feeble power.

Expressing indignation at the murmurs of the people, accusing them both of ingratitude and treachery, he beheaded one hundred of them in a single day. He then ordained silence on all political matters on pain of death; a particular length of garment for women on pain of so many stripes; a fixed price for bread under heavy penalties. He resolved on converting his house into a palace, and for this purpose ordered the demo-

lition of all the buildings in the neighbourhood. When he passed through the city he commanded a blood-red flag to be borne before him, and the bells to be sounded from all the churches, as they were when the Host was carried in procession. He introduced a poll tax, payable at sight, and erected public gibbets in all the chief places of the city. Invited by Duke Arcos to a public entertainment, he accused the viceroy of an attempt to poison him. From being the leader and the true friend of the people he became their worst foe. He was an Ishmael—his hand against every man—and as a very natural result every man's hand was soon against him. Some forsook him and went over to the cause of France; others adhered to the Spaniards; others again supported Luzzano—lieutenant of the Company of Death—the recognised leader of the revolutionary party.

The end of Masaniello the *tyrant* was at hand. Those who knew the man sincerely pitied him, for he was mad—mad as ever was raging lunatic shut up within four stone walls. But mad or sane mattered not to those who suffered from his cruelty.

Two or three days sufficed so to arouse the indignation of the Neapolitans that, headed by Luzzano, they beset the house of the governor. Masaniello was sitting with his wife, soothed by her voice as she talked or sang to him, when the tramp of feet, the clash of arms aroused him. He rose, gazed wildly around him, and essayed to go forth, but Marie restrained him by soft persuasion, trembling for the result. She heard his name coupled with cries of vengeance; he heard his name only, and supposed, as the flush came on his cheek and his eyes kindled, that they called him to be their leader—that they summoned him as their champion.

A few heavy blows on the door, and the house was flooded with "avengers." They called to him to come forth, and Marie in vain attempted to restrain him. He would listen to no entreaty—it was the call of duty—the voice of God—he passed by her and stood, she still clinging to him, before the infuriated multitude. They were flushed with passion—they were bent on his destruction—some new atrocity had recently been committed in his name—the fleet of Don John was in sight—they regarded him now as a traitor as well as a tyrant—and nothing but his blood would satisfy their vengeance.

Masaniello stood before them calmly, saying:

"What would you, my faithful people—what would you with me?"

A butcher struck at him with a cleaver—a sturdy Vulcan brandished his sledge—a fellow in the front took steady aim and fired his arquebus.

Masaniello fell mortally wounded.

"Traitors—ungrateful men—my well-beloved—my people!"

They were his last words.

So perished this fisherman—a brave true man at heart, but with no capacity for government.



Death of Masaniello.

The avengers rejoiced over the body of the man who had been their idol. So fickle is popular applause, that, as he fell, while shouts of triumph rang through his home, there were those who repented of the deed, and would, had it been possible, have restored the murdered man to life.

Under the iron rule of the Spaniards, which was speedily restored,

the Neapolitans had good reason to mourn the loss of their liberator. In passionate frenzy they had slain him—forgetful of the work he had accomplished, and of the work which still remained to be done, in a few acts of sharp and mistaken tyranny.

Was he dead? This question was often repeated. Was he not immortal? There were some who argued that no enemy's sword or Roman's bullet could have killed him, but that it was different when his friends and comrades were against him. Others said he had been carried to heaven to plead the cause of his oppressed countrymen, and when they told their beads they added a new saint to their calendar. By others it was avowed that he had risen from the dead. The death and resurrection of Masaniello became the confirmed faith of Naples. He would yet appear for the relief of the country—he would again cast down these tyrants from their seat; he would re-establish popular independence.

But in a quiet grave, near his home at Amalfi, the hero of the Neapolitan revolution slept his last sleep. The schemes of France were defeated. Châtillon and Guise were overmatched. Guiseppe, the rat catcher, saw the triumph of the Spaniards, and Don John took vengeance on the rebellious herd—and still Masaniello slept.

Near Amalfi there is a kind of rude pyramid still shown, and the peasantry have given it the name of the tomb of the Fisherman King.



*supposed Tomb of Masaniello at Amalfi.*



Edinburgh.

## THE STORY OF THE COVENANT.

[A.D. 1638.]

**T**HE union of England with Scotland in 1603, by the accession of James First and Sixth, was conducive to no good feeling between the nations. The Scottish lairds who followed the king over the border were ill-received by the English nobility ; and the people made rough songs about them, of which one sample may suffice :—

“Thy blue bonnet, when thou came hither,  
Would scarce keep out wind or weather ;  
But now it is turned to a hat and a feather,  
Thy bonnet is blown the de'il knows whither.  
The sword at thy haunch was a huge black blade,  
With a basket hilt of iron made ;  
But now a long rapier hangs by his side,  
And huffingly doth the bonnie Scot ride.”

Several fatal duels were fought in the streets between the Scotch and English, and not all that James could do could lessen the ill-feeling which subsisted. Besides, the very conduct of the monarch himself, in attempting to reduce the institutions of Scotland to a state of uniformity with those of England, only seemed to exasperate his old subjects.”

When the Scottish king ascended the throne of England, great things were expected of him. He was identified with the Presbyterians, and,

consequently, in a manner with the Puritan cause; but James changed his opinions. He began to believe in bishops, and exhibited no desire to favour a religion which, doing away with bishops, might ultimately do away with kings. "No bishop, no king," was his favourite saying, and in conformity with this idea, instead of continuing a Presbyterian, as he had ever professed to be, he became a Churchman when he came to England, and was lauded by the prelates as a man who spoke by the inspiration of God.

There were at that time three parties, who called themselves Christians, and who were struggling on a theological arena. There were the Romanists with the Pope for head and governor—the Churchmen with the king as supreme ruler—and the Puritans, who denied the right of the state to interfere with the church at all. Of all causes of quarrel under the sun none have done so much evil as those of religion. In the name of Christ the cruellest outrages have been committed, and the bitterest wrongs done. The attempts of James to interfere with the Scottish church, to rule where he had no right to rule, was a gross piece of injustice. King or no king he ought to have been sensible of the rights of others—he ought never to have forgotten that he was but a man, and that his meanest subjects were men as well as he. But James forgot all this, and when he determined to remodel the church, he supposed that everybody would submit to him without opposition. He claimed the exclusive right to convoke the General Assembly. This right the Scottish clergy disputed, and penalties were introduced by the king to compel them to submit. Two of their most popular ministers were tried for treason, and condemned to perpetual exile. Others were shut up in the Tower of London, and the gloomy cloud of persecution settled over Scotland. Scottish pulpits rang with invectives against the king. He in opposition to the earnest desire of the nation, sent bishops to rule the church. He had prepared the way for this by appointing superintendents, and one of the ministers, seeing clearly into the scheme, had denounced the innovation, saying, "Dress him as bonnily as ye can, bring him in as fairly as ye will, we see the horns of his mitre weel enough;" and now the mitred prelates really came, disposed to roughly handle those who opposed them.

James then gave instructions that the communion should be received kneeling. That baptism and the Lord's Supper might be administered in private. That all persons should be confirmed according to the rites of the Church of England, before they were admitted to communion:



That Good Friday, Christmas Day, Easter Day, and Whit Sunday should be observed as holy ; but that after divine service on Sundays, the people should indulge in public sports and pastimes. The Presbyterians were greatly shocked at these proceedings, for though they had never read in the Book of God about the celebration of Christmas Day and Whit Sunday, they had read that it was right to remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy, and they entertained the notion—right or wrong—that dancing round a maypole, and riding on a hobby-horse, were scarcely consistent with Sabbath sanctity.

When James died of a bilious fever, and was succeeded by his son Charles—more dignified, more chivalric than his father, but not a whit less obstinate—the Presbyterians and the Puritans found that affairs had altered but little for the better. With the Earl of Strafford for his guide in civil affairs, and Archbishop Laud for his spiritual father, it was scarcely possible for a man to help being a tyrant. The monarch and the monarch's advisers had a short and easy way with every opponent—they fined them, or shut them up in gaol, or put them in the pillory and cut their ears off, and sent them to the whipping post or the gibbet as the case might be, or the digestion of the judges. Now it is a hard thing to scourge a nation into quietness—lopping off ears does not cement society, prisons and gallows will not make people loyal ; these things have been tried again and again and have failed in every instance. With the Scotch especially, Charles was particularly severe, and these Scots were not men to be trifled with. They had lifted their swords against a crowned head more than once. James the First had been murdered in his bedchamber ; James the Second had found the nation arrayed against him ; they had slain James the Third on the battle-field ; they had broken the heart of James the Fifth ; Mary they had imprisoned and deposed,—what they had done before they could do again. Events had rendered them desperate.

But Charles, blind to his own interest, deaf to the voice of warning, pursued a line of conduct which was at once highly distasteful and cruelly unjust. Not content with the innovations made by his father on the forms of Scottish worship, he determined to force upon the Scots the English liturgy, or rather a liturgy which, wherever it differed from that of England, differed in the judgment of all rigid protestants for the worse. It was planted in the mere wantonness of tyranny, but it bore deadly fruit.

A large congregation had assembled in the High Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh. Grey-haired men were there, their lips tremulous with emotion, as they listened to the first performance of the liturgy—for they heard in it something more than prayer and praise, it was the voice of the tyrant speaking through the priest. Old and young were there, alike



The beginning of the Riot in the High Church, Edinburgh.

intent—wondering and doubting—the gay, the grave, the rude, the learned, some for pleasure, some for curiosity, some from habit; but not a word of opposition was offered as the service proceeded. But the silence was ominous; it was the calm which precedes a storm. There was an old woman there—a pious God-fearing woman by her neighbours' account

—and she, with her head bent forward, listened attentively until the dean began the collect for the day. Then she started up, and flinging the stool on which she had been sitting at his head, cried out—

“Thou false thief! wilt thou say mass at my lug?”

Then broke out the revolt. The quiet congregation became one vast excited multitude—they attacked the dean, tore the surplice from his shoulders, and drove him out of the church; the bishop of Edinburgh ascended the pulpit, but the shout was raised of “A pape! a pape! anti-christ! pull him down! stane him!” The benches were torn up, missiles hurled at the prelate, the crowd like a wild raging sea beat upon the walls, flew round the altar, and with the utmost difficulty the bishop escaped with his life. This tumult was the signal for a general revolt, a unanimous resistance against the book of common prayer throughout the country.

William Howitt supplies an animated sketch of the scene and of what followed:

“The noise and riot increasing, the bishop who was to preach that day hastened up into the pulpit, over the head of the dean in the reading-desk, and entreated the people to listen to the collect. ‘Diel *colic* the wame o’ thee!’ cried Jenny Geddes, or ‘the devil send the colic into thy stomach,’ mistaking the strange word ‘collect’ for that painful disorder; and with that she flung her joint stool with all her might at the bishop’s head. A man near her diverted the course of the missile by trying to seize her arm, or, it was the opinion of those who saw it, the bishop had been a dead man. It swung on, however, past his ear with an ominous sweep, and was followed by the most frightful yells, and a shower of other heavy stools and clasped Bibles, sticks and stones, that speedily caused the evacuation of the pulpit. The bishop was followed in his descent from it by the cries of ‘Fox, wolf, and belly-god,’ for he was a very fat man.

“The Archbishop of St. Andrew’s, who was also Lord Chancellor, and some of the nobles having tried in vain to restore order, the magistrates rushed forward to the rescue, and by the aid of constables and beadles, the most prominent rioters were thrust out of the church, and the doors locked. The bishop then went on with the service, but it was amid the wildest cries both from without and within, of ‘A pape! a pape! anti-christ! stane him! pull him down!’ The windows were smashed in by a hail of stones and dirt, and at the conclusion of the service there was a rush forth of the congregation, to get every one to his own home in safety.

The chief object of the crowd's attention was the bishop, who was trying to escape to his lodgings in the High Street, but he was seized, thrown down, and dragged through the mud. 'Neither,' says Sir James Balfour, 'could that lubberly monster, with his satine gown, defend himself by his swollen hands and his greasy belly, bot he had half-a-dissenneck fishes to a reckoning.'

"The same morning similar scenes had taken place in the other churches, and the Bishop of Argyle had been driven from the pulpit of Grey Friars' Church. In the afternoon the service was read, but to empty churches, for the baillies of Edinburgh had been summoned before the privy council, and called upon to see order maintained. The service was therefore read with the doors locked, but the riot in the streets when it was over was worse than ever. The mob pursued the carriages of the nobles who took home the bishops with yells and stones; the women were like viragoes, urging on the men and showing the way; and the Earl of Roxburgh, lord privy seal, who was driving home the bishop from St. Giles's, was so pelted with stones, the mob crying, 'Drag out the priest of Baal,' that he ordered his attendants to draw their swords and defend them; but the women cared nothing for their weapons, but pursued the carriage with stones till they escaped into Holyrood, covered with mud and bruises. The same spirit manifested itself everywhere. Jenny Geddes became a national heroine, which she yet remains, Robert Burns calling his mare after her that he rode into the Highlands. In Glasgow about the same time one William Allan, in a sermon, having spoken in praise of 'the buke,' that is, of the common prayer, was no sooner out in the street than hundreds of enraged women surrounded him and the other clergymen with him, assailed him with sticks, fists, and peats, and belaboured him sorely. They tore off his cloak, ruff, and hat, and went near to killing him.

"At Edinburgh the following day the council issued an order denouncing any further riots, but suspended the further reading of the service on account of the danger to the clergy, till they received further instructions from his majesty. But all warnings were wasted on such a man as Charles. He appeared to go on his way sealed, bound, and blinded to his doom. The more a broad and calculating intellect would have recognised the danger, the more his bull-dog antagonism was aroused. Laud, at his command, wrote a sharp letter, snubbing the council for suspending the reading of the service, and expressing his astonishment that the Scotch

should refuse their own work. This was because four Scotch bishops had been pliant enough to frame the liturgy in part; but the Scotch people disclaimed the act of the royally imposed bishops, as much as they disclaimed Laud and his doings themselves. The king commanded Lord Traquair, the Lord Treasurer of Scotland, to enforce the service, and not to give way to the insolence of the baser multitude.

"But it was not merely the base multitude; the nobility were as violent against the new liturgy as the people, and came to high words with the bishops and their favourers amongst the clergy. Four ministers, Alexander Henderson, of Leuchars, John Hamilton, of Newburn, James Bruce, of Kingsbarns, and another, petitioned the council on the 23rd of August, to give them time to show the anti-Christian and idolatrous nature of this ritual, and how near it came to the Popish mass, reminding them that the people of Scotland had established the independence of their own church at the reformation, which had been confirmed by parliament and general assemblies, and that the people, instructed in their religion from the pulpit, were not likely to adopt that which their fathers had rejected as contrary to the simplicity of the gospel. But the Bishop of Ross, Laud's right-hand man, replied for the council that the liturgy was neither superstitious nor idolatrous, but according to the formula of the ancient churches, and they must submit to that or to 'horning,' that is, banishment. Still the council delayed, and the people were pretty quiet during the harvest time, but that over, the news having arrived of a peremptory message from the king, commanding the enforcement of the liturgy, and of the removal of the council from Edinburgh to Linlithgow, thence in the following term to Stirling, and for the next to Dundee, the people flocked into Edinburgh; and incensed at the idea of their ancient capital being deprived of its honours as the seat of government, they became extremely irritated, attacked the bishops when they could see them, and nearly tore the clothes from the back of the Bishop of Galloway. He escaped into the council-house, and the members of the council in their turn sent to demand protection from the magistrates, who could not even protect themselves."

It was not alone the common people who regarded the English liturgy with abhorrence; "more than thirty peers, a large proportion of the resident gentry, and the greater number of the royal boroughs, entered into an agreement to resist the further introduction of prelacy, constituted tables or boards of management, drew up a national covenant, in which

they solemnly renounced both popery and prelacy, and which thousands and tens of thousands of all ranks and ages, subscribed in the face of Heaven, swearing with uplifted hands, that they would dedicate life and fortune to maintain the faith and the independence of their country."

The national Covenant was made in the Grey Friars Church, Edinburgh, on the 1st of March, 1638. "On an appointed day," says Gillfillan, "after sermon, an immense parchment was produced, spread on a tombstone, and subscribed by such numbers that the parchment fell short, and many had only room for their initials, some of which were written in blood. Great was the joy and enthusiasm in the city and throughout the land. It was one of those moments in which the spiritual life of a nation comes to a climax, and its deep cup runs over."

The Covenant was a solemn pledge between the people and their God—an oath not unlike those Covenant oaths which the Israelites swore to in the old time. The Presbyterian fathers had adopted such an instrument at the Reformation.

"The great nobles of the time had sworn to maintain the principles of Wishart and Knox, and to defend the preachers of those doctrines against the powers of antichrist and the monarchy. James and Charles himself had sworn to adhere to this confession of faith, with all their households and all classes of people, in the years 1580, 1581, and 1590. The name of Covenant was thus become a watchword to the whole nation, which roused them like a trumpet. This document had been composed by Alexander Henderson, one of the four ministers who had petitioned, and Archibald Johnstone, an advocate, the great legal adviser of the party, and revised by Balmerino, London, and Rothes.

"This famous document began by a clear exposition of the tenets of the reformed Scottish church, and as solemn an abjuration of all the errors and damnable doctrines of the Pope, with his 'vain allegories, rites, signs, and traditions.' It enumerated the anti-Christian tenets of Popery: the denial of salvation to infants dying without baptism; the receiving the sacrament from men of scandalous lives; the devilish mass; the canonisation of men; calling on saints departed; worshipping of imaginary relics and crosses; speaking and praying in a strange language; auricular confession; the shaveling monks; bloody persecutions; and a hundred other abominations. All these were made as great offences against the Anglican hierarchy, which was fast running back into those 'days of bygone idolatry.' The various classes, 'noblemen, barons, gentlemen, burgesses,

ministers, and commons,' bound themselves by the Covenant to defend and maintain the reformed faith before God, his angels, and the world, till again it was established by free assemblies and parliaments, in the same full purity and liberty of the gospel as it had been heretofore."

The terms offered by the king were refused by the Covenanters. They would make no compromise with episcopacy. In the month of May the Marquis of Hamilton arrived in Scotland with royal instructions to soothe the people by assuring them that the liturgy and canons should be only fairly exercised, and not permitted to give popular offence. The deputation that waited on Hamilton assured him that the people would listen to no half measures, that the Covenanters were determined to hold together, and to resist to their death any interference with their religious doctrines or practices. The discussions were under various pretences protracted until September, the marquis being privately instructed to "win time." The proclamation which was made at the end of September, by which the Anglican service and the High Commissioner's Court were both abandoned, gave no satisfaction to the Covenanters—for it stated that the vow of the Covenant was illegal, but that a free pardon would be granted to all who confessed to having signed. Such terms as these were not likely to be accepted by the Scots, who plainly saw that they were being deluded, and that the marquis and the king were simply gaining time for active prosecution.

The Covenanters were no less on the alert than the royalists. While the latter were making active preparations for war, the former were not idle. "They made collections of arms, and as early as December they received six thousand muskets from Holland. These had been stopped by the government of that country; but Cardinal Richelieu had suddenly shown himself a friend, by ordering the muskets as if for his own use, receiving them into a French port, and thence forwarding them to Scotland. However impolitic it might appear for France to assist subjects against their prince, and especially when the queen of that prince was the King of France's own sister, Charles had managed to create nearly as strong a feeling against him in Louis and his minister Richelieu, as in his own subjects. He had set the example by assisting the Huguenots against their prince, and had provoked France by defeating its plan of dividing the Spanish Netherlands betwixt that country and Holland. The present opportunity, therefore, was eagerly seized to make Charles feel the error he had committed. Richelieu moreover ordered the French

ambassador in London to pay over to General Leslie, one of Gustavus Adolphus's old officers, who had been engaged by the assembly, one hundred thousand crowns. This last transaction, however, was kept a profound secret, for the Scotch, when advised to seek the assistance of France and Germany, had indignantly refused, saying the Lutherans of Germany were heretics, and the people of France Papistical idolators; that it became them to seek support from God alone, and not from the broken reed of Egypt. The preachers thundered from the pulpits against the bishops, and the determination of the king still to force them on the country; and they refused the communion to all who had not signed the Covenant."

"They did indeed," says the writer already quoted, "forward to London another supplication seeking to explain the reason of their conduct. Charles answered this by pouring two armies, one of which he commanded in person, into Scotland. Then came the 'Bishop's war,' the nickname Charles received of 'Canterbury's Knight,' and the strong measures instantly taken by the Covenanters to resist his double missives of liturgies and leaden bullets. General Leslie was promoted to the command of the troops by the order of Parliament (Scottish) which had now identified itself with the General Assembly. He acted with great energy—summoned troops together by beacon fires as had been done in England in the time of the Spanish Armada—seized on all the fortified places, and erected fortifications around the town of Leith to secure Edinburgh against the king's fleet. When that fleet at last appeared, with five or six thousand troops on board, commanded by the Marquis of Hamilton, the people thronged every avenue, and prevented the soldiers setting foot on shore. Hamilton's mother, a genuine Deborah of the Covenant, came on horseback to meet and if necessary shoot her son, carrying pistols loaded with gold balls for the purpose; and the marquis, partly overpowered by an interview with her on board his ship, and partly frightened at the news of a fight at Kelso in which the Scots were victors, was glad to make his escape.

"Concentrating his forces around a hill to the south-east of Edinburgh, called Dunse-law, Leslie awaited the approach of the king. It was fine, we are told, to see those bold extempore troops, consisting mainly of stout fresh-coloured ploughmen, the blue banner now for the first time unfurled, with the words 'For Christ's Crown and Covenant,' in golden letters stamped on it, floating over their heads—here 'eating their legs of



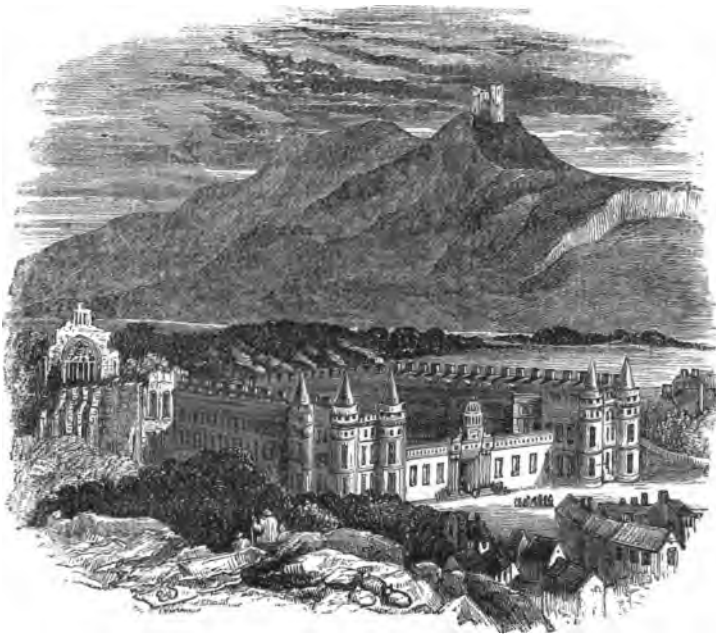
lamb,' there stretched in their cloaks and blue ribbons, yonder listening to 'good sermons' each morning and evening; and yonder, again, singing psalms in their own tents. Their general enjoyed their affections, and they proved it like all other armies by giving him a nickname; even as Cromwell's soldiers called him 'Old Noll;' Napoleon's the 'Little Corporal;' and as Cæsar's men sang ribald songs about their mighty leader, Leslie's named him the old *little cracked* soldier; for, like Alexander the Great, Nelson, and Napoleon, his bodily presence was extremely small, composed like theirs, of skin, marrow, bone, and fibre.

"The king feeling, as it were, by instinct, that that blue flag was already fluttering to his destruction, proposed a negotiation. A treaty of a vague and unsatisfactory kind was agreed upon, and the general disbanded his troops, retaining, however, his officers upon half-pay. The king was dissatisfied with the treaty, and with the manner in which the covenanters fulfilled their stipulations; he sought, it is said, to entangle their ministers by treachery, but was at last induced to grant them another General Assembly in Edinburgh, August, 1639. Here the 'pacification of Birks,' as the recent truce was called, seemed re-enacted upon another stage. The king's commission sanctioned an act affirming substantially the decisions of the Assembly at Glasgow. The leaders of the Edinburgh Assembly expressed their gratitude and surprise by loyal terms and by streaming tears; and having obtained the consent of the commissioner and the Scotch Privy Council, ordered, alas! in the fulness of their hearts, and in the blindness of their times of ignorance, the Covenant to be subscribed by all classes within the kingdom, under certain formidable pains and penalties. But all, alas! was false and hollow."

In the following year the war between the king and the Scotch broke out. For this the Scots were not unprepared. They had retained in full pay the experienced officers whom they had invited from Germany, and the soldiers who had disbanded on the pacification of Birks returned with alacrity to their colours.

"Leslie," says a popular writer, "was still commander-in-chief, and determined to reduce the castle of Edinburgh before marching south. It was in vain that Charles issued his proclamations, warning them of the treasonable nature of their proceedings; they went on as if animated by one spirit, and determined not only to strike the first blow, but to advance into England instead of waiting to be attacked at home.

"Charles, on his part, was far from being so early ready or so well served. His plans for the campaign were grand. He proposed to attack Scotland on three sides at once—with twenty thousand men from England, with ten thousand from the Highlands under the Marquis of Hamilton, and with the same number from Ireland under Strafford. But his total want of funds prevented his progress, and the resort to the lawless practices which we have related for raising them, was alienating the hearts of his English subjects from him in an equal degree. It was not till the



Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh.

dissolution of parliament in July, and the loan of three hundred thousand pounds by the lords, that he dared to issue writs for the number of forces. Thus the Scots were ready for action when he was only preparing for an army.

"In the appointment of the commanders the greatest blunders were committed. The Earls of Essex, Holland, and Arundel, were set aside, which, with personal affronts to Essex, tended to throw those officers into the interest of the opposition. Essex and Holland were at undisguised

hostility with Strafford, and as he was to take a leading part in the campaign, they were kept out of it to oblige him. The Earl of Northumberland was appointed commander-in-chief instead of Arundel, but was prevented by a severe illness from acting; and Strafford was desired to leave Ireland in the charge of the Marquis of Ormond, and take the chief command, which he consented to do, but nominally only as lieutenant to Northumberland.

“Lord Conway was made general of the horse, partly because he had



Marquis of Ormond.

(From a Painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the collection of the Earl of Strathmore.)

been born a soldier in his father's garrison of the Brill, and had held several subordinate commands; but still more from the causes which put incompetent generals at the head of our armies now-a-days—court influence. Conway, according to Clarendon, was a very agreeable man in his manners. He was an especial favourite of Laud's, because he could talk well of church affairs, and went with his views and maxims; was thought by Laud a zealous defender of episcopacy; 'whereas,' says Clarendon, 'they who knew him better, knew he had no kind of sense of religion, but thought all were alike.' And the same authority says, 'he

was a voluptuous man in eating and drinking, and of great license in all other excesses, and yet was very acceptable to the strictest and gravest men of all conditions.' In fact, he was a consummate hypocrite and libertine, and a most despicable general. At the same time he was very fond of books, a good reason for making him a professor, but not a general of cavalry; neither was it a much wiser reason for the appointment that, in 'a court full of faction, where very few loved one another, he alone was domestic with all.'

"Leslie collected his army at Chouseley Wood, near Dunse, his former camp, on the 29th of June, and drilled them there three weeks. He had intrusted the siege of the castle of Edinburgh to a select party, and had the pleasure soon after this period to hear of its surrender to his officers. Meantime, Conway was advancing northward, and soon gave evidence of his gross incapacity, by writing in all his despatches to Windebanke, the secretary of state, 'that the Scotch had not advanced their preparations to that degree, that they would be able to march that year.' But the king, Clarendon says, had much better information, and ought to have distrusted the vigilance of such a commander. Moreover, his soldiers displayed a most decided aversion to the service. They were evidently leavened with the same leaven of reform as the parliament. They wanted to know whether their officers were papists, and would not be satisfied till they saw them take the sacrament. 'They laid violent hands,' says May, 'on divers of their commanders, and killed some, uttering in bold speeches their distaste to the cause, to the astonishment of many, that common people should be sensible of public interest and religion, when lords and gentlemen seemed not to be.' 'All these instances of discontent,' says Hume, 'were presages of some great revolution, if the court had possessed sufficient skill to discover the danger.'

"Strafford was so well aware of the readiness of the Scots, and the unreadiness and disaffection of the English soldiery, that he issued strict injunctions to Conway not to attempt to cross the Tyne, and expose his raw and wavering recruits in the open country betwixt that river and the Trent, but to fortify the passage of the Tyne at Newburn, and prevent the Scots crossing. The Scots, however, did not leave him much time for his defences. On the 20th of August, Leslie crossed the Tweed with twenty thousand infantry and three thousand cavalry. He had been strongly advised to this step by the leaders of the English opposition themselves, and 'the earls of Essex, Bedford, Holland, the lord Say,

Hampden, and Pym,' says Whitelock, 'were deeply in with them.' No sooner were the Scots on English ground, than the preachers advanced to the front of the army with their Bibles in their hands, and led the way. The soldiers followed with reversed arms, and a proclamation was issued by Leslie that the Scots had undertaken this expedition at the call of Divine Providence, not against the people of England, but against the Canterbury faction of papists, atheists, Arminians, and prelates. That God and their consciences bore them witness that they sought only the peace of both kingdoms by putting down the troublers of Israel, the firebrands of hell, the Korahs, the Baalams, the Doegs, the Rabshakehs, the Hamans, the Tobiahs, the Sanballats of the times, and that done, they would return with satisfaction to their own country."

The Scots were enthusiastic in their cause. With them it was not only a political but a religious question for which they contended. They marched under the flag of freedom; they fought for "Christ's Crown and Covenant;" it was "a good fight of faith," and never are men so strong as when they are convinced of the justice of their cause.

"They of old whose tempered blades  
Dispersed the shackles of usurped control,  
And hewed them link from link; then Britain's sons  
Were sons indeed; they felt a filial heart  
Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs,  
And shining each in his domestic sphere,  
Shone brighter still when called to public view."

As the Covenanters marched onwards, they recalled the solemn and affecting scene which had marked the signing of the Covenant; the tears and warm embraces, the uplifted hands and voices that swore to the God of heaven to be true and loyal in the faith, and their courage was re-animating by this recollection.

At the latter end of August, when the year was beautiful in its decline, and the autumn tints were gilding the foliage around the ripened fruit, the Scots arrived at Heddoulaw, near Newburn, on the left bank of the Tyne. The English, under Conway, were posted on the opposite side of the river, between Newburnhaugh and Stellohaugh. They presented a formidable aspect, and men less valiant than the Scottish Covenanters might have been pardoned for seeking terms of peace; but such thoughts were very far from them,—they had come to fight, to conquer or die, to win that for which they contended—or perish. As they arrived and settled

down by the Tyne water, and pitched their tents for the night, parties were told off to gather wood and kindle fires around the encampment. This was so ingeniously accomplished that the English were induced to believe the force of the Covenanters to be twice as great as it really was.



Signing the Covenant in the High Church, Edinburgh.

Those of the English who went over during the night, instead of being seized and shot as spies, were kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained, the Scots assuring them that they had not taken up arms against the king, but against the men who were the enemies both of king and people: that all they demanded was justice, which, if denied to them,

would before long be denied to Englishmen also. With the dawn of day there were busy preparations for the battle throughout the Scottish camp, and an attempt was made to ford the river. The Covenanters marched bravely into the water, as the Israelites marched into Jordan, but a charge of horse drove them back, and the struggle in the river became fierce and violent. The artillery of the Scotch played on the English cavalry, who were forced to retreat, the Covenanters pursuing them through the water and fighting with signal bravery. In this success, a troop of twenty-six horse from Leslie's body-guard, "all Scotch lawyers, greatly distinguished themselves." As for the English, having, many of them, more sympathy with the Scotch than they had with the cause they had been sent to uphold, they offered no determined resistance. A few of the officers who endeavoured to rally their men fell into the hands of the Scots, by whom they were honourably treated, and permitted to return to the king's army. "As for Conway," says Clarendon, "he soon afterwards turned his face toward the army, nor did anything like a commander, though his troops were quickly brought together again without the loss of a dozen men (the real loss was about sixty), and were so ashamed of their flight that they were very willing, as well as able, to have taken what revenge they could upon the enemy." This was not the fact, the army fell back, and made no determined stand against the Scots. When they reached Newcastle they did not feel able to defend it, but fled to Durham, and continued their flight to Darlington, where they met Strafford coming up with reinforcements; together they fell back on Northallerton, where Charles was encamped with the bulk of the army. Although Charles had now upwards of twenty thousand men, and sixty pieces of cannon, the demoralized condition of the troops was such as to render a meeting with the Scots extremely hazardous. The whole of the royal forces, therefore, withdrew to York, with the exception of a body of cavalry sent to guard the passes of the Tees.

"The Scots," says Mr. Howitt, "had meantime taken unopposed possession of Newcastle, Durham, Shields, Tynemouth, and other towns, and were masters of the four northern counties of England, without having lost twenty men. In this position it has been matter of wonder that they did not still advance, and drive the king before them; but those writers who have thus imagined have greatly mistaken the whole business. The object of the Scotch was not, as of old, to annoy and devastate, much less to conquer England; it was simply to force from the king

and his evil ministers the recognition and the guarantee of their just national rights. They had advanced into England with this plain declaration; they had attempted not to fight except so far as to force their way to the king's presence. To that they were, in fact, now come.



Battle of Newburn.

They had achieved a vantage-ground from which to treat, and, though strongly posted, and possessed of the whole country north of the Tees, they had refrained from all ravages and impositions on the people with whom they had no quarrel, paying for whatever they needed. To have done otherwise, would have broken faith with the people of England,



who were seeking the same redress of grievances as themselves, and have at once roused all the jealousy of the English public, who would have regarded them as invaders instead of friends, and thus strengthened the hands of the king. The Scots knew perfectly well what they were about, and how best to obtain their just demands. They now therefore sent the Lord Lanark, secretary of state for Scotland, and brother of the Marquis of Hamilton, to present the petition of the Covenanters to the king, who was plainly in a strait, and therefore compelled to listen to it. They respectfully repeated their pacific designs, and implored the king to assemble a parliament, and by its wisdom to settle peace betwixt the two kingdoms. This was precisely what the people of England were earnestly seeking, and demonstrates the perfect concert betwixt the leaders of the two nations. To assemble a parliament was of all things the last which Charles was disposed to consent to, but he was in no condition to refuse altogether. He therefore took three days to consider of their request, and on the 5th of September returned to Lord Lanark the answer that he would assemble a great council of English peers in York to settle the matters in dispute between them, and that he had already summoned this assembly for the 24th of that month. By this means Charles endeavoured to escape the necessity of calling a parliament, but his hesitation did not avail him. All parties were too much interested to let this opportunity slip. Pressed on all sides, Charles was reluctantly compelled to promise, and on the meeting of the great council of peers on the 24th, announced to them that he had issued the writs for the meeting of a parliament on the 3rd of November.

"The Scots had comprised their demands under seven heads, the chief of which were the full and free exercise of their religion; the total abolition of episcopacy; the restoration of their ships and goods; the recall of the offensive epithet of traitors; and the punishment of the evil counsellors who had created all these troubles. The lords, delighted at the prospect of a parliament, saw no difficulty in coming to terms with the Scots. They named sixteen of their own body to meet with eight commissioners of the covenanters at Repton, to negotiate the terms of a peace, and sent a deputation of six other lords to London, to raise a loan for the king of two hundred thousand pounds, on their own securities. Charles would have drawn the conference from Repton to York, where his army lay, but the Scots were too cautious to be caught in such a snare. They represented the danger of putting their commissioners into the power of an army

commanded by Strafford, one of the very incendiaries against whom they were complaining, and who termed them rebels and traitors in the parliament in Ireland, and had recommended the king to subdue and destroy them. The conference was opened at Repton, but got no further from the 1st to the 16th of October, than the settlement of the question of the maintenance of the Scotch army till all was concluded. Charles offered to leave them at liberty to make assessments for themselves, but this they declined, as looking too much like plundering; and it was finally agreed that they should retain their position in the four northern counties, and receive eight hundred and eighty pounds for two months, binding themselves to commit no depredations on any party; and the time for the meeting of parliament approaching, the conference was adjourned to London on the 24th."

Thus ended the great struggle with the Covenanters, a struggle known among the soldiery on either side as the Bishop's War, on account of its having originated in the affray at the High Church, Edinburgh. Presbyterianism was in the ascendant, and in England the divines and the lawyers who were arguing for this, that, and the other form of faith, were hastening a catastrophe which old Jennie Geddes little dreamed of when she cast her three-legged stool at the bishop's head.



High Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh



Dublin Bay.

## THE STORY OF THE IRISH MASSACRE.

[A.D. 1641.]



HE Irish no less than the Scots had occasion for resentment at the encroachment of the English. Their religion had been ruthlessly persecuted, and every effort made to suppress it; their property had been confiscated and most of their ancient chiefs driven into exile. Elizabeth, James, and Charles had alike encouraged the design of colonizing Ireland with British settlers. The Irish had struggled long and bravely against the superior powers of the English, but they had been defeated—beaten down—and in the time of James I. there were many portions of Ireland almost unpeopled, and the traveller in his journeys over the burnt plains met more ghastly unburied corpses than living men, more military fortresses than comfortable homes. The natives had either been killed off by the sword, or starved to death, or exiled, all to a miserable remnant incapable of resistance. The best part of the country had been confiscated. The extent of the forfeited land is stated at about half a million of acres, but it is more accurately given as 400,000 acres, situated in the counties of Derry, Donegal, Tyrone, Armagh, Fermanagh, and Cavan; the whole extent of these counties being about ten millions.

The favourite scheme of King James was to colonize Ireland, especially the Ulster province, with English and Scotch. This scheme was known

as the Ulster plantation. "Having got the six forfeited counties carefully surveyed, the lands were allotted to three classes of persons—British *undertakers*, who voluntarily engaged in the enterprise; *servitors* of the Crown, consisting of civil and military officers; and *natives*. The estates were to consist of three classes—2000 acres, 1500 acres, and 1000 acres. The owner of 2000 was to build, within four years, a castle and a *bawn*, and to plant forty-eight able-bodied men, eighteen years old or upwards, of English or Scottish descent. The owner of 1500 acres was bound to build, within two years, a strong stone or brick house and a *bawn*; and the owner of 1000, a *bawn*. Both were to "plant" men in proportion to their quantities of land, and to keep their houses well furnished with arms. According to these and other regulations and restrictions, the lands were disposed of to 104 English and Scotch undertakers, 56 servitors, and 286 natives. Among the undertakers the chief were the London companies, of whose co-operation James was very proud. They received nearly the whole of the present county of Londonderry, the name London being prefixed to Derry when built and fortified by the corporation, in pursuance of its agreement. They were also to build and fortify the town of Coleraine, and otherwise to spend £1000 on their plantation. Each undertaker was obliged to keep a demesne of 600 acres in his possession, to have four fee-farmers on 120 acres each, six leaseholders each on 100 acres, and on the rest eight families of husbandmen, artificers, and cottagers. The others were under similar obligations in different proportions. All were to reside on their lands for five years after the date of their patents, either personally or by such agents as should be approved of by the State. The British planters and Anglo-Irish servitors were bound not to alienate their lands to mere Irish, or to demise them to such persons as should refuse to take the oaths to Government. Their houses were to be built after the English fashion, and to be collected, for defence, in towns and villages. The landowners had power to erect manors, to hold courts-baron, and to create tenures. The old natives, whose estates were granted in fee-simple, to be held in socage, were allowed the same privileges; but they were bound to let their lands at the same fixed rents as the English undertakers, to take no Irish exactions from their tenants, and to abolish the old Irish custom of *creaghting*, or wandering with their cattle for pasture from place to place. The annual rent reserved to the Crown was remitted to the British settlers during the first two years, on account of the expense

of removing from one country to the other. On pretence of raising funds to protect this plantation, the king, in 1611, founded the order of *Baronets*, the number not to exceed 200, each of whom was to pay for his title a sum of money which would maintain thirty men in Ulster, at eight-pence a day each, for three years. A great part of the province was then covered with forests and marshes, and the open country was desolated by the wars; the ruined towns were little better than clusters of miserable huts. However, considerable numbers of English settled in Ulster, especially the Puritans, who emigrated to avoid persecution at home, and who, together with the disciples of John Knox, gave a strongly Calvinistic and anti-Papal complexion to the Protestantism of Ireland."

From the survey made by Pynnar, in 1618, it appears that though 8000 men of British birth were settled in the country, yet the fourth part of the land was not fully inhabited. He stated that there had been erected 107 castles with bawns, 19 castles without bawns, 42 bawns without castles or houses, and 1897 dwelling houses of stone and timber.

The plantation scheme was a wretched failure, bad alike for settlers and natives. "Many of those," says an Irish historian, "who were active in carrying out the forfeitures received large grants. Among these was Sir John Davies, who took so lively an interest in the pacification of Ireland. He was a commissioner for inquiring into defective titles, and he afterwards presided as judge, to enforce the findings of the juries, receiving for his pains 4000 acres. Less worthy men than he enriched themselves rapidly with the Irish spoils about this time. Boyle, the great Earl of Cork, went to Ireland as a lawyer's clerk, being obliged to abscond from London 'for erasing documents and counterfeiting hands,' and by 'forgeries, erasings, and perjuries,' we are told, he put many a man out of his land. In Dublin he had been committed to prison six or seven times within five years. He occupied an office in that city as deputy-escheator; and there, when persons came with a royal order for an estate in Ireland worth a certain specified sum a year, Boyle threw so many difficulties in the way that the English grantee was glad to sell his title for a few pounds, and then the purchaser filled up the blanks himself with the name and locality of the estate, with the number of acres. Thus he got for £20 a year a fine estate in Connaught, containing parsonages, castles, and water mills. In the same manner he got O'Connor county for a nominal rent, some of the best land in Ireland, about ten miles long and six broad. When called to account he either

vehemently protested his innocence with solemn appeals to heaven or he bribed his accusers, or both. In 1603 he married the daughter of the principal Secretary of State, Sir G. Fenton, and then his rise was rapid. In 1616 he was created Baron Boyle, of Youghal (an estate he had bought from Sir Walter Raleigh), and in 1620 he was further elevated to the titles of Viscount Dungarvon and Earl of Cork."

One of the most active agents on behalf of royal intolerance and British



Sir Thomas Wentworth (Lord Strafford).

*(From a Painting by Vandyke, in the collection of the late Earl of Egremont).*

supremacy in Ireland in the days of Charles I. was Sir Thomas Wentworth, who was sent to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant. Sir Thomas claimed to be descended from the royal line of the Plantagenets and he was possessed of very superior ability. When he first entered the Commons he was on the constitutional side, and offered uncompromising and most effective resistance to the royal encroachments; yet, when tempted by rank and power, he fell utterly, hopelessly, and became the unscrupulous tool of the king. "From the moment that Wentworth put his hand to the plough of despotism he never looked back."

In Ireland the grand efforts of Wentworth were directed against the freedom of the Irish parliament; he was resolved to make that parliament entirely subservient to the royal side by beating down everything like independence among Lords and Commons. "In his treatment of the nobility," says a writer already quoted, "he was more contemptuous and insolent. By brow-beating and threatening he carried everything in the Star Chamber and the Parliament. One of the king's 'graces' was that sixty years' possession should give a title to an estate—a most reasonable demand, seeing that Ireland had been convulsed by rebellion, and that it was now necessary to give all possible security to property. But nothing would satisfy him and his tyrannical minister but the plunder and plantation of Connaught. Therefore, he resolved in 1635 to find what he called 'the King's just and honourable title to the estates of Connaught.'

"He began in the county of Roscommon, where he expected least opposition, and impudently told the landlords that he came to make them 'a civil and rich people.' He delivered an address to the jury full of insolence and threats, in effect telling them not to find for the king at their peril. The consequence was that they found the king's title 'without scruple or hesitation.' Sligo and Mayo followed the example of Roscommon, being assured that they would be allowed to purchase new titles at a low composition. The facility with which the work of spoliation was accomplished is accounted for when we know that the juries were carefully packed, that heavy punishment—indeed, certain ruin—hung over the refractory, and that the judges were largely bribed. Wentworth's own letters place this beyond a doubt. 'Your Majesty,' he says, in one of these, 'was graciously pleased, upon my humble advice, to bestow *four shillings in the pound upon your Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chief Baron* in this kingdom, out of the first yearly rent raised upon the commission of defective titles, which, upon observation, I find to be the best given money that ever was; for now they attend to it with a care and diligence such as it were their own privates; and most certain the gaining to themselves every four shillings, once paid, shall better your revenue for ever after *at least five pounds!*'

"In Galway, however, the spoliators met with determined opposition from the Earl of Clanricarde and the other proprietors. Wentworth wished that they would resist still more, that he might have a plea for entire confiscation. In order to provoke the earl he ordered the court to

sit at his residence in Portumna. He had a body of troops as good lookers-on, and he charged the jury vehemently. 'Nevertheless,' he says, 'they most obstinately refused to find for his majesty, though we endeavoured to satisfy them several ways beyond any we had taken in any of the other three counties.' Enraged at this resistance, he resolved to make Galway an example to frighten all Ireland. He fined the sheriff £1000 for returning a 'packed jury,' and the jurors he fined £4000 each, and cast them and the sheriff into prison in Dublin until they should pay the fines and acknowledge their offence on their knees. One juror had been fined £500 for pulling a brother juror by the sleeve. The sheriff



Galway.

died in prison, and Clanricarde soon after died of mortification under the persecution he endured. The Catholic lawyers who presumed to plead against the king's title he excluded from the bar, by causing the oath of supremacy to be administered to them. He required as the condition on which he would accept the submission of the landowners, that the jury should acknowledge that they gave a verdict contrary to their oaths.'

The individual acts of injustice which were perpetrated by this man were accompanied by the most profligate indulgence. He was besides cruelly vindictive, and spared none who had in the least degree offended him. One day, in a paroxysm of rage at some venial fault, he soundly caned a young lieutenant, Annersley by name. Soon after this Annersley



accidentally set a stool on the foot of the Lord Deputy when he was suffering from the gout. Mountnorris, an officer in the army, hearing the incident mentioned, said: "Perhaps Annersley did it as his revenge for the caning; but he has a brother who would not have taken such a revenge!" This being repeated to Wentworth, he treated the observation as a suggestion to Annersley to perpetrate some outrage; and though he dissembled his resentment for some time, he then accused Mountnorris of mutiny, founded on this expression. Wentworth attended the court-martial to overawe its proceedings, and obtained a sentence of death against Mountnorris. The sentence was too atrocious to be carried into execution, but it served Wentworth's purpose, who cashiered Mountnorris, and gave the office, which he held as treasurer, to Sir Adam Loftus. Much as the Irish had suffered before, this most lawless act excited a loud murmur of indignation throughout Ireland; but Wentworth had secured himself from any censure from the king by handing him six thousand pounds as the price of the transfer.

The unscrupulous tyranny of Wentworth aroused the resentment of the Irish to so great an extent that it was thought necessary for his safety that he should come to England; but he soon returned to the scene of his tyrannies to hasten the terrible catastrophe which was to put an end to them. While in England he was employed in command of a section of the army sent against the Scots, whom he was "ready to put down by force of arms." Over them, however, he gained no particular advantage; but he was well rewarded, being created Baron Raby and Earl of Strafford. As Earl of Strafford we shall have to refer more at length to the man in another of our Stories; his earlship altered him not at all to the Irish when he returned to them. Their complaints were heard in the English Parliament, and not without satisfaction, for the Earl had rendered himself singularly obnoxious, and he was blamed for much of the king's bad policy. Being recalled to England by his majesty, he was impeached in Parliament—brought to trial on a charge of high treason, condemned, and executed. The alarmed king, who saw the coming storm, allowed the man to perish whose chief fault had been excess of loyalty.

Strafford—better known in Ireland as Wentworth—had there sown the seeds of a deadly harvest. When his iron rule was removed, and was succeeded by weak and inefficient government, the pent-up passions of the Catholics burst forth. There were but three or four thousand soldiers scattered over the country—the Protestant settlers were at the mercy of

those whose forfeit lands they held—and the “tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.”

“The conquered and evicted Irish septs were not extinct. The clans still retained their organization. The chiefs were still recognised, and their bards still retained their ambition by recitals of the bravery of their ancestors, and their vengeance, by passionate descriptions of the wrongs they had endured. The country was full of foreign and native ecclesiastics, who keenly resented the depression of their church. This was the state of things when a conspiracy was formed for the overthrow of the English Government. The O'Neill, son of the late Earl, was now cherished at the court of Spain, where he had the command of a regiment. He is said to have suggested the conspiracy to Roger Moore, an able and politic man, head of the sept of that name. So popular was he that the peasantry were accustomed to say that ‘they put their trust in God, our Lady, and Roger Moore.’ He was joined by Richard Plunkett, the Lord Maguire, Hugh M'Mahon, Philip O'Reilly, and Turlough O'Neill. A messenger came from the O'Neill, stating that Cardinal Richelieu had promised him men and money, and exhorting all who bore his name to be ready for action. The leaders now proceeded to levy and drill men, pretending that they were for the service of the King of Spain. The heir of Tyrone having died, Sir Phelim O'Neill, of Kennard, assumed the chieftainship, unfortunately for the character of the Irish people, for he was a man of brutal passions and fiendish cruelty. Educated in England, he professed the Protestant faith in his youth, and he had got his estate from the Crown. The conspirators now arranged their plans with confidence, and it was determined to seize, simultaneously, the castles of Dublin, Newry, Londonderry, Carrickfergus, and other important places, and these acts were to be the signal for a general insurrection. The priests gave their countenance to the movement, and deliberated in the full confidence of victory. But it was resolved by most of the leaders to effect the revolution with as little bloodshed as possible, and the Scots were to be spared. Some, however, were for turning off the settlers as the Moors were expelled from Spain, allowing them time to remove their effects. Others protested against such lenity as detrimental to the Catholic cause, and voted for a general massacre.”

Sir William Parsons and Sir John Borlace, who were then at the head of the English Government in Ireland, were detested by all classes of the people. It had been openly declared in the House of Commons that the

"conversion of the Papists in Ireland was only to be effected by the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other." One member had declared that he would not leave a single priest in Ireland; and another had gone still further and asserted that within a twelvemonth there should not be a Catholic in the land.

Rumours of the intended massacre were circulated but received little attention; those who were in the most imminent peril remained incredulous and supine. It was arranged that the massacre should take place at a fixed date known to all the conspirators throughout Ireland. On the 22nd of October the leaders who were to surprise Dublin Castle held their last meeting, and on their knees drank prosperity to the undertaking. While they were enjoying themselves, Hugh M'Mahon, in a drunken fit, betrayed the secret to Owen Conolly, a servant of Sir John Clotworthy and a Protestant; this man hastened to give information of what was to occur. His statement was at first ridiculed, but after awhile a more prudent view was taken of the matter; the gates were secured, the townsmen put under arms, the leaders of the revolt arrested, and the city declared in a state of siege. Had these precautions not been taken, 1500 barrels of gunpowder, 35 pieces of ordnance, and a stand of arms for 10,000 men would have fallen into the possession of the rebels.

Ignorant of the failure of the plot in Dublin the people of Ulster rose on the appointed day. Sir Phelim O'Neill invited himself and some followers to sup at the house of his friend and neighbour, Lord Caulfield. In the midst of a hospitable entertainment his lordship and his family were seized and bound, the castle plundered, and the garrison made prisoners. That same night Sir Phelim captured Dungannon, and the activity he displayed was emulated by other Irish chiefs. Whatever might be the intentions of the leaders, they found it impossible, having once aroused, to check the mad violence of the people, and indeed it does not appear that they made any very strenuous efforts to do so.

Both the English and Irish rebels concurred in one imposture, with which they deceived many of their deluded countrymen; they pretended that they had authority from the king and queen, but chiefly from the latter, for their insurrection; and they alleged that the intention of their rising in arms was to restore the royal prerogatives now abolished by the puritanical parliament. Sir Phelim O'Neill having found a royal patent in the house of Lord Caulfield, tore off the seal, and affixed it to a commission which he had forged for himself.

"The planters of the north were scattered among the Irish people, mingled with them in all their relations, and living with them on terms of familiarity and unsuspecting confidence. But in a moment all the ties that bound them were broken, and every friend was transformed into a foe. The landlord turned against his tenants, the servant against his master, the maid against her mistress. On every side the Protestants were plundered, their dwellings were burned, and they were themselves stripped naked and turned out upon the highway, insulted and maltreated in every possible way. Those of the naked refugees who were enabled to reach the fortified towns and castles were furnished with arms, and issuing from time to time from their strongholds, inflicted severe punishment upon the rebels. At Dromore and Lisburn the insurgents were defeated in several skirmishes. The king sent 1500 men from Scotland to assist the Protestants, and sent also a number of commissions to the gentry. O'Neill, after several repulses in other places, led a body of 4000 from Newry, his head quarters, to Lisburn; but after several desperate assaults, the besiegers were put to flight with such slaughter that the slain were three times the whole number of the garrison. By these defeats the rebels were rendered furious, and abandoned themselves to the horrid work of indiscriminate massacre. In Armagh many Protestant clergy and the Government officers were brutally slaughtered; above 300 Protestants were massacred at Dungannon. According to the testimony of one of the officers of the garrison of Charlemont, who was kept a prisoner by O'Neill, about 200 were drowned in the Blackwater, and a similar number near Loughgall, while 300 perished in a mill-pond in the parish of Killarnen, county of Tyrone. Another witness saw 600 men, women, and children, driven naked for six miles, and goaded along by pikes and bayonets to the Blackwater, where they were drowned. In Dromore, county of Armagh, all the Protestants were stripped naked, many of them killed, and the rest turned adrift. Other parties were thrust into houses, and there burned alive, the rebels meantime mimicking their gestures during the agonies of this horrid death. One cowboy was so weary in tumbling Protestants into a bog-pit, that he said he was unable to lift his arm. Against the tender sex the ferocities of these savages was greatest. They delighted in stripping women naked, making themselves merry by inflicting all sorte of torture upon them. In the neighbourhood of Dungannon two men boasted that they had killed thirty-six women and children in one day. At Augher, O'Neill's men murdered all the English

and even tortured the English cattle, so that their hatred had risen to literal madness. They murdered Lord Caulfield and a number of the prisoners taken at Charlemont. Ladies were literally torn to pieces. An immense number of Protestants were collected at Portadown, and thrown over the bridge into the river."

Much pains have been taken by Catholic writers to contradict these accounts, and to represent the atrocities as of no extraordinary extent. "They remind us," says Mr. Howitt, "that no account of these barbarous slaughters were transmitted in the reports to the English parliament, which would have been only too glad to spread, and even exaggerate, the bloody deeds of the Catholics. They reduce the number of people slain



John Milton.

during the whole insurrection to about ten thousand, instead of the exaggerated statements of Milton in his 'Iconoclastes,' that there were one hundred and fifty-four thousand in Ulster alone, or of Sir John Temple, that three hundred thousand were slain or expelled altogether. But nothing less than a most frightful massacre could have left the awful impression which still lives in tradition, and the calculations of modern historians do not make the number massacred less than from fifteen to twenty thousand. The Earl of Castlehaven, a Catholic, says that all the water in the sea could not wash from the Irish the taint of that rebellion. Whilst remembering the vengeance, however, we must never forget the long and maddening incentives to it. Great blame was attached to the

deputy-governors, Borlace and Parsons, who, shut up in security in Dublin, took no measures for suppressing the insurgents. They were charged with purposely allowing the rebellion to spread, in order that there might be more confiscations, in which they would find their own benefit; but it must be remembered that they had few soldiers on whom they could rely, for they were nearly all Catholics; nor did the insurgents escape without severe chastisement in many places, for wherever there was a trusty garrison, the soldiers easily repelled the disorderly mob of plunderers; and Sir Phelim O'Neill suffered during the month of November severe losses."

The appearance of Dublin, a few days after the outbreak, is thus described by an eye-witness—Sir John Temple: "That which made the conditions of the citizens appear much more formidable unto them was the daily repair of multitudes of English that came up in troops, stripped and miserably despoiled, out of the North. Many persons of good rank and quality, covered over with only old rags, and some without any other covering than a little twisted straw to hide their nakedness. Some reverend ministers and others who had escaped with their lives, sorely wounded. Wives came bitterly lamenting the murders of their husbands, mothers of their children barbarously destroyed before their faces; poor infants ready to perish and pour out their souls in their mothers' bosoms; some over-wearied with long travel, and so surbated as they came creeping on their knees; others frozen up with the cold, ready to give up the ghost in the streets; others overwhelmed with grief, distracted with their losses, lost all their senses. Thus was the town, within the compass of a few days after the breaking out of this rebellion, filled with these most lamentable spectacles of sorrow, which in great numbers wandered up and down in all parts of the city, desolate, forsaken, having no place to lay their heads on, no clothing to cover their nakedness, no food to fill their hungry bellies. And to add to their miseries, they found all manner of relief very disproportionable to their wants, so as those sad creatures appeared like living ghosts in every street. Many empty houses in the city were, by special direction, taken up for them—barns, stables, and out-houses filled with them; yet many lay in the open streets, and others under stalls, and there most miserably perished. The churches were the common receptacles of the meaner sort of them, who stood there in the most doleful posture, as objects of charity, in so great multitudes as there was scarce any passage into them. But those of better quality, who

could not frame themselves to be common beggars, crept into private places; and some of them that had not private friends to relieve them even wasted silently away, and so died without noise. And so bitter was the remembrance of their former condition, and so insupportable the burden of their present calamity to many of them, as they even refused to be comforted. I have known of some that lay almost naked, and having clothes sent, laid them by, refusing to put them on; others that would not stir to fetch themselves food, though they knew where it stood ready for them; but they continued to lie nastily in their filthy rags and their dirt, not taking care to have anything clean, handsome, or comfortable about them; and so even worn out with the misery of their journey and cruel usage, having their spirits spent, their bodies wasted, and their senses failing, lay here pitifully languishing; and soon after they had recovered this town very many of them died, leaving their bodies as monuments of the most inhuman cruelties used towards them. The greatest part of the women and children thus barbarously expelled out of their habitations perished in the city of Dublin; and so great numbers of them were brought to their graves as all the churchyards within the whole town were of too narrow a compass to contain them. So as the lords-justices took order to have two large pieces of new ground, one on each side of the river, taken in upon the out-greens, and set apart for burying-places."

Such atrocities, it has been remarked, must have greatly excited the spirit of superstition in that ignorant age. "Many of the rebel leaders were reported by the Protestants to have been struck with madness and horrible diseases. Apparitions were said to be seen hovering in the air, and were crying for vengeance. The bridge of Portadown, especially, was haunted by multitudes of ghosts, who walked upon the water, sometimes singing psalms, sometimes brandishing swords, and sometimes screeching in an awful manner. Elizabeth, wife of Captain Poire, of Armagh, went to Portadown to be satisfied with her own eyes and ears of the truth of these reports. It was twilight, and there she saw a woman waist-high in the water, naked, with elevated and closed hands, her hair hanging down, very white; her eyes seemed to twinkle, and her skin was as white as snow; which spirit seemed to stand upright in the water often repeating the word 'Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!' whereat this deponent, being put into a strong amazement and affright, walked from the place."

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Westminster Hall and Abbey, from St. James's Park.

*(From an old Print by Tempest.)*

## THE STORY OF THE KING AND THE COMMONS.

[A.D. 1625—A.D. 1649.]



HE Story of the King and the Commons forms a memorable epoch in English history. Heretofore the swords of the nobles had on more than one occasion been unsheathed, and monarchs had been taught prudence if not wisdom; but resistance to the royal will had ever been on the side of the aristocracy, the people stood apart as though mere spectators at a stage play. "These be kings' matters," said they, and held aloof accordingly. But a great change took place when Charles challenged the Parliament, when his course of action, according to the famous Sir John Eliot, was reduced into a formula, namely, to make the men most obnoxious most secure, and those that to the public were most hateful to be the most honoured and esteemed—then was it that the people spoke and the battle was fought out.

Queen Elizabeth—not by any means a mild spoken lady nor one easily turned from her own purpose—had occasionally disagreed with her Parliament, but she had the wisdom to make prompt redress. "This," says



Mr. Forster, "is what her example should have taught a court which unhappily was incapable of learning anything. She understood, if ever ruler did, the art in which the highest government consists of so conforming to the veracities and necessities around it, as to make itself really the expression of the people governed in their changing condition, in their new and impatient wants, in their increasing intelligence. But Charles the First had no one to tell him this, nor probably would have listened if there had been. The people around him could only see that he was not as brave as the great queen, and lament that he should rather have taken example by his father. But it would have been better for him if he had done even this. He suffered for want of his father's cowardice quite as much as for want of Elizabeth's courage. His was one of those natures, not uncommon, which, having no self-reliance, have yet a most intense self-reference, and make up for yielding in some point by obstinacy in some other; and it was his misery always to resist as he yielded too late. After giving up everything that had sustained the prerogative, while it had yet any work in the world to do, he believed in it to the last as the only thing that could help him; and he was not the less ready to seize Pym and Hampden in 1641 because of his defeat and discomfiture in the attempt to seize Eliot in 1626."

This Sir John Eliot was in very truth the foremost man in the great fight between the King and the Commons. He had passed off the field long before the final stroke was given, but it was he who had emboldened others to try this issue with the monarch, and on his head had fallen the wrath of majesty.

Buckingham, "dog Steenie," as we have seen, was the chosen favourite of King James, and his appointed and applauded companion to "baby Charles." Of his rapacity, insolence, and violence, we have seen something in a former story; and the eyes of honest John Eliot were upon him. In 1623 this good man made his great speech in Parliament, battling stoutly for the rights of the people and a check on the royal prerogative. Nothing at the time was gained by people or parliament, and royalty carried things with a high hand. When Charles came to the crown and found his treasury exhausted and his credit doubtful, his favourite Buckingham was still permitted to follow his own devices and to enrich himself with spoil. There was the fitting out of a fleet to ravage on the coasts of Spain and win plunder after a Corsair fashion. Of this expedition Mr. Forster says:—"In plain words, it was an attempt to

fill the king's empty coffers by a piratical foray on the wealth of Spain; and hence the zealous and secret appetite with which both king and duke had at the first pursued it. But ill-manned, ill-provisioned, and ill-commanded, it failed in every point. Sailing for Cadiz Bay, the shipping in that harbour might with ease have been taken; but the Spaniards were able to secrete their ships further up the harbour, while time was lost at Fort Puntal, which, after the English captains had wasted their batteries upon it for four-and-twenty hours, surrendered, at the mere summons of a portion of the troops who were landed next day, without firing a gun.



Sir John Eliot.

*(From an original Picture at Port Elliott.)*

Wimbledon, landing the rest of his troops, then gave orders for the destruction of the communications with the mainland, which Essex had found easy in the great queen's time, and which, if the Suazzo bridge had now been as promptly struck down, would have laid Cadiz open to an effective attack. But, as Eliot afterwards bitterly described it, it was a dry and hungry march into a drunken quarter. Discovering on the way several cellars stored with wine, the troops became insubordinate, drunken, and disorderly; and Wimbledon, in a fright, without either a capable man's resource or a strong man's decision, carried them headlong back to

the fleet without having seen an enemy. At first he thought of retaining Puntal for better intercepting of the expected convoy, but all attempts to restore discipline were hopeless, and he re-embarked with ignominy. He then cruised about after the Spanish fleet for eighteen days, suffered it to escape him unobserved during the night, and returned to Plymouth with disease and mutiny raging on all sides around him, the officers loud in denunciation of his incompetency, and the men decimated by a sickness which they attributed to foul play and dishonesty in provisioning the



Charles the First.

*(From a Painting by Vandyke.)*

ships. Hundreds of seamen and soldiers were landed in a dying state, and more than a thousand were said to have perished before the ships reached harbour. For many months to come the appalling extent of the disaster showed itself visibly in every road and town on that western coast, and above all in the streets of Plymouth."

This disastrous expedition—so unlike, both in its project and result, the brave doings of Drake, Howard of Effingham, Raleigh and others—increased the discontent of the people. Buckingham was impeached by the House of Commons, with Sir John Eliot for its spokesman. Sir John

wound up the charge by comparing Buckingham to Sejanus, as proud, insolent, rapacious; and accused of this—a base adulator and tyrant by turns. When king Charles heard of the bold language, he had Sir John and Sir Dudley Diggen, who assisted in the impeachment, called out of the house as if his majesty required their presence. As soon as they came to the lobby they were seized—a totally unconstitutional proceeding—and sent to the Tower. This outrage on the persons of their fellow members and delegated prosecutors came like a thunder clap on the house. There was instantly a vehement cry of “Rise! rise! rise!” The whole assembly was in a state of the highest ferment. Charles protested and denounced and threatened, but in vain; neither the king’s indignation nor Buckingham’s bravado prevented them from insisting on the return of the two members. Sir John and Sir Dudley were restored to them, and the House passed a resolution that these gentlemen had done their duty.

Buckingham, shielded from punishment by the royal protection, invested with new honour and dignities, was permitted still to pursue his own wild course, and to involve the king in still further difficulties. The king wanted money, and demanded supplies; the Commons were instructed to comply at once or his majesty would take other steps. Remonstrance was in vain, the king would grant no delay—“No, not for one minute.” So the Parliament was dissolved, and the end hastened.

No sooner was the Parliament dissolved than the king took the reins of government into his own hand and went blindly on the road to ruin. The Commons published a remonstrance; the king issued a counter declaration; commanded persons possessing a copy of the “remonstrance” to burn it on pain of his displeasure. A warrant was then issued levying duties on all exports and imports; ordering fines on the Catholics to be rigidly enforced; a commission was issued to inquire into the proceeds of the crown lands, and to grant leases, remit feudal service, and convert copyholds into freeholds on certain charges. Privy seals were again issued to noblemen, gentlemen, and merchants for the advance of loans; and London was called on to furnish one hundred and twenty thousand pounds: the different seaports were also ordered to provide and maintain during three months a fixed number of armed vessels; and the Lord Lieutenants of counties were commanded to muster the people and train troops to arms in case of internal disorder or foreign invasion.

On the king receiving news of the defeat of the allies and the death blow which had been struck to the cause of his kinsman, the Elector

Palatinate, he issued orders for raising a fresh forced loan. Whoever refused to comply with this illegal demand might be interrogated by the Commissioners on oath as to their reasons and who were their advisers, and they were bound by oath never to divulge what passed between them and the Commissioners.

"Charles issued a proclamation, excusing his conduct by alleging that the necessities of the State did not admit of waiting for the re-assembling of Parliament, and assuring his loving subjects that whatever was now paid would be remitted in the collection of the next subsidy. He also addressed a letter to the clergy, calling on them to exhort their parishioners from the pulpit to obedience and liberality. But such were the relative positions of king and parliament, that people were not very confident of any speedy grant from that body, and the good faith of both Charles and his favourite had become so dubious that many refused to pay. The names of these were transmitted to the council, and the vengeance of the court was let loose upon them. The rich were fined and imprisoned, the poor were forcibly enrolled in the army or navy, that 'they might serve with their bodies, since they refused to serve with their purses.' In vain were appeals made to the king against this intolerable tyranny, he would listen to no one. Amongst the names of those who suffered on this occasion stand those of Sir John Eliot and John Hampden, as well as of Wentworth, soon, as Strafford, to become a proselyte of absolutism."

All who opposed the king came in for a share of his indignation; all who held office were summarily dismissed; all who were rich were heavily fined—the king was resolved on making no compromise with the Commons; and there were not wanting those who, in following the king's mood, found themselves lifted into greatness and fortune, neither of which they would ever have obtained by a straightforward course.

"Laud," says an able writer on this subject, "was advanced for his absolute and popish predilection to the see of Bath and Wells, and sent forth a circular to the clergy enjoining them to preach up zealously the advance of money to the crown, as a work meriting salvation. He openly advocated a strict league and confederacy betwixt the church and state, by which they might trample over all schism, heresy, and disloyalty. There was no lack of time-servers to second his efforts. Roger Mainwaring, one of the king's chaplains, a true high-priest to the golden calf, with the most shameless prostitution of the pulpit, declared before the king and court at Whitehall that the power of the king was above all

courts and parliaments; that parliament, indeed, was but an inferior kind of council, entirely at the king's will; the king's order was sufficient authority for the raising of money, and that all who refused it were guilty of unutterable sin, and liable to damnation. He insulted the Scriptures by dragging them in to prove all this; and would have sold, not his own soul only, but the souls of the whole nation to obtain a bishopric. He had his desire; and the success of such religious toadyism inflamed the clergy in the country with a like abjectness. One Robert Sibthorpe, vicar



Bishop Laud.

*(From a Painting by Vandyke, in the collection of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury).*

of Brockley, in an assize sermon preached at Northampton, declared that even if the king commanded people to resist the law of God, they were to obey him, to show no resistance, no railing, no reviling,—to be all passive obedience. To demonstrate the scriptural soundness of his doctrine, he quoted this verse of the book of Ecclesiastes: ‘Where the word of the king is, there is power; and who may say unto him what dost thou?’

“Abbot, the archbishop, was applied to, to license the printing of this sermon; but the old man, who had always had a puritan leaning, which

his high post only prevented him more fully demonstrating, declined to do it. In vain the king insisted; the archbishop was suspended, and sent to his country house; and Laud, who was hankering earnestly after the primacy, licensed the sermon. Sibthorpe did not fail of his reward; he was appointed chaplain in ordinary—it might have been better termed extraordinary—and received a prebend in Peterborough, and the goodly living of Burton Latimer. Andrew Marvell designated these model churchmen as ‘exceedingly pragmatical, intolerably ambitious, and so desperately proud that scarcely any gentleman might come near the tails of their mules.’ Such insolence is the eternal concomitant of the reptiles which crawl most obscenely at the foot of a good loaf and fish throne. The subserviency of the clergy was not one of the least evils which a tyrannic court fostered. The people saw more clearly than ever that the church under such circumstances would become the stanch ally of despotism; and many even of its own honourable members, in the higher walks of life, shrunk away from it, and joined the ranks of the puritans, for no other reason than that they were resolute for the liberty of the subject.”

In the meantime the people were crying out for a Parliament, and refusing money till Parliament should assemble. So at length the writs were issued, but in the course of the very week preceding the re-assembling the king demanded one hundred and seventy-three thousand four hundred and eleven pounds for the expedition to Rochelle, and instead of waiting for the grant from the Commons, ordered the money to be raised by a commission from the counties. He went so far as to say if the tax was paid he would meet his Parliament cheerfully; if not “he would think of some more speedy way.” But the Commissioners shrank in terror from their task, and Charles was obliged to recall the commission. Within twelve days of the recall, he issued an order to raise the money which the counties had refused by a duty on merchandize; but the Ministers shrank from the execution of the order, the judges pronounced it illegal, and the king was compelled to withdraw it, and wait the assembly of the Commons.

The men who assembled in the House of Commons in this memorable Parliament were of no ordinary standing, either in fortune, ability, or determination. Westminster sent Bradshaw—one of the Commons with whom the king subsequently became painfully associated—Huntingdon sent up Oliver Cromwell. Hampden, Selden, Pym, Hollis, Eliot, Diggen, Coke, Wentworth—afterwards Strafford—were among the four hundred

who filled the benches "with intellects illumined by the study of the orators, lawgivers, and philosophers of republican Greece, animated with the great principles of Christianity, and with resolutions like iron."

Before the opening of Parliament the king, in the hope probably of conciliating the Commons, released from gaol all those who had been imprisoned for refusing to pay the forced loan; he restored Archbishop Abbot to the primacy; and he liberated the Earl of Bristol, whom he had sent to the Tower on a charge of high treason. But standing before the stern men, who had been sent to do battle for the rights of the people,



John Hampden.

(From an old Print by Kavanet.)

he could not forbear his old habit of scolding and threatening, and of offering insults to those whose friendship it was his policy as well as his duty to obtain. Said he:—"I have called you together, judging a Parliament to be the ancient, speediest, and best way to give such supply as to secure ourselves and save our friends from imminent ruin. Every man must now do according to his conscience; wherefore, if you, which God forbid, should not do your duties in contributing what this state at this time needs, I must, in discharge of my conscience, use those other



means which God hath put into my hands, to save that which the follies of other men may otherwise hazard to lose. Take not this as threatening—I scorn to threaten any but my equals—but as an admonition from him that, both out of nature and duty, hath most care of your preservation and properties.”

The Lord Keeper, following on the same side, charged the Commons to remember his Majesty’s admonition. “I say remember it,” and taught them that the king had assembled them not because their consent was necessary to any of his proceedings, nor because he was without other means of obtaining what he needed; but “it was more agreeable to the goodness of his most gracious disposition.”

Passing over the king’s message in silence, the Commons addressed themselves to the popular grievances and to the wrongs recently done to liberty and religion; it resolved that a bill should be drawn setting forth the principles contained in Magna Charta, and that the PETITION OF RIGHTS should be presented to the king.

The following four resolutions were passed without a dissentient voice:—1st. That no freeman ought to be restrained or imprisoned, unless some lawful cause of such restraint or imprisonment be expressed. 2nd. That the writ of *habeas corpus* ought to be granted to every man imprisoned or restrained, though it be at the command of the king or privy council, if he pray for the same. 3rd. That when the return expresses no cause of commitment or restraint, the party ought to be delivered or bailed. 4th. That it is the ancient and undoubted right of every free man, that he hath a full and absolute property in his goods and estates, and that no tax, loan, or benevolence ought to be levied by the king or his ministers, without common consent by Act of Parliament.

On these four resolutions the Petition of Right was founded. “It commenced by reminding the monarch of the great statutes passed by some of the most celebrated of his ancestors, which he had been so long and pertinaciously outraging. That the statute *De Tallagio non concedendo*, made in the reign of Edward I., provided that no tallage nor aid could be levied by the king without consent of Parliament. That by another statute of the 25th year of Edward III., no person could be compelled to make any loan to the king without such sanction; such loans being against reason and the charters of the land. There could be no dispute here—the king stood palpably convicted, and had he acted in ignorance, could do so no longer. It then went on:—‘And by other

laws of this realm, it is provided that none shall be charged by any charge or imposition called a benevolence, nor by such like charge; by which statutes before mentioned, and the other good laws and statutes of the realm, your subjects have inherited this freedom, that they should not be compelled to contribute to any tax, tallage, aid, or other like charge, not set by common consent in Parliament: yet, nevertheless, of late, divers commissions, directed to sundry commissioners, in several counties, with instructions, have issued, by pretext whereof your people have been in divers places assembled, and required to lend certain sums of money unto your majesty; and many of them, upon their refusal to do so, have had an unlawful oath administered unto them, not warrantable by the laws and statutes of this realm, and have been constrained to become bound to make appearance and give attendance before your privy council in other places; and others of them have therefore been imprisoned, confined, and sundry other ways molested and disquieted; and divers other charges have been laid and levied upon your people in several counties, by lords-lieutenant, commissioners for musters, justices of peace, and others, by command or direction from your majesty or your privy council, against the laws and free customs of this realm.'"

The petition also pointed out that those who had refused to pay the forced and illegal taxes, had been imprisoned, and that without being put on fair trial; that soldiers had been billeted in private houses contrary to law; and that courts-martial had been called to pass judgment on those only amenable to civil law. Various other grievances were set forth, and when it was given to the king it was received in silence, and instead of writing at the bottom of it, after the established form, "*Soit droit fait comme il est desire*," he appended—"The king willeth that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm; and that the statutes be put in due execution, that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrongs or oppression, contrary to their just rights and liberties, to the preservation whereof he holds himself in conscience as well obliged as of his own prerogative."

This answer simply meant nothing, and the House expressed bitter disappointment. The king's next step was to intimate his intention of dissolving Parliament, and charging the Commons not to cast or lay aspersion on any minister of his majesty. But, notwithstanding this, John Eliot boldly moved the House to remonstrance. There were others equally bold, and none bolder than Sir Edward Coke—"Why may we not name

those," he demanded, "who are the cause of all our evils? Let us palliate no longer; if we do God will not prosper us. *I think the Duke of Buckingham is the cause*, and till the duke be informed thereof we shall never go out with honour, nor sit with honour here. *That man is the grievance of grievances*. Let us set down the cause of all our disasters, and they will all reflect upon him. As to going to the laws, that is not *via regia*; our liberties are now impeached; we are deeply concerned; it is not *via regia*, for the Lords are not participant with our liberties. It is not the king but the duke that saith, We adjure you not to meddle with state affairs or the ministers thereof. Did not his majesty, when prince, attend the Upper House in the prosecution of Lord Chancellor Bacon, and the Lord Treasurer Middlesex?"

The storm now rose rapidly. "Yea! Yea! 'Tis he! 'Tis he!" was the cry from all sides. The king became alarmed for his favourite, and retracted his previous answer to the petition of rights, inscribing in place thereof, "Let right be done as is required." Soon after this the Commons voted the supplies the king demanded, and there was a prospect of a better understanding than there had been for a long while. But the Commons were resolved on continuing the work they had begun. Land was censured for licensing the sermon which the archbishop had disapproved. They then proceeded to inquire into the conduct of Buckingham, and although that exquisitely dandy statesman and field-day soldier affected to have no fear, he was, in reality, in great jeopardy. The Commons prayed the king to remove him from office, and hinted that the tonnage and poundage would not be granted without this was done, and could not be collected without their sanction. Nothing so enraged the king as to be reminded of what he could not do. Fuming at the message of the Commons he came down to the House, and hastily summoning the members, sharply rated them for their bold speech. "As for your consent to tonnage and poundage," he said, "it is a thing I cannot want, and was never intended by you to ask, nor meant by me, I am sure, to grant." He explained that he regarded this rate as an impost exclusively his own—a matter of prerogative, not to be affected by the vote of parliament. But, whatever he meant, the intention of the Commons was plain—they meant nothing else than that, as well as any other grants of taxes, should be void without their consent.

The indignation against the Duke of Buckingham, who was universally regarded as the author of the king's tyrannical course, became each day

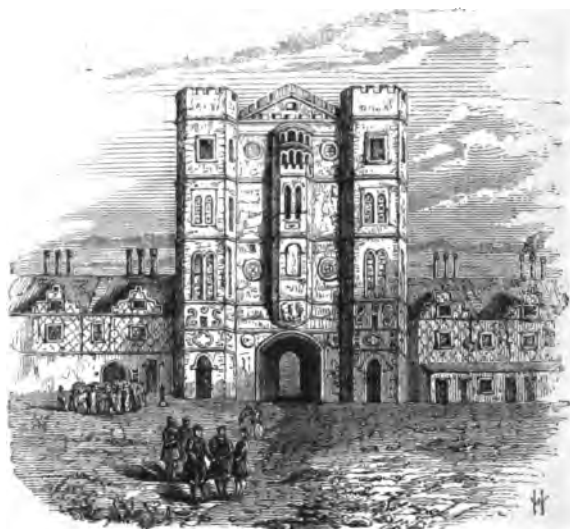
more intensified. The knife of the assassin saved him from the public executioner—but for that he must have fallen as Strafford afterwards fell.

And to this man much of the unhappy course pursued by the king is fairly traceable. "When Charles the First," says a quaint writer, "came to the throne, somebody prayed that his head might be set in the right direction, for if he made a false start there would be no turning him from it. As this was said by a friend of Divine Right in kings, we may be permitted humbly to take up his parable, and so, comparing Sacred Majesty to a nag, go on to remember how Charles the First, when first harnessed to the gig of the constitution, was trotted out upon the king's highway by the handsome George Villiers, alias Duke of Buckingham, who had been groom to his sire; and how this groom, having him by the ear, turned him with his head looking down the road when it ought to have looked up the road, and still holding him by the ear, ran by his side while he trotted him off the way he shouldn't go. Old Parliament, who drove then and still drives the national gig, did his best to whip off that impudent groom, and gave his nag a flip or two, to make him shake his ears free of the fellow. The groom ran until he dropped, and the horse that still wouldn't be turned steadily galloped headlong down the road instead of up the road, running the gig against every post, tumbling one wheel or both wheels into every ditch, viciously hoping to pitch Old Parliament out, and leave him behind to die of a cracked crown. But the old driver kept his crown uncracked, and the obstinate nag that wouldn't turn had his head pulled at until it became so loose that a little more would pull it off. And so at last it *was* pulled off; only in time to save the gig and its driver from destruction."

At the beginning of the next Session of Parliament, after the assassination of Buckingham, the king sent the Commons a message desiring them to proceed immediately with the voting of the tonnage and poundage which had been neglected in the last Session. But the Commons proposed first of all to enter on an enquiry into certain abuses in the church, and of practices introduced by Dr. Laud, then Bishop of London. The king sent an order that they should leave matters of religion entirely alone. The Commons bluntly refused, and fresh altercations arose, the king in his accustomed style threatening to "quicken them," if they followed not his wish. The Commons complained that the Petition of Right had never yet been printed according to the king's promise, and that a clause in it respecting tonnage had been wilfully and illegally altered, without

the knowledge or consent of the House. It was also shown that goods of certain merchants had been seized on refusal to pay illegally enforced rates, and agreed that the matter should be duly laid before the king preparatory to any other step being taken.

Next day the king met both Lords and Commons at Whitehall, where his language and demeanour were the opposite of conciliatory. It was the fixed resolve of the Commons to maintain the rights of the people—it was the firm determination of the king to yield nothing of what he



Holbein's Gateway, Whitehall.

supposed to be his royal prerogative, and so they stood—facing each other with unbending spirits—waiting for the end.

An adjournment of Parliament had no effect in altering the position of affairs. When the Commons re-assembled, they were still as resolute as when they separated.

Sir John Eliot, in attempting to address the House, was interrupted by Finch, the Speaker, who said he had a message to adjourn the House "till Tuesday come, seven nights following." The message was declared vexatious and out of order. Sir John produced a remonstrance addressed to the king, and declared that "none have ever gone about to break Parliament, but in the end Parliament had broken them;" both the

Speaker and the Clerk refused to read the remonstrance, and, when Sir John read it himself the Speaker refused to put it to the vote; he had, he said, his majesty's instructions to adjourn the house, and he was resolved on so doing. But when he attempted to rise those of the members near him seized him by the arm, and forced him back into his chair. A scene of violent excitement followed. Blows were struck. The doors of the House were locked, and there was a great scuffle when the king's messenger from the Lords was heard knocking at the door, and demanding that the mace should be given up—without which "bauble" there could be no House. Then outside came the usher of the black rod, summoning the Commons to the royal presence, and receiving no attention, hearing only the angry voices, and the scuffle going on within. Then came the Captain of the Guard, with a file of men to burst the door, just as Eliot's resolution having been carried by acclamation, the doors were flung open, and the Commons rushed out like riotous schoolboys, sweeping before them the king's officers and his men.

A few days after this extraordinary scene the Parliament was dissolved. But the rupture between the king and his subjects was still farther increased by the rigorous measures which he endeavoured to pursue, but was happily incapable of carrying to extremity. Sir Miles Hobart, Sir Peter Heyman, Selden, Coriton, Lang, and Strode were committed to prison on account of the late tumult in the House, which the court affected to call sedition. Sir John Eliot was ordered to be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure, other prisoners to other prisons, none of them to be delivered till they had given security for good behaviour, acknowledged their offence, and paid the following fees:—Sir John Eliot, £2,000; Hollis, 1,000 marks; Valentine, £500. The prisoners lay in gaol for eighteen months, and there Sir John perished.

The Commons assembled no more as a legislative assembly for eleven years. During that time the king ruled without a parliament, and fought his way with determination to the block. His main coadjutors in this long struggle were Laud, the representative of the high church party, and Wentworth—afterwards Strafford—who had forsaken the popular party and gone over to absolutism. Laud and Strafford were the king's advisers—christened by the people, Gog and Magog. They worked together, as the Scots say, "shoulder to shoulder," and invented a cant term betwixt them to express what they aimed at and the means by which they

pursued it. It was "thorough," or, as the Americans have of late styled it, "going the whole hog."

After the dissolution of Parliament, tonnage and poundage continued to be levied on the sole authority of the king. Former arbitrary impositions were still enacted, and even new impositions were laid on several kinds of commodities. The custom-house officers were empowered by the council to enter forcibly into any house, warehouse, or cellar; to search any trunk or chest; and to break into any magazine whatever in default of the payment of the customs. To exercise the militia and keep them in proper order, a certain sum was imposed on each county, for the maintenance of a muster master appointed for that service. Compositions were openly made with recusants; and the toleration of Romanism, to those who could afford to pay a bribe, became a regular part of the revenue. A commission was granted for compounding with such as were possessed of crown lands or defective titles, and on this pretence large sums of money were extorted from the people.

A law of Edward the Second ordained that whoever was possessed of twenty pounds a year in land should be obliged when summoned to appear and receive the honour of knighthood. Twenty pounds at that time was equivalent to about two hundred in the seventeenth century; and it seemed unreasonable that the king should adhere so strictly to the letter of the law as to compel people of so small a revenue to purchase the expensive honour. But the king needed money and would have it.

Monopolies were also revived—an oppressive method of raising money, being unlimited in its nature as well as destructive of all industry. The last parliament of James which abolished monopolies had made a very equitable exception in favour of new inventions, and on this pretence, and that of establishing new companies and corporations, was this grievance now renewed.

"King James had conceived an idea that London was become too large, and that this was the cause of the prevalence of the plague and contagious fevers. His wisdom had not penetrated the fact that the real cause lay in the want of drainage and cleanliness, and he issued repeated proclamations forbidding any more building of houses in the metropolis. The judges declared the proclamations as illegal as they were absurd, and building went on as fast as ever. Here was an admirable opportunity of putting on the pecuniary screw. Charles, therefore, appointed a commission to inquire into the growth and extent of building done in defiance of his

father's orders. If James was the Solomon of England, Charles was the Rehoboam—resolute in wrong, and destined, like that obstinate monarch, to rend the crown and kingdom. Such persons who were willing to compound for their offences in brick and mortar got off by paying a fine amounting to three years' rental of the premises. Those who refused, pleaded in vain the decision of the judges, for Charles had a court independent of all judges but himself—that devilish instrument by which so long the constitution of the country had been reduced to fable, and *Magna Charta* made of no more value than a forged note, namely—the Star-chamber; and those who escaped this fell into another inquisition as detestable—the court of the earl-marshal. Sturdy resisters, therefore, had their houses actually demolished, and were then fleeced in those infamous courts to complete their ruin. A Mr. Moore had erected forty-two houses of an expensive class, with coach-houses and stables, near St. Martin's-in-the Fields. He was fined one thousand pounds, and ordered to pull them down before Easter, under penalty of another thousand pounds; but refusing, the sheriffs demolished the houses, and levied the money by distress. This terrified others, who submitted to a composition, and by these iniquitous means one hundred thousand pounds were brought into the treasury."

Laud, in the meanwhile, in matters ecclesiastical, ruled with a high hand. There was the High Commission Court for church offenders, and there was the Star Chamber for State offenders, and justice was banished from both. As a sample of the merciless severity of Laud, we may cite the case of the talented and amiable Leighton, who had fallen under episcopal displeasure for a pamphlet which denounced the prelates in strong terms. This man had formerly been professor of moral philosophy in Edinburgh, and when on the sitting of the Long Parliament he sent in his petition for release, the members shed tears at the story of the sufferings he had undergone. The narrative showed :—"That he was apprehended coming from a sermon, by a High Commission warrant, and dragged along the streets with bills and staves to London House. That the gaoler of Newgate clapped him in irons, and carried him, with a strong force, into a loathsome and miserable dog-hole, full of rats and mice, that had no light but a little grate, the roof being uncovered, so that the snow and rain beat upon him, and where he had no bed or place for fire, but a ruinous old smoky chimney. In this woful place he was shut up fifteen weeks, nobody being permitted to come to him. That the



fourth day after his commitment, the pursuivant, with a mighty multitude, came to his house to search for Jesuit books, and used his wife in such a barbarous and inhuman manner, as he was ashamed to express. That they rifled every person and place, holding a pistol to the head of a child five years old, threatening to kill him if he did not discover the books; broke open chests, presses, boxes; carried everything away, even household stuff, etc. That, at the end of fifteen weeks, he was served with a subpoena, on an information laid against him by the attorney-general, whose dealing with him was full of cruelty and deceit. That he was then so sick that his physician thought he had been poisoned, because all his hair and skin came off; and that, in the height of his sickness, the cruel sentence was passed upon him, and executed November 26th, 1630, when he received thirty-six stripes upon his naked back with a three-fold cord, his hands being tied to a stake, and then stood almost two hours in the pillory, in frost and snow, before he was branded on the face, his nose slit, and his ears cut off, after which he was carried by water to the Fleet, shut up in a room where he was never well, and after eight years turned into the common gaol!"

For acts such as this Laud was promoted to the primacy.

The Star Chamber and the High Commission Court were in their operations as despotic, and in their sentences as cruel, as the Spanish Inquisition under Philip II. To stop the outcry against the enormities which were committed, an order was issued forbidding all importation of foreign books and the printing of any at a house without a license. The license was only to be obtained from the bishops! No more than twenty master printers were allowed in the kingdom—excepting those of the king and of the Universities; and no printer—except the warden of the company—was to have more than two presses and two apprentices. Any one printing without a license was to be flogged through London and set in the pillory.

Wentworth [Strafford], partner in the "thorough" scheme, was the originator and main promoter in compelling the ports and maritime counties to provide ships and men for the king's service. Writs were issued, and all who refused to pay were distrained on, all remonstrance being treated with silent contempt. But there were those among the people who were resolved on withstanding the king's demands, and among these none were more prominent than John Hampden. This distinguished patriot came of an old and honoured family, and was well known to enter-

tain popular and liberal views. When the demand was made upon him for ship money he flatly refused to pay it. The refusal occasioned him considerable inconvenience and immense expense. He had to put himself in collision with the crown, with unscrupulous lawyers, and judges too ready to convict; but he was not to be daunted, and entered on the contest with a spirit that nothing could subdue. The sum at which he was assessed was twenty shillings, a mere trifle in itself, but involving the recognition of a principle which he held to be illegal. The trial lasted for twelve days before the twelve judges. The decision was apparently in favour of the king; but even Clarendon confessed that the judgment that was given against Hampden "infinitely more advanced him than it did the service for which it was given. He was," adds the courtly historian, "rather of reputation in his own county, than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom before the business of the ship-money; but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who he was that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and property of the kingdom, and rescue his country, as he thought, from being made a prey to the court."

Wentworth—bolder than either Laud or Charles, at all events more daring—suggested that Hampden should be publicly whipped. He had great faith in a painful and humiliating punishment; and, to his mind, stripping and scourging your foe was not only an end of the argument with him but a lesson to others who might feel inclined to take part in the controversy. Wentworth's advice was not accepted, and Hampden was permitted to escape at the cost of his pocket only.

Rapidly the end drew near. Wentworth, with relentless ferocity, crushing wherever it was possible every sort of political freedom; Laud, with ridiculous ceremonies and shameless blasphemies; consigning all who differed from him to gaol, the whipping post, the pillory, the gallows,—beating down as much as was in him all spiritual liberty; Charles marching between these two supporters—with a proud smile and a haughty step—to certain destruction.

So passed eleven years. Scotland, as we have seen, was driven into fury by the bishops, and displayed, not without result, the blue flag of the Covenant. Ireland, no less maddened by the insolence, rapacity, and intolerance of Wentworth, rose in rebellion, and began the struggle with a butchery. England was making a steadier, less demonstrative stand, biding her time, but with the end very clearly in view—illegally tax-

unjustly punished—scorned, bearded, derided, and defied—but very patient under it all, not willing to plunge into civil war, nor willing to shed blood.

But when, after eleven years waiting, the Commons were again assembled, and stood face to face with the king, the haughty bearing of the monarch and the insolence of his two advisers hastened the end.

Wentworth—now Strafford—was known to be the worst enemy of his country. He was a renegade. He had deserted his former friends; and, from being the advocate of freedom, had become the embodiment of



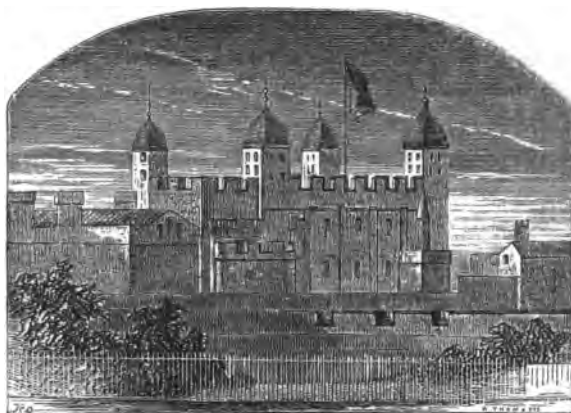
John Pym.

(From a Print by Houbraken.)

despotism. When Wentworth abandoned the cause of reform, Pym said to him, "You are going to leave us, but we will never leave you while your head is on your shoulders." And he kept his word. It was plain—plain even to Strafford himself—that he had made so many enemies as to render his position highly dangerous. He, it was felt, must be secured and promptly dealt with. When the king requested him to come to London he hesitated, represented to Charles the danger which threatened; but the king would listen to nothing, saw no danger—what could these Commons do while he was king! Strafford came to him, and three days

afterwards he was arrested. The following account of his arrest is given by Baillie, one of the Scotch Commissioners :—

“He calls rudely at the door : James Maxwell, keeper of the black rod, opens. His lordship, with a proud gloomy countenance, makes towards his place at the board head : but at once many bid him avoid the house ; so he is forced in confusion to go back till he is called. After consultation, being called in, he stands, but is commanded to kneel, and on his knees to hear the sentence. Being on his knees, he is delivered to the keeper of the black rod, to be prisoner till he was cleared of these crimes the House of Commons had charged him with. He offered to speak, but was commanded to be gone without a word. In the outer room, James



The Tower of London.

Maxwell required him, as prisoner, to deliver his sword. When he had got it, he cries with a loud voice for his man to carry my lord-lieutenant's sword. This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coach, all gazing, no man capping him, before whom, that morning, the greatest of England would have stood uncovered, all crying, 'What is the matter?' He said, 'A small matter, I warrant you.' They replied, 'Yes, indeed, high treason is a small matter.' Coming to his place where he expected his coach, it was not there, so he behoved to return the same way, through a crowd of gazing people. When at last he found his coach, and was entering, James Maxwell told him, 'Your lordship is my prisoner, and must go in my coach ;' so he behoved to do."

In a few days Strafford was committed to the Tower. Other offenders

of less degree were immediately arrested, and the panic was great. Evidently these Commissioners were in earnest, and after all this king was not omnipotent. "These terrible reformers," as Clarendon calls them, were bent on doing justice. Soon after the arrest of Strafford, Laud was in custody—and both were lodged in the Tower on charges of high treason.

Strafford was brought to trial in Westminster-hall on the 22nd of March, 1641. He was taken from the Tower guarded by a hundred soldiers, who with the officers filled six barges, and on landing at Westminster he was received and conducted forward by two hundred of the trained band. On his appearance the porter demanded of the Usher of the Black Rod whether the ax should be borne before him; but the answer was, No—it had been expressly forbidden by the king.

The trial lasted eighteen days. The impeachment consisted of twenty-eight articles, and Strafford's reply filled "two hundred sheets of paper." On the second day Pym opened the proceedings with an eloquent charge, beginning—"My lords, we stand here by the commandment of the knights, citizens, and burgesses, now assembled for the commons in parliament, and we are ready to make good that impeachment whereby Thomas, Earl of Strafford, who stands charged in their name, and in the name of all the commons of England, with high treason. This, my lords, is a great cause, and we might sink under the weight of it, and be astonished with the lustre of this noble assembly, if there were not in the cause strength and vigour to support itself, and to encourage us. It is the cause of the king: it concerns his majesty in the honour of his government, in the safety of his person, in the stability of his crown. It is the cause of the kingdom: it concerns not only the peace and prosperity, but even the being of the kingdom. We have that piercing eloquence, the cries, and groans, and tears of all the subjects assisting us. We have the three kingdoms, England, and Scotland, and Ireland, in travail and agitation with us, bowing themselves, like the hinds spoken of in Job, to cast out their sorrows. Truth and goodness, my lords, they are the beauty of the soul, they are the perfection of all created natures, they are the image and character of God upon the creatures. This beauty, evil spirits and evil men have lost; but yet there are none so wicked, but they desire to march under the show and shadow of it, though they hate the reality of it. This unhappy earl, now the object of your lordships' justice, hath taken as much care, hath used as much cunning, to set a face and countenance of honesty in the performance of all these actions. My lords, it is the greatest baseness of

wickedness, that it dares not look in its own colours, nor be seen in its natural countenance. But virtue, as it is amiable in all aspects, so the least is not this, that it puts on a nobleness, it puts a bravery on the mind; and lifts it above hopes and fears, above favour and displeasure: it makes it always uniform and constant to itself. The service commanded to me and my colleagues, is to take off those vizards of truth and uprightness, which hath been sought to be put upon this cause, and to show you his actions and intentions in their own natural blackness and deformity." He proceeded to strip off the glossy coverings beneath which Strafford had endeavoured to conceal his real actions. So the trial proceeded, Strafford being called on for his defence at the end of every particular charge. Says Clarendon—"All the hasty and proud expressions that he had uttered at any time since he was first made a privy councillor; all the acts of passion or power that he had exercised in Yorkshire, from the time that he was first president there; his engaging himself in projects in Ireland, as the sole making of flax and selling tobacco in that kingdom; his extraordinary proceedings against Lord Mountnorris and the Lord Chancellor Loftus; his assuming a power of judicature at the council table to determine private interest and matter of inheritance; some rigorous and extra-judicial determinations in cases of plantations; some high discourses at the council-table in Ireland; and some casual and light discourses at his own table and at public meetings; and, lastly, some words spoken in secret council in this kingdom, after the dissolution of the last parliament, were urged and pressed against him to make good the general charge of an endeavour to overthrow the fundamental government of the kingdom, and to introduce an arbitrary power. In his defence the Earl behaved himself with great show of humility and submission, but yet with such a kind of courage as would lose no advantage; and, in truth, made his defence with all imaginable dexterity, answering this and evading that with all possible skill and eloquence; and though he knew not till he came to the bar upon what parts of his charge they would proceed against him, or what evidence they would produce, he took very little time to recollect himself, and left nothing unsaid that might make for his own justification."

It was a difficult matter for the Commons to fix on him, in the then condition of the law, the charge of high treason. In justice the proofs were plain, and it was patent to all that he had abused his power over the king to the detriment of the people—that he had abused the royal authority, and been guilty of the worst crimes which a statesman and a

ruler can commit. He defended himself with great calmness and eloquence, but the trial ended in his conviction and condemnation to death. Not without an effort to save the life of his servant did Charles permit him to go to the scaffold, but the Commons were inexorable.

In passing from his apartment to Tower Hill, where the scaffold was erected, Strafford stopped under the window of Laud's prison. "Laud was on the watch, and putting forth his hands from his window, bestowed his blessing. That was all that his weakness and his emotion permitted. He sank, overcome with his grief, to the floor. Strafford made a profound



Traitor's Gate, Tower of London.

obedience, and the procession moved on. But after a few steps the Earl turned round again, bowed to the ground once more, saying, 'Farewell, my lord, God protect your innocence!' Then proceeding again, he assumed a lofty and dignified air, more even than was usual to him. At the Tower-gate the lieutenant requested him to enter a coach, lest the people should wreak their hatred upon him; but he declined, saying, 'No, master lieutenant, I dare look death in the face, and I hope the people too. Have you a care that I do not escape, and I care not how I die, whether by the executioner, or the madness of the people. If that give them better satisfaction, it is all one to me.' He was accompanied

to the scaffold by Archbishop Usher, the Earl of Cleveland, and his brother, Sir George Wentworth, and others of his friends were there to take their leave of him. The crowd assembled to see their great enemy depart was immense, and he made a speech from notes which he had prepared, still protesting his innocence; declaring that so far from wishing to put an end to parliaments, he had always regarded them, under God, as the best means to make the king and his people happy. His head fell at a single blow, and the astonished people could scarcely believe that they saw the last of their mortal enemy. They retired in quietness, as if overcome by the greatness of the satisfaction; but they testified their joy in the evening by bonfires in the streets."

The Commons, having thus by the death of the Earl of Strafford removed the grand obstacle, as they imagined, to their intended reformation of the State, proceeded on their projected plan with the utmost industry and vigour. Both the Court of High Commission and the Star Chamber were abolished; the proceedings of the Council of State were regulated and its authority abridged. Not without alarm Charles saw himself deprived of his most dangerous weapons; but finding it impossible to resist, considering that he had no resource in case of rupture, he granted his royal sanction to the bills.

But though Charles remained passive he was by no means an unconcerned spectator of the encroachments made on his prerogative. The remonstrances of the Commons irritated and excited in his breast the keenest resentment; he sought for opportunities of humiliating them and of regaining his former ascendancy, and he was at last led to take the fatal step which may be considered as the immediate cause of the civil war—namely, the Arrest of the Five Members.

From the journal kept by D'Ewes, and from other records in the State paper office, Mr. Forster has thrown a light—sought in vain either in Hume or Clarendon—on this page of English history. He shows that this fatal step was not the mere passionate outburst of an exasperated man, but a deep laid plot—a plot designed for the final overthrow of law, justice, and the popular will. On the return of the king from his journey to Scotland, where he had arranged affairs with the Covenanters and endeavoured to render himself popular, he was well received in London, and the Royalist party rejoiced in the supposition that the threatening storm was over and that henceforth the Commons would be his very obedient subjects. Availing himself of this temporary lull the king



endeavoured to draw those around him, and to place them in positions of trust, on whom he could rely the most securely; but he was soon convinced that the Commons were still untractable and that the people were in no mood to yield. Crowds flocked around Westminster crying out against the bishops, for Episcopacy as represented by Laud and his creatures had roused the indignation of the country. A wise king—even a man of common prudence—would have listened to the complaint and endeavoured, if only for self's sake, to satisfy the popular demand; but Charles, blind to his own interest and relying on the improved fortunes of the Royalists, openly defied the people. He removed the trained bands on guard in the Parliament houses and placed in their stead troopers on whom he could rely; he issued further offensive orders with regard to religious worship, made Privy Councillors of those who were the most deadly enemies of the Commons; proclaimed the severest penalties on all who should impugn the liturgy; pressed hard upon all Puritan offenders, remitted the pains and penalties against the recusants, and sent angry messages to the House disapproving of their discussions and chiding them as a pedagogue might chide unruly scholars.

The Tower of London, a position of real importance in those days, was at that time held by Balfour—a known and trusted partizan of the Commonwealth. By the king's order this honest man was suddenly deprived of his office and the governorship given to Colonel Lunsford, a dissolute "young outlaw who feared neither God nor man." The Commons petitioned against the appointment, and invited Lord Newport, the Constable, to take the command. The king deprived him of his office and accused him of some foolish, if not treasonable, language—a charge which he afterwards withdrew.

While this affair of the Tower was occupying public attention, the terms Cavalier and Roundhead first came into use. The Roundheads were so called on account of their wearing their hair closely cropped. A song, printed in 1641, commences—

What creature's this, with his short hairs,  
His little band and huge long ears  
That this new faith hath founded?  
The Puritans were never such,  
The Saints themselves had ne'er so much:  
Oh, such a knave's a Roundhead.

They were held in such horror by the Cavaliers that it is related of a

Hampshire vicar that he used to say in the church service, "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be a Roundhead."

On the 27th of December, 1641, the first blood was drawn in the great civil war. Crowds of citizens thronged round the House, crying "No bishops!" one brawling Roundhead offended at "the lug" of a Royalist got "slashed" for his pains—the said Cavalier drawing his sword and stabbing him.

The noisy crowds outside the House were, doubtless, distasteful to the bishops, and the right reverend prelates complained that it was not a free Parliament. There was more in this than met the eye. If the Parliament was not free none of its acts were valid; the king and the bishops knew this well enough when the declaration was drawn up and placed in the royal hands. It was a wily scheme for the undermining of all the acts of the Commons, and there seemed every chance of its being very quickly carried through, but Parliament heard of it in time and summoned the prelates—twelve in number—to its bar as traitors, and sent all but two—sparing them on account of their age and infirmities—to the Tower.

The king offered no resistance to this step, but he sought for opportunity of involving those who had taken it in ruin. One man among the Commons he hated with a special hatred—namely, John Pym, Strafford's accuser—and next to him, John Hampden: he had not forgiven him for the twenty-shillings ship money. It was apprehended by the Commons that the king would resort to some act of violence, especially as he had removed the trained bands and officered the troops on guard with his own creatures. So the members filled the House with their own halberds and kept watch by turns. In the meantime they sent a request that the trained band might be recalled, and were refused. While the Commons were listening as patiently as might be to the royal refusal, the Lords were "appalled" by a charge of treason.

Herbert, the attorney-general, by the king's order repaired to the House of Peers and in his Majesty's name preferred a charge of high treason against Lord Kimbolton and five Commons—Hollis, Sir Arthur Hazelrig, John Hampden, John Pym, and Strode. The whole nation was confounded at this impertinent accusation, so suddenly concerted and so rashly executed. But the people were allowed no leisure to wonder at the extreme folly of this measure; their amazement was excited by new attempts still more rash and inconsiderate. A sergeant-at-arms repaired to the House of Commons and demanded, in the king's name, the five

impeached members. They bade him withdraw, and sent a deputation to the king stating that they held the members ready to answer any legal charge that might be brought against them. The deputation reached Whitehall at midnight, but one only of their number was admitted to the king. As soon as his Majesty had dismissed them he went straight to the queen, who is said to have cried, "Allez poltron ! go, pull these rogues out by the ears, ou ne me revoyez jamais !" The answer of the king is not repeated, but he sent directly to the city forbidding the authorities to grant a guard to the House of Commons. London's chief magistrate was fast asleep when the messenger arrived, and learned that the Commons had already made their application for the trained band.

Next day Pym in the Commons read out the charges of high treason and turned them all against the Court. Hampden addressed the House, and the business was proceeded with without any unnecessary heat or violence, when King Charles himself appeared. His visit was fortunately expected by the House, as, unfortunately for his project, his queen had betrayed his intention of arresting the five members with a guard which he took with him—an act which the queen highly approved and mentioned to my Lady Carlisle, who straightway sent word to Pym, and thus saved the country from a scene of bloodshed and violence. The news came just in time for Pym and the rest to escape, for as they did so there was a loud knocking at the door, and the king appeared accompanied by five or six hundred armed men.

Charles entered the House attended only by his nephew Charles the Prince Palatinate, the armed men waiting in Westminster Hall and at the door of the Commons. He walked straight up the House, the door being held by Capt. Hide with his unsheathed sword raised in his hand, and the company of "Swash Bucklers" without ready to fall on and massacre the members at a word. As the king advanced towards the Speaker's chair, he said—"Mr. Speaker, I must make bold to take your chair." The House rose and stood uncovered, the Speaker bowed and stepped aside, but the king did not sit down; the only person who sat was young Mr. Rushworth, taking notes for the king.

"Gentlemen," said Charles, "I am sorry for this occasion of coming unto you. Yesterday I sent a sergeant-at-arms upon a very important occasion to apprehend some that by my command were accused of high treason : whereunto I did expect obedience and not a message. And I must declare unto you here that albeit no king that ever was in England

shall be more careful of your privileges, to maintain them to the uttermost of his power than I shall be, yet you must know that in cases of treason no person hath a privilege. And therefore I am come to know if any of those persons that are so accused are here."

He paused, and cast his eyes upon all the members in the House, saying—"I do not see any of them; I think I would know them. For I must tell you, gentlemen," he resumed, "that so long as these persons that I have accused (for no slight crime, but for treason) are here I cannot expect this House will be in the right way that I so heartily wish it. Therefore, I am come to tell you that I must have them wheresoever I find them."

Then again he hesitated, and called out, "Is Mr. Pym here?" to which nobody gave answer.

Next he asked for Mr. Hollis, still no one spoke. Turning to the Speaker he pressed on him the question, were the accused mentioned present. The Speaker, kneeling down, besought his Majesty to pardon him, as he could neither see nor speak but by command of the House.

"Well, well! 'tis no matter," said the king; "I think my eyes are as good as another's."

There was deep silence in the chamber.

"After that long pause," says that excellent authority, Forster, "the dreadful silence, as one member called it, Charles spoke again to the crowd of mute and sullen faces. The complete failure of his scheme was now accomplished, and all its possible consequences, all the suspicions and retaliations to which it had laid him open, appeared to have rushed upon his mind. 'Well, since I see all my birds are flown, I do expect from you that you will send them unto me as soon as they return hither. But, I assure you, on the word of a king, I never did intend any force, but shall proceed against them in a legal and fair way, for I never meant any other. And now, since I see I cannot do what I came for, I think this no unfit occasion to repeat what I have said formerly, that whatsoever I have done in favour, and to the good of my subjects, I do mean to maintain it; I will trouble you no more, but tell you I do expect, as soon as they come to the House, you will send them to me; otherwise I must take my own course to find them.' To that closing sentence, the note left by Sir Ralph Verney makes a not unimportant addition, which, however, appears nowhere in Rushworth's report: 'For their treason was foul, and

such an one as they would all thank him to discover.' If uttered, it was an escape of angry assertion from amid forced and laboured apologies, and so far would agree with what D'Ewes observed of his change of manner at the time: 'After he had ended his speech, he went out of the House in a more discontented and angry passion than he came in, going out again between myself and the south end of the clerk's table, and the Prince Elector after him.' But he did not leave as he had entered, in silence. Low mutterings of fierce discontent broke out as he passed along, and 'many members cried out aloud, so as he might hear them, *Privilege! Privilege!*' With these words, ominous of ill, ringing in his ear, he repassed to his palace through the lane, again formed, of his armed adherents, and amid audible shouts of as evil augury from desperadoes disappointed of their prey. Eagerly in that lobby had the word been waited for which must have been the prelude to a terrible scene. Lady Carlisle alone had prevented it."

Great was the contention in the House on the king's withdrawal. The members, to testify that they no longer felt safe at Westminster, betook themselves to the city, where they established a committee. Into the city next day went Charles, demanding of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen that they should hunt out and deliver to him the accused members. His passage through the city was attended by continued cries of "Privilege! privilege of Parliament!" and a zealous ironmonger and pamphleteer threw a paper into the king's carriage bearing the ominous words, "To your tents, O Israel!"

Still persisting by proclamation in endeavouring to get possession of the five members, the city was placed under arms, and crowds of mounted gentlemen came up to measure swords, if necessary, on behalf of the Parliament, which was to reassemble at Westminster on the 11th of January. A thousand mariners and boatmen signed a memorial to the committee of the Commons sitting at Guildhall, offering to guard them on the appointed day to their House at Westminster. The offer was accepted. Another memorial was sent in with a similar offer from the London 'prentices—a formidable body of young men and lads who knew how to handle a sword as well as a quarterstaff in the Chepe. London—nay, the whole country—appeared of one mind. That attempt to "pull the rogues out by the ears" was a fatal blunder! The king felt that his violent invasion of the national sanctity of the House of Commons had raised a storm which it was impossible for him to control, but a storm which

might, perhaps, subside, if left alone. So he retired with his family from Whitehall, to return to it seven years later a prisoner to die!

London kept high holiday on the return of the Parliament to Westminster. The Thames was covered with boats and other vessels furnished with small pieces of ordnance. Skippon, whom the Parliament had constituted by their own order Major-General of the City Militia, escorted the members at the head of a tumultuous army to Westminster Hall. When the populace by land and water passed Whitehall they asked insultingly, "What has become of the king and the Cavaliers?" The king saw plainly the error he had committed, and sent a message to the Commons requesting that they might agree upon some legal method of prosecuting the offending members lest some further misunderstanding should happen with respect to their privileges. They required him to lay the grounds of accusation before the House that they might judge, in the first place, whether it was proper to subject these members to a trial. The king in reply informed them that he would, for the present, decline all prosecution—he offered a pardon to the members, offered to assent to any law that should acquit or secure them, and to make any reparation to the House for the breach of privilege of which he acknowledged they had just cause to complain. But all his concessions came too late.

The Commons having heard that the king's friends were collecting troops immediately ordered such troops to be dispersed by the trained bands, and Lunsford and Digby, the promoters of the scheme, were attached for high treason. Orders were also issued that all fortified places should be held for the Parliament, and the Tower of London was placed under the city authorities.

Every day, every hour the estrangement between the king and the Commons became greater—the gulf that divided them broader and deeper. War was inevitable. Affairs had reached a crisis in which every man must stand on one side or the other. There was no room for neutrals. The king was busy raising forces; the Parliament was assembling its troops; the whole country was stirred—there was convulsion and strife in every town, in every village, in every family.

On the 10th of June the Commons issued an address, receiving money and plate for maintaining the struggle, engaging to pay eight per cent. interest, and appointing Sir John Wollaston and three other aldermen of London treasurers, who were authorised to give receipts. In a very short

time an immense treasure was accumulated in Guildhall, the poor contributing as freely as the rich. Charles wrote to the Corporation of London, forbidding this collection, but without effect. He made an attempt also to secure the fleet, inducing the Earl of Warwick to surrender the command to Admiral Pennington, but only five captains consented, and these were speedily secured and superseded. On the 12th of July Parliament appointed the Earl of Essex commander of the army, and many members of the Parliament, both Lords and Commons, took commissions under him. Amongst these were Sir John Merrick, Lord Grey of Groby, Denzell Hollis, Sir William Waller, Hampden, and Cromwell. Hampden's regiment was clad in a green uniform, and carried a banner, having on one side his motto, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*," on the other, "God is with us." Cromwell, who was also appointed a colonel, was extremely active in the eastern counties. The whole country was thrown into the most wonderful state of confusion by the exertions of the noblemen and gentlemen endeavouring to seize strong places, and engage the people, some for this side, some for that. Never had there been such a state of anarchy, opposition, and rending asunder of old ties. For the most part, the southern counties and mercantile places were for the Parliament—the more purely agricultural and remote districts for the king. In many, however, there was a pretty equal division of interests, and fierce contests for superiority. In Lincolnshire Lord Willoughby of Parham was very successful for Parliament. In Essex the Earl of Warwick was equally so; and Kent, Surrey, Middlesex, and the sea-coast of Sussex, were strongly Parliamentary. Cromwell did wonders in Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridge. In Berkshire Hampden and the Earl of Holland were opposed by the Earl of Berkshire, Lord Lovelace, and others; but the Earl of Berkshire was seized by Hampden, and sent up to the Parliament. In Buckinghamshire Hampden had it nearly all his own way. Colonel Goring, who was governor of Portsmouth, after receiving a large sum from Parliament to put that place in full condition of defence, betrayed it, as he had before done the royal party; but the Parliament seized the Earl of Portland, Goring's ally, and put the Isle of Wight into the keeping of the Earl of Pembroke. Warwickshire was divided betwixt Lord Brooke for the Parliament, and the Earl of Northampton for the king. Leicestershire betwixt the Earl of Huntingdon for the king, and of Stamford for the Parliament. Derbyshire was almost wholly for the king, and so on northward; yet in Yorkshire Lord Fairfax was zealous for

But he was not wanting in courtesy : he sent out a polite message, inviting the king and twelve attendants to enter to eat of his meat and drink of his wine ; but he could not, he would not, admit three hundred troopers. Charles refused to enter without his guard, and stayed outside Beverley Gate from one o'clock till four parleying with the governor, who would listen to no other terms than those he had himself proposed. At four o'clock Charles and his troopers went away for an hour to give Hotham time to think of it, but on his return at five o'clock he still found the governor inexorable, so he proclaimed him a traitor, and rode off to Beverley.

Failing in this stratagem, failing also to terrify Hotham by threats or to tempt him by bribes, Charles tried a new plan to obtain possession of Hull. The story is thus related by a popular historian :—" A Lieutenant Fawkes, serving in Hull, had married the daughter of a Mr. Beckwith, of Beverley. Beckwith wrote to Fawkes, desiring him to come to Beverley, to speak with him. This letter Fawkes showed to Hotham's secretary, who laid it before the governor. By him it was arranged that Fawkes should go to Beverley, and make himself master of the object of the invitation. He was warmly welcomed by his father-in-law, and introduced to a number of gentlemen, all of whom were strangers to him, except one, who had a mask on, and whom he recognised as Sir Jocelyn Percy, a Catholic living in Beverley. All, who were professedly warm friends of the king, were extremely civil to Fawkes, and said they were certain that he and his captain could mean no disloyalty to the king, but consented to do what they did in Hull as soldiers. They told him that if he and his captain would find some way of surrendering the king's own town to him, the king would guarantee one thousand pounds a year to the captain, and five hundred pounds a year to himself, as well as one thousand pounds in money. The lieutenant fell very naturally into the scheme in appearance, promised to do his best, and took fifty gold pieces which were offered him as an earnest, and arranged to correspond with his father-in-law on the subject.

" On returning to Hull, and detailing the overture to the governor, it was determined to appear to favour the design. Fawkes wrote, saying that all promised well. A correspondence was kept up with the parties in Beverley, and at length it was fixed that on a certain night the king should send one thousand horse to Hull, with five hundred foot soldiers riding behind the horsemen, and that they should be admitted at two o'clock in the morning. This being accepted, Hotham then laid the



matter before a council of war, when the officers were for letting in the soldiers, and then cutting them to pieces. But Hotham had probably his instructions from Parliament not to commence the bloodshed, and he therefore sent a messenger post haste to York, to inform the king that the whole scheme was known to him. Parliament sent public thanks to Sir John, and arrested Beckwith, who, however, was rescued out of the



officers' hands by the king's followers. Hotham, to prevent any further attempts to seize the arms and ammunition, shipped them off to London."

Soon there joined the king's army Rupert with his younger brother Maurice, sons of the Palatinate. They were placed at the head of the royal cavalry, and Rupert—Rupert the Robber, as he soon came to be called—committed all kinds of devastation, and was as truculent as ever

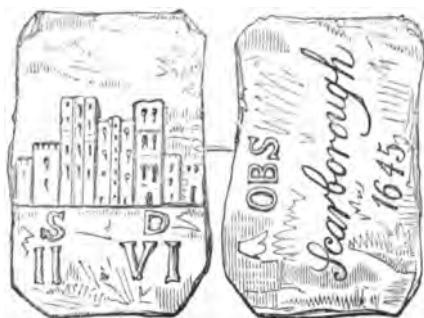
trooper could desire to be. He commanded the people to join the king's standard; he scorned those who talked of peace; he had drawn his sword to teach the insubordinate Commons—the cropped knaves of Parliament—religion and loyalty. As for those who resisted, they should smart for



Rupert's Troopers at a Country Inn.

it while they had a sheep to lose or a rick to burn. The king's horse became the terror of the midland counties. They rode up to the door of hostel or farm-house, they called for what they wanted, they drank health

to the king and confusion to his foes; they derided the least sign of puritanism, and the poor Roundheads had a hard time of it with these swashbucklers, who were not above acknowledging beauty, even in the wife, sister, niece, or daughter of Obadiah, and of expressing admiration in language very far removed from the staid phrases of the conventicle. The king's horse forming their opinion of the Puritans from the fanatical and the timid, imagining that the country louts would offer them no resistance, took it for granted that the Commons would be easily disposed of. Rupert the Robber was about to make short work of it, and carry majesty back to Whitehall in triumph.



Scarborough, 2s 6d



Colchester Shilling



Eeeston Castle Shilling.



Newark Shilling.

While Rupert was thus engaged the king was positively assuring the people that in himself they were to recognise the defender of liberty, the dispenser of justice, and the champion of popular rights. Money was difficult to obtain, but a good deal of plate was sent in by noblemen attached to the royal cause, and this was melted down, and a new but rude coinage minted by the king's command. We furnish some specimens of this rude coinage.

As the royal army increased in strength and numbers, it was closely watched by the Parliamentary forces under the Earl of Essex, and on the 23rd of October, 1642, the King and the Commons fought their first pitched battle at

EDGE HILL.

It was Sunday morning, and the Royal army was posted on the height of Edge Hill. Below, in the broad valley of the Red Horse were the Parliamentary forces, having the disadvantage of charging up hill in the face of a deadly fire. King Charles, clad in a suit of armour, was with his troops, endeavouring to sustain their courage, by a great show of cheerfulness. Lindsay was there, an old and experienced officer, warmly attached to the royal cause, but impatient at the liberty allowed to the youthful Rupert, whose insolence and rapacity had induced many to leave the king's service. Rupert commanded the right wing of the horse, Lord Wilmot held command of the left, and there was a reserve force commanded by Lord Digby and Sir John Byron.

The Parliamentary forces were inferior in point of numbers to those of the king; but the artillery was in much better condition, and the cavalry well mounted.

Several hours elapsed without any attack being made on either side. At two o'clock a cannon was fired, but it seems to be uncertain on which side. It was followed by a roar of artillery from the Parliamentarians, and a rapid descent of the hill by the Royalists. A dashing charge was made by the Parliamentary cavalry on the king's centre, but the pikes of the infantry offered an irresistible barrier, and drove them back in confusion. Rupert, in the mean time, charged the left wing of the Parliamentarians, broke it, and pursued the fugitives into the village of Keinton, where his men occupied themselves in the congenial work of plunder. Rupert being off the field at a time when his services were most in request, the royal cause suffered, as it always suffered from his impetuosity. Essex and Lindsay, each marching at the head of his body of infantry, came into action. These two brave men had often fought together side by side; now they stood opposed, and each fought well. The cavaliers had expected to see the Roundheads retreat before them. Lindsay expected no such sight; he knew his old friend Essex too well to suppose he would lead mere tapsters and town 'prentices to the attack. The battle became close—raged with terrible fury: the left wing of the king's army fell back behind a body of pikemen, but the Parliamentarians broke through the

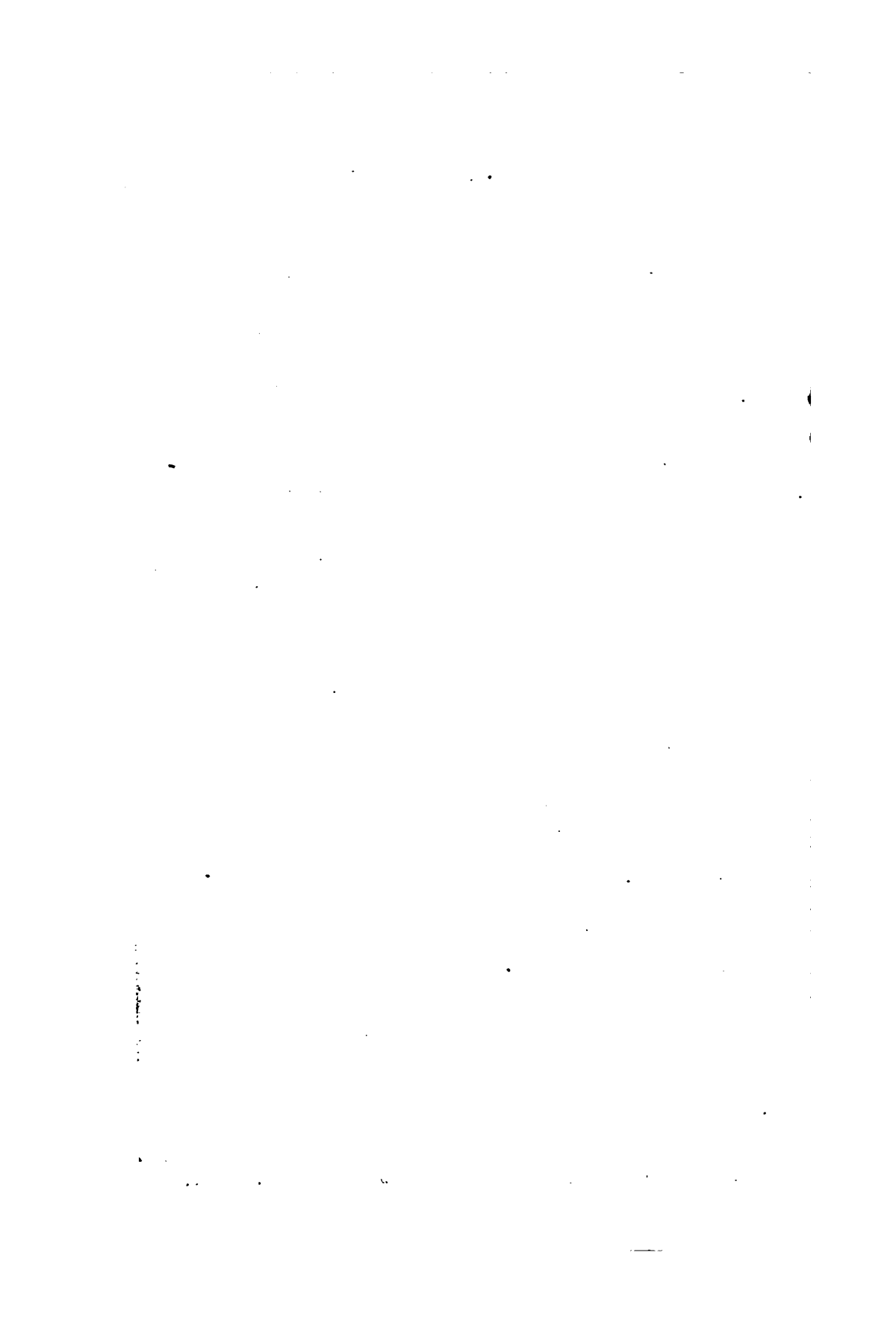
ranks and seized a battery of cannon. While this was going on in one part of the field, the Royalists were displaying extraordinary bravery in another. They were charged in front and flank, overpowered by numbers and broken, just as Rupert, flushed with supposed triumph, rode back



The Fight for the Standard.

from Keinton too late to be of further service. Sir Edward Varney, the king's standard bearer, had been slain, and the standard taken.\* Night put an end to the battle, both parties claiming the victory. The Parlia-

\* This standard being entrusted by Essex to Chambers, his secretary, was, either by treachery, or mistake, given up to a Captain Smith, one of the king's officers, who for the service was made a baronet on the field.





JOHN HAMPDEN FATALLY WOUNDED AT CHALGROVE FIELD.

mentarians fell back, and the next morning Charles marched away into Banbury. About twelve hundred men perished in this battle.

Tidings of the battle, variously represented, spread far and wide. In London the trained bands were kept constantly under arms, and trenches were thrown up round the city. During the winter Charles lay at Oxford; Rupert the Robber exercising his marauding games in the neighbourhood, extending his flying excursions to Gloucestershire, Wilts, Hants, and even as far as Bath; he also paid visits and levied black mail in Bucks and Berkshire.

In June, 1643, Rupert one night trotted away with a couple of thousand men from Oxford, meaning to make short work of two Parliamentary regiments lying at Wycombe. John Hampden heard of this intention, and, not content with warning Essex, rode out himself with a body of cavalry and encountered Rupert on

#### CHALGROVE FIELD.

Macaulay in one of his brilliant essays tells the story.

"Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the general. 'The cavaliers,' he said, 'could return only by Chiselhampton Bridge. A force ought to be instantly despatched in that direction for the purpose of intercepting them.' In the mean time, he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. But 'he was,' says Lord Clarendon, 'second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men.' On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge, Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

"Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had



carried home his bride Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither to die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the headquarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of Buckinghamshire Greencoats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine."

Some few things he said have been preserved. We repeat them here.

"Though he could not away with the governance of the Church by bishops, and did utterly abominate the scandalous life of some of its clergymen, he thought its doctrines, in the greater part, primitive, and conformable to God's word as Holy Scripture revealed." As his life grew shorter, his conversation became more devout. His last moments were spent in fervent prayer. "O Lord God of Hosts, great is thy mercy. Great and holy are thy dealings with us sinful men. Save me, oh Lord, if it be thy good will, from the jaws of death! Pardon my manifold transgressions, and, Lord, save my bleeding country. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error, and turn the heart of his wicked counsellors from the malice and wretchedness of their designs. Lord Jesus, receive my soul! Oh Lord, save my country! Oh Lord, be merciful to——" The sentence was never finished. The next morning Hampden was no more. Far and near men wept as they heard the melancholy news. Never was a great leader cut off more inopportunistly. Clarendon tells us his death "occasioned as great a consternation to his friends as if their whole army had been defeated and cut off." They buried him by the side of his heir, where the bones of his loved ones lay. They gave him a soldier's funeral. With arms reversed and muffled drums, the troops followed his body to the grave. As they went, they sang how God had been his dwelling-place in all generations. As they returned, they sang the forty-third Psalm.

Hampden died, but the cause to which he had devoted his life lived. He left behind him men of the same true spirit and glorious aim. His

name is a watchword still. When the men of England have to be invoked—when “the good old cause,” as Sydney, who died for it on the scaffold, termed it, is in danger, they are told—

“Yours are Hampden’s, Russell’s glory—  
Sydney’s matchless shade is yours,  
Martyrs in heroic story,  
Worth a thousand Agincourts.”

Affairs were going on badly with the Parliament, and the Royalists were looking forward confidently to a successful conclusion of the campaign. Queen Henrietta joined her liege lord the king, his majesty meet-



Oxford.

ing her at Edge Hill, and conducting her in triumph to Oxford. The poets sang her praises as that of a heroine bringing victory: one of them set forth—

“When gallant Grenville stoutly stood  
And stopped the gap up with his blood,  
When Hopton led his Cornish band  
Where the sly conqueror durst not stand,  
We knew the queen was nigh at hand.

“When great Newcastle so came forth,  
As in nine days he scoured the north,  
When Fairfax’ vast, perfidious force  
Was shrunk to five invisible horse,  
When none but lady — staid to fight,  
We knew our queen was come in sight.

“When with Carnarvon, who still hit  
With his keen blade and keener wit,  
Stood Wilmot, Byron, Crawford, who  
Struck yesterday a glorious blow,  
When Waller could but bleed and fret,  
Then—then the sacred couple met.”

While this was going on at Oxford, the work of putting London into a posture of defence was rapidly carried on. All hands to the spade. Trench works were dug deep and wide, and earth works run up strong and firm. Boys and women worked in the trenches. The Commons felt their danger, and bestirred themselves as brave men should.

Essex was still in command of the Parliamentary army, and hearing that the city of Gloucester had been invested by the Royal forces, he marched to its relief. His appearance broke up the Royal camp and delivered the city; but his return march was harassed by Rupert, and at Newbury disputed by the king. At

#### NEWBURY

the king's army was posted along the banks of the river, so as to prevent the passage of Essex's troops. "Every part where there was a chance of the Parliamentary forces attempting a crossing was strongly defended by breastworks, and musketeers lined the houses facing the river. It was supposed that Charles could easily keep the Roundheads at bay, and force them to retreat or starve. Essex drew up his forces, however, to great advantage upon an eminence called Bigg's Hill, about half a mile from the town, and Charles was prepared to wait for a chance of taking him at an advantage. But the rashness of the young cavaliers under such men as Digby, Carnarvon, and Jermyn, led to skirmishes with the Parliamentarians, and very soon Charles found himself so far involved, that he was obliged to give orders for a general engagement. The Royal horse charged that of Essex with a recklessness amounting almost to contempt; but though they threw them into disorder, they found it a different matter with the infantry, consisting of the train-bands and apprentices of London. They received the cavaliers on their pikes, and stood as immovable as a rock, and showed such resolute and steady spirit, that they soon allowed the horse to recover itself, and the whole army fought with desperation till it was dark. The effect was such, that Charles would not risk another day of it." During the night the king's troops withdrew, and the way was left open for Essex, who hurried on immediately to London.

Meantime there was one man rapidly rising with distinction and carrying with him the fortunes of the Commons. This was Oliver Cromwell. Various stories have been related of his boyhood—more or less to be relied on—none of them more curious than the following:—When James was making his progress from Scotland to London on

the death of the queen, he and his retinue put up for a while at the house of the father of Oliver Cromwell. Oliver was then a child of three or four years old. He and Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.)



were playing together, when, the imperious behaviour of the young prince offended little Nol, and he struck the prince in the face and made the blood flow copiously. On another occasion he is said to have dreamt that the curtains of his bed were slowly withdrawn by a gigantic female

figure, who told him that before his death he should be the greatest man in England. In the third parliament of Charles I., Cromwell took his seat in parliament for Huntingdon. Heartily weary of the unconstitutional proceedings of the monarch, and seeing no clear way to an end, it is said that Cromwell and many other puritans who afterwards fought valiantly for the popular cause would have retired from England. In Holland or in America they would have sought a new home and then the whole events of English history must have been changed. Without such men as Cromwell, Eliot, Pym, Hampden, and others of the same stamp, the king must have triumphed. But the king defeated himself. Those who would have quitted the scene of strife were not permitted to depart. Ships ready to weigh anchor were arbitrarily detained, and those who were willing to relinquish any part in the struggle were forced to remain. When the civil war began Cromwell accepted a commission under the Parliament and as captain Oliver fought at Edge Hill. Subsequently he raised a troop of horse, of which he became colonel—a conspicuous man—one of whom King Charles remarked, "I would that some one would do me the good fortune to bring Cromwell to me dead or alive!" He was appointed lieutenant under the Earl of Manchester, but it was in vain that he endeavoured to move the heavy spirit of his superior. Cromwell saw plainly that a few bold strokes would put an end to the war; the earl hesitated; the other generals acted with incautious caution—to Oliver they seemed like men half asleep. He plumply declared there "never would be a good time in England till it had done with the Lords." He openly stated that if he met the king in battle, he would fire his pistol at him as at another man. The men under Cromwell's command resembled their leader; they were worthy of the name of Ironsides; they had learned to fear God and to know no other fear.

As the struggle of the King and the Commons went on, the alliance of the Scots became of increasing importance to each party. The king on his part was willing to concede, in terms at all events, anything the Scots might demand, provided they would render him assistance. But the covenanters doubted his royal word, and were loth to have anything to do with the royal cause; still there was a royalist party in Scotland—Montrose their chief man—and on their help the king had considerable reliance. The Commons were also anxious to conclude an alliance with the Scots, and the Scots on their part were not unwilling to treat with the English Commons. Commoners were therefore sent to Scotland from

the English Parliament, chief of whom was Henry Vane. The proposition of the Scots was that they should invade England on the distinct understanding that the Parliament adopted the covenant and recognised through the two kingdoms the Presbyterian form of government, or, as they vaguely expressed it, "according to the pattern of the most reformed



Arrest of Puritans Embarking for the Colonies.

Church." Vane, relying on the vagueness of the expression, conceded the point, merely introducing the word league as well as covenant, thus giving to the alliance a political as well as religious character. The two houses signed the league and covenant on the 25th of September, 1643, and the Scots undertook to send an army of 21,000 men into England,

commanded by the Earl of Leven, and they were to receive thirty-one thousand pounds a month, one hundred thousand pounds of it in advance and another sum so soon as peace was concluded.

The Scots crossed the Tweed the 16th of January, 1644, and in conjunction with the Parliamentary forces, lay siege to York, defended by the Marquis of Newcastle. Towards the end of June, "Prince Rupert with an army of some twenty thousand fierce men, came pouring over the hills of Lancashire, where he had left harsh traces of himself, to relieve the Marquis of Newcastle," who was now beset by the Yorkshiremen under Fairfax, the Scots under Leven, and the "associated counties" under Cromwell. On hearing of his approach the besiegers raised the siege and drew off in the direction of

#### MARSTON MOOR.

The Scots having marched in advance, were hastily recalled, and formed into line of battle with their comrades in a large rye field on a rising ground, and presented an extensive and imposing front. Some hours were occupied in indecision on both sides, and it was not till five o'clock that the armies were in battle array. There was a ditch between them, and for two hours they gazed at each other, each loth to cross the boundary. Fiery Rupert was in less hurry to begin than usual, and the Marquis of Newcastle, who had no great liking for the smell of powder, had gone home in his carriage fully convinced there would be no battle till the morrow, but Rupert was not disposed to sleep on it. Watching a favourable opportunity, he made a sudden and desperate charge. He and his troopers rushed on the Parliament cavalry, and broke their line effectively. The charge was so impetuous, and at the same time so unexpected, that a panic seized the troops, and officers and men were in full flight before Rupert's horse. Intent only on the work in hand, Rupert pursued the fugitives,—there was all the excitement of a hunt about it,—and the fiery prince forgot all about what might become of the royal army with three thousand cavalry suddenly withdrawn. Excited to enthusiasm by Rupert's success, the royalist infantry rushed forward, and threw the troops under the command of Manchester, Leslie, and Fairfax, into the utmost confusion,—they also fled, and Cromwell was left alone with the right wing of the army to flee or to fight. "Nothing daunted, he attacked the royalist cavalry with such vigour, that he completely routed them, and then turned again to oppose the horse of Rupert, who were

just returning from the chase, to find the rest of their troops in flight. These and a body of pikemen, called "white coats," fought desperately. The cavalry, on exhausting their charges, flung their pistols at each other's heads, and then fell to with their swords. At length the victory remained with Cromwell, Rupert drew off, and Cromwell remained all night on the field. He sent messages after the fugitive generals to recall them, but Leslie was already in bed at Leeds when the news reached him, when he exclaimed, "Would to God I had died on the place!" Cromwell won wondrous renown by this action. He kept the field all night with



Lord Fairfax.

(From a Painting by Walker).

his troopers, who were worn out by the tremendous exertions of the day, and were in expectation every moment of a fresh attack from Rupert, who might have collected a large body of troops together to overwhelm him. But he had lost the battle by his incurable rashness, after having induced the unwilling Newcastle to risk the engagement, and he made his retreat into Lancashire, and thence into the western counties.

"Four thousand one hundred and fifty bodies of the slain were buried on the moor; the greater part of the arms, ammunition, and baggage of



the royalists fell into the hands of Cromwell, with about a hundred colours and standards, including that of Rupert himself, and the arms of the Palatinate. Newcastle evacuated York and retired to the continent, accompanied by the Lords Falconberg and Widderington, and about eighty gentlemen, who believed the royal cause was totally ruined. This bloodiest battle of the war was fought on the 2nd of July, and on the morning of the 4th the Parliamentary forces were again in muster, and sat down under the walls of York. On the 7th, being Sunday, they held a public thanksgiving for their victory, and on the 11th being ready to take the city by escalade, Glenham, the governor, came to terms, on condition that the garrison should be allowed to march out with the honours of war."

After this victory, which quite destroyed the king's power in the north, Cromwell became still more dissatisfied with those rulers who were for doing nothing vigorously, and who looked with very jealous eye on those who did. Prince Rupert had fled into Lancashire, then south into Shropshire, to recruit his forces; the Scots went northward to shun Newcastle, while the king fell on the troops of the Earl of Essex, and won a partial victory, which was more than overbalanced by falling in with Cromwell at Newbury, where, after four hours' fighting, his majesty decidedly got the worst of it. If Cromwell had been allowed to have his own way, he would have ended the war then and there; but my lord of Manchester had to be consulted, and my lord was for stopping and thinking about it, during which time of thought his majesty re-victualled Donnington Castle. Cromwell expressed his indignation, was accused of insubordination, and defended himself gallantly. Said he:

"It is now a time to speak, or for ever hold the tongue. The important occasion now is no less than to save a nation out of a bleeding, nay, almost a dying condition, which the long continuance of this war hath already brought it into; so that without a more speedy, vigorous, and effectual prosecution of the war, casting off all lingering proceedings, like those of soldiers of fortune beyond sea to spin out a war, we shall make the kingdom weary of us and hate the name of a Parliament.

"For what do the enemy say? Nay, what do many say that were friends at the beginning of the Parliament? Even this, that the members of both houses have got great places and commands, and the sword into their hands; and, what by interest in Parliament, what by power in the army, will perpetually continue themselves in grandeur, and not permit

the war speedily to end, lest their own power should determine with it. This that I speak here to our own faces is but what others do utter abroad behind our backs. I am far from reflecting on any. I know the worth of those commanders, members of both houses, who are yet in power; but if I may speak my conscience without reflection upon any, I do conceive, if the army be not put into another method, and the war more vigorously prosecuted, the people can bear the war no longer, and will enforce you to a dishonourable peace.

"But this I would recommend to your prudence—not to insist upon any complaint or oversight of any commander-in-chief upon any occasion whatsoever; for as I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversights, so I know they can rarely be avoided in military affairs. Therefore, waiving a strict inquiry into the causes of these things, let us apply ourselves to the remedy, which is most necessary. And I hope we have such true English hearts, and zealous affections towards the general weal of our mother country, as no members of either house will scruple to deny themselves, and their own private interests, for the public good; nor account it to be a dishonour done to them, whatever the Parliament shall resolve upon in this weighty matter."

The question of the self-denying ordinances were debated for ten days in the Commons, where it was carried at last, but the Lords threw it out. Notwithstanding which, the Commons went on re-modelling the army. Finding the Commons in earnest, the Peers came to terms, and the work of re-organization went on bravely.

The condition of the king's army at this time was anything but satisfactory. Clarendon, the royal historian, tells us:—

"The king's army was united less than ever; the old general was set aside, and Prince Rupert put into the command, which was no popular change, for the other was known to be an officer of great experience, and had committed no oversights in his conduct; was willing to hear everything debated, and always concurred with the most reasonable opinion; and though he was not of many words, and was not quick in hearing, yet upon any action he was sprightly, and commanded well. The prince was rough and passionate, and loved not debate; liked what was proposed, as he liked the persons who proposed it; and was so great an enemy of Digby and Colepepper, who were only present in debates of the war with the officers, that he crossed all they proposed. The truth is, all the army had been disposed, from the first raising it, to a neglect and contempt of

the council ; and the king himself had not been solicitous to preserve the respect due to it, in which he lost his own dignity.

“Goring, who was now general of the horse, was no more gracious to Prince Rupert than Wilmot had been, and had all the other’s faults, and wanted his regularity, and preserving his respect with the officers. Wilmot loved debauchery, but kept it out from his business ; never neglected that, and rarely miscarried in it. Goring had a much better understanding and a sharper wit, except in the very exercise of debauchery, and then the other was inspired, a much keener courage and presentness of mind in danger. Wilmot discovered it farther off, and because he could not behave himself so well in it, commonly prevented, or warily declined it, and never drank when he was within distance of an enemy. Goring was not able to resist the temptation when he was in the middle of them, nor would decline it to obtain a victory ; and in one of those fits he suffered the horse to escape out of Cornwall, and the most signal misfortunes of his life in war had their rise from that uncontrollable license. Neither of them valued their professions, promises, or friendships, according to any rules of honour or integrity ; but Wilmot violated them less willingly, and never but for some great benefit or convenience to himself ; Goring, without scruple, out of humour, or for wit’s sake, and loved no man so well but that he would cozen him, and then expose him to the public mirth for having been cozened. Therefore he had always fewer friends than the other, but more company, for no man had a wit that pleased the company better. The ambition of both was unlimited, and so equally incapable of being contented, and both unrestrained by any respect to good nature or justice, from pursuing the satisfaction thereof ; yet Wilmot had more scruples from religion to startle him, and would not have attained his end by any gross or foul act of wickedness. Goring could have passed through those pleasantly, and would, without any hesitation, have broken any trust, or done any act of treachery, to have satisfied an ordinary passion or appetite ; and, in truth, wanted nothing but industry—for he had wit, and courage, and understanding, and ambition uncontrolled by any fear of God or man—to have been as eminent and successful in the highest attempt in wickedness, of any man in the age he lived in or before. Of all his qualifications dissimulation was his masterpiece, in which he had so much excelled, that men were not ordinarily ashamed or out of countenance with being deceived but twice by him.

"The court was not much better disposed than the army; they who had no preferment were angry with those who had, and thought they had not deserved it as well as themselves. They who were envied found no satisfaction or delight in what they were envied for, being poor and necessitous, and the more sensible of their being so, by the titles they had received upon their violent importunity, so that the king was without any joy in the favours he had conferred, and yet was not the less solicited to grant more to others of the same kind, who, he foresaw, would be no better pleased than the rest; and the pleasing one man this way displeased a hundred, as his creating the Lord Colepepper at this time, and making him a baron—who, in truth, had served him with great abilities, and though he did imprudently in desiring it, did deserve it—did much dissatisfy both the court and the army, to neither of which he was in any degree gracious, but his having no ornament of education to make men more propitious to his parts of nature, and disposed many others to be very importunate to receive the same obligation."

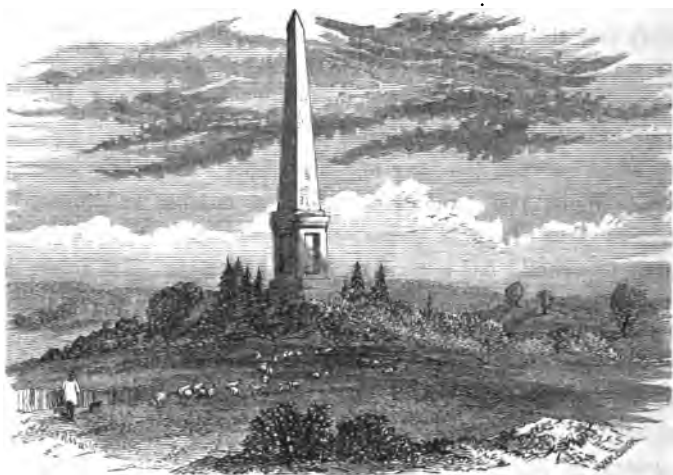
The affair between the king and his people was rapidly approaching a crisis. While the royalists decreased in number and strength, the Commons were rising in power, "old Ironsides not hindmost;" and "Captain Cromwell" had become an essential element. The armies met at

#### NASEBY.

Says Thomas Carlyle:—"The old hamlet of Naseby stands yet on its old hill top, very much as it did in Saxon days, on the north-western border of Northamptonshire, some seven or eight miles from Market-Harborough in Leicestershire, nearly on a line, and nearly mid-way between that town and Daventry. A peaceable old hamlet, of perhaps five hundred souls; clay cottages for labourers, but neatly thatched and swept; smith's shop, saddler's shop, beer shop, all in order; forming a kind of square, which leads off, north and south, into two long streets: the old church, with its graves, stands in the centre, the truncated spire finishing itself with a strange old ball, held up by rods; a 'hollow copper ball, which came from Boulogne in Henry the Eighth's time,'—which has, like Hudibras' breeches, 'been at the siege of Bullen.' The ground is upland, moorland, though now growing corn; was not enclosed till the last generation, and is still somewhat bare of wood. It stands nearly in the heart of England; gentle dullness, taking a turn at etymology, sometimes derives it from *Navel*; 'Navesby, quasi *Navel*sby, from

being,' etc. Avon Well, the distinct source of Shakspeare's *Avon*, is on the western slope of the high grounds; Nen and Welland streams leading towards Cromwell's Fen-country, begin to gather themselves from boggy places on the eastern side. The grounds, as we say, lie high; and are still, in their new subdivisions, known by the name of 'Hills,' 'Rutput Hill,' 'Mill Hill,' 'Dust Hill,' and the like, precisely as in Rushworth's time; but they are not properly hills at all; they are broad, blunt, clayey masses, swelling towards and from each other, like indolent waves of a sea, sometimes of miles in extent.

"It was on this high moor-ground, in the centre of England, that King Charles, on the 14th of June, 1645, fought his last battle; dashed fiercely



Obelisk Erected on Naseby Field in Commemoration of the Battle.

against the New-Model army, which he had despised till then; and saw himself shivered utterly to ruin thereby. 'Prince Rupert, on the king's right wing, charged *up* the hill, and carried all before him;' but Lieutenant-General Cromwell charged down-hill on the other wing, likewise carrying all before him,—and did *not* gallop off the field to plunder. Cromwell, ordered thither by the Parliament, had arrived from the association two days before, 'amid shouts from the whole army:' he had the ordering of the horse this morning. Prince Rupert, on returning from his plunder finds the king's infantry a ruin; prepares to charge again with the rallied cavalry; but the cavalry too, when it came to the point, 'broke all asunder,'—never to reassemble more. The chase went

through Harborough; where the king had already been that morning, when in an evil hour he turned back, to revenge some 'surprise of an outpost at Naseby the night before,' and gave the Roundheads battle. . . .

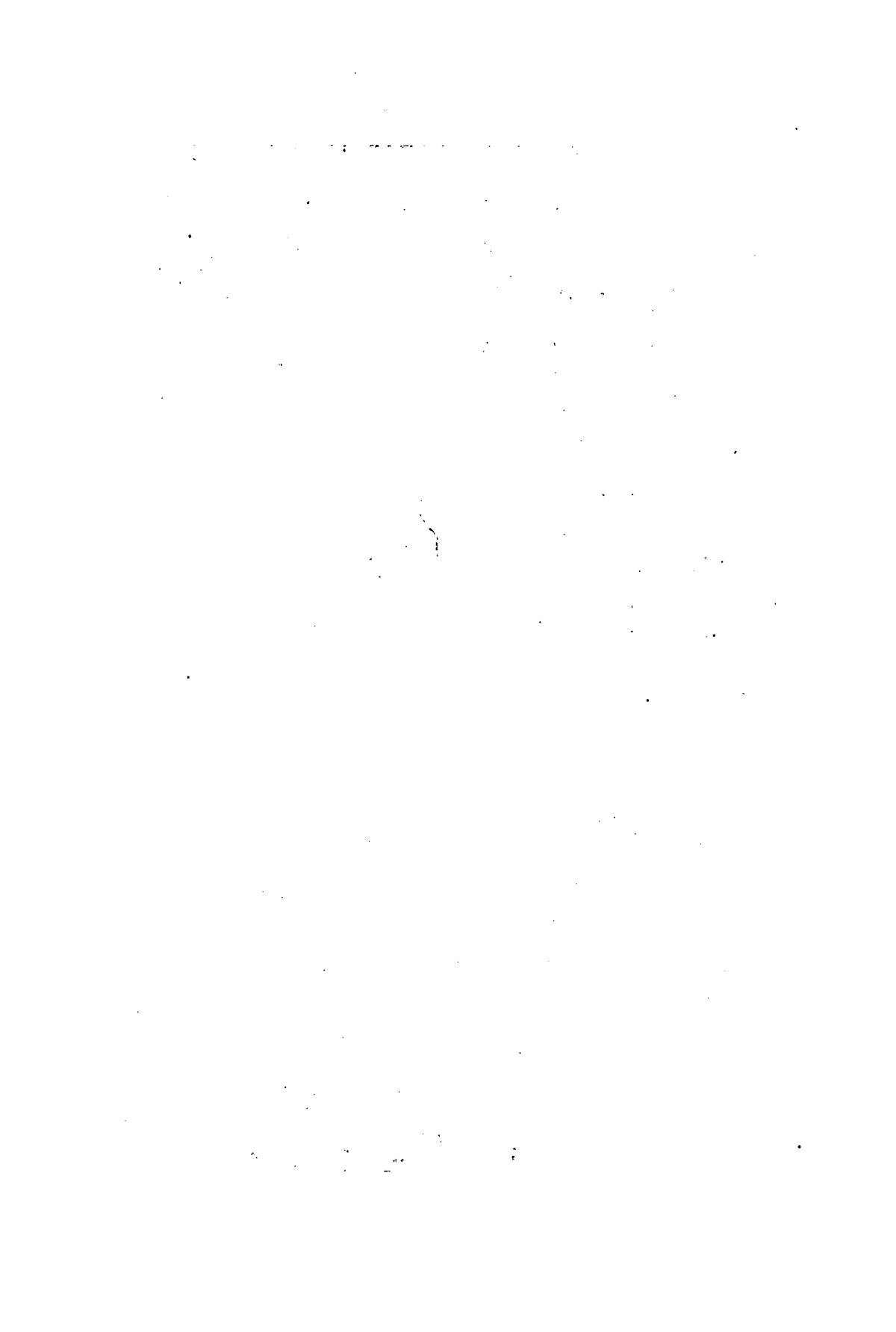
"The parliamentary army stood ranged on the height still partly called 'Mill Hill,' as in Rushworth's time, a mile and a half from Naseby; the king's army on a parallel 'Hill,' its back to Harborough, with the wide table of upland now named Broad Moor between them; where indeed the main brunt of the action still clearly enough shows itself to have been. There are hollow spots, of a rank vegetation, scattered over that Broad Moor; which are understood to have once been burial mounds; some of which have been (with more or less of sacrilege) verified as such. A friend of mine has in his cabinet two ancient grinder-teeth, dug lately from that ground, and waits for an opportunity to re-bury them there. Sound effectual grinders, one of them very large, which ate their breakfast on the fourteenth of June two hundred years ago, and, except to be clenched once in grim battle, had never work to do more in this world!"

Another popular historian thus describes the battle:—"The parliamentary army ranged itself on a hill, called yet the Mill Hill, and the king's on a parallel hill, with its back to Harborough. The right wing was led by Cromwell, consisting of six regiments of horse, and the left consisting of nearly as many, was, at his request, committed to his friend Colonel Ireton, a Nottinghamshire man. Fairfax and Skippon took charge of the main body, and colonels Pride, Rainsborough, and Hammond, brought up the reserves. Rupert and his brother Maurice led on the right wing of Charles's army, Sir Marmaduke Langdale the left, Charles himself the main body, and Sir Jacob Astley, the Earl of Lindsay, the Lord Baird, and Sir George Lisle, the reserves. The word for the day of the royalists, was 'God and Queen Mary!' that of the parliamentarians, 'God our strength!' A wide moorland, called Broad Moor, lay between them. The cavaliers made themselves very merry at the new modelled army of Roundheads, for which they had the utmost contempt, having nothing aristocratic about it, and its head being farmer Cromwell, or the brewer of Huntingdon, as they pleased to call him. They expected to sweep them away like dust, and Rupert making one of his headlong charges, seemed to realise their anticipations, for he drove the left wing of the Roundheads into instant confusion, and took Ireton prisoner, his horse being killed under him, and he himself in two

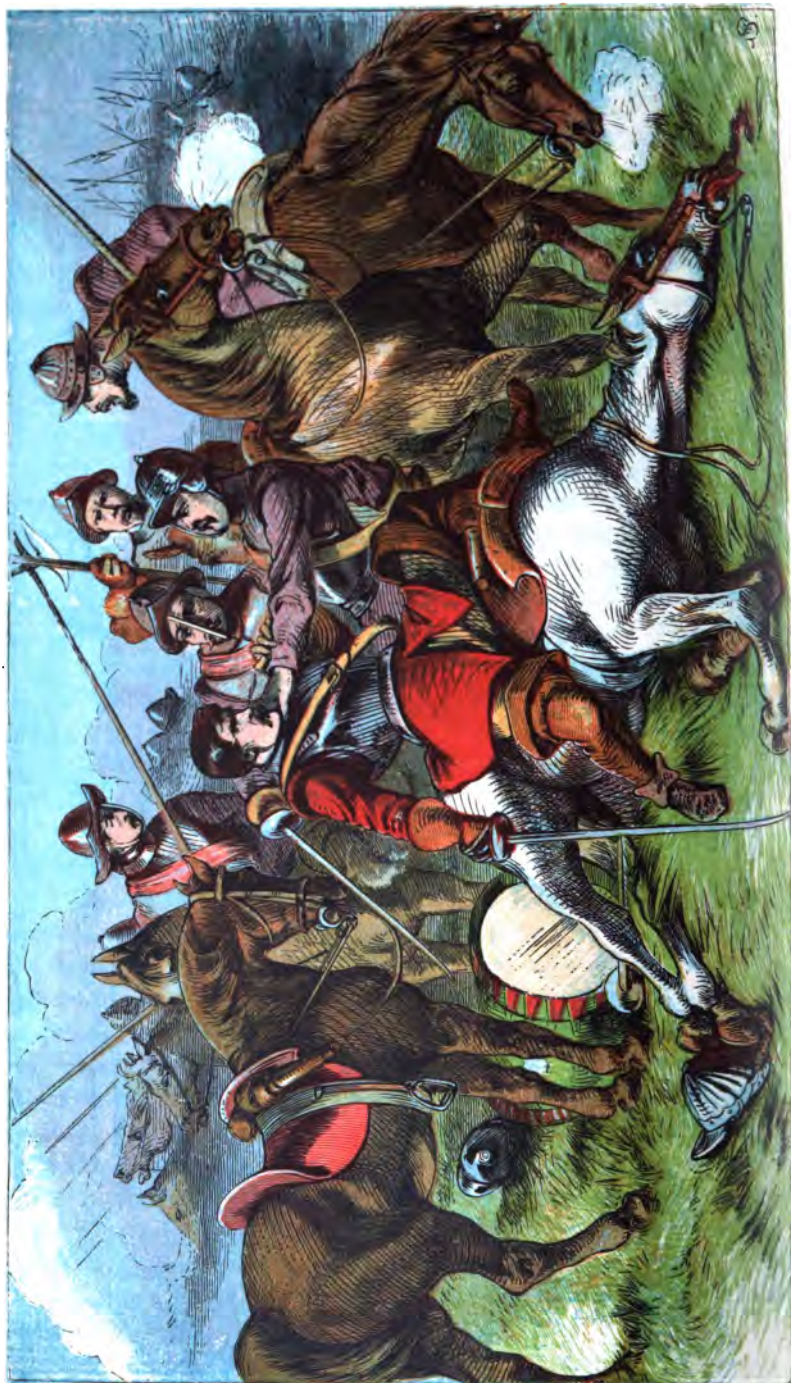
places; and, in his regular way, Rupert galloped after the fugitives, thinking no more of the main battle. But the scattered horse, who had been diligently taught to rally, collected behind him, returned to the defence of their guns, and were soon again ready for action. On the other hand, Cromwell had driven the left wing of the king's army off the field, but took care not to pursue them too far. He sent a few companies of horse to drive them beyond the battle, and with his main body he fell on the king's flank, where at first the royal foot was gaining the advantage. This unexpected assault threw them into confusion, and the soldiers of Fairfax's front which had given way, rallying and falling in again with the reserve as they came to the rear, were brought up by their officers and completed the route. Rupert, who was now returning from the chase, rode up to the wagon-train of the parliamentary army, and, ignorant of the state of affairs, offered the troops guarding the stores quarter. The reply was a smart volley of musketry, and, falling back and riding forward to the field, he found, as usual, a regular defeat. His followers stood stupefied at the sight, when Charles, riding up to them in despair, cried frantically, 'One charge more and the victory is ours yet!' But it was in vain, the main body was broken, that of Fairfax was complete; the artillery was seized, and the Roundheads were taking prisoners as fast as they could promise them quarter. Fairfax and Cromwell the next moment charged the confounded horse, and the whole fled at full gallop on the road towards Leicester, pursued almost to the gates of the town by Cromwell's troopers.

"The slaughter at this battle was not so great as might have been expected. May, the historian, says that the slain did not exceed four hundred men, three hundred of the royalists and one hundred of the parliamentarians; but five thousand prisoners were taken, including a great number of officers, and a considerable number of ladies in carriages. All the king's baggage and artillery, with nine thousand stand of arms were taken, and amongst the carriages that of the king's, containing his private papers. . . . Clarendon accuses the Roundheads of killing above a hundred women, many of them of quality, but other evidence proves that this was false; the only women who were roughly treated were a number of wild Irish ones, who were armed with skeans, knives a foot long, and who used them like so many maniacs."

After the defeat of Naseby the king retreated with that body of horse which still remained entire, first to Hereford, then to Abergavenny, and







WARRIORS TAKEN PRISONERS AT THE BATTLE OF NAWKIV, JUNE 14, 1845.

continued sometime in Wales. There he vainly hoped for assistance, and there he received intelligence of the most ominous character, cities and fortresses falling before the victorious arms of the Commons. At the beginning of the year 1646, Newark and Oxford were the only places of any consequence that still held out for the king. The king himself had returned to Oxford, and there he was closely besieged by the united armies of the English and Scotch. Finding himself hard pressed he escaped from Oxford in disguise and wandered from county to county and castle to castle without any fixed or definite purpose.



Prince Maurice.  
(From an old Print).

So King Charles made his way to the Scottish army and resigned himself into the hands of its leaders. The Scots immediately informed the English commissioner residing with them of this extraordinary event, and intelligence was despatched to Parliament. Meanwhile Charles ordered the governor of Newark to surrender to Leven, the Scottish general; Oxford surrendered to Fairfax by a capitulation whose principal articles were that the Duke of York should be granted a suitable convoy from the city of London, where the king's other children then resided, and honorable provision made for him and them; that the princes Rupert and Maurice

with all the monarch's chief friends should be permitted to return to the continent ; and that the university should be left in uninterrupted possession of its privileges and immunities.

The surrender of Oxford was the end of the first civil war between the king and the Commons.

As for the Scottish reception of the king, while it was marked by a great show of respect, it soon became a virtual imprisonment. The guard of honour which escorted his royal person simply consisted of so many gaolers, and while every outward sign of loyalty was made, a private understanding was being conducted with the English Parliament, by which, for the sum of two hundred thousand pounds—voted as arrears of pay—the king was to be resigned into the hands of the Commons. No actual mention of the person of the king was made in the articles thus concluded, but it was well understood on both sides. The Lords voted that the king might reside at Newmarket ; but the Commons agreed that Holmby House, situate in his own manor of Holmby, would be the fitter place ; and the lower house, as was become usual with them, carried the matter their own way.

The resolution thus arrived at was speedily carried into effect. Charles was playing chess—trying manfully to keep his king out of check, when he learned what was intended : he manifested no emotion—lost or won, history saith not, but finished the game ; and so in course of time found himself—marvellous spectacle to Europe, yet strange to revolution—a prisoned king, left “in stately seclusion to await the destinies.” Six and thirty carts had trundelled down to Northallerton with the money—the Scots had duly counted it and given formal receipt.

The king had been conducted to Holmby by easy stages. Thousands flocked around him, and cries of “God save your majesty,” were often heard. It was the practice then for kings sometimes to “touch for the evil,” that is, lay their royal hands on persons afflicted with the scrofula, who were straightway expected to recover. On his way to Holmby, Charles performed this ceremony, but whether many or any were healed there is no record. In the solitude of Holmby he amused himself as well as he could with the civilities of the country gentry, playing chess—a game, for which he had a singular fascination—and riding over to Harrowden to play at bowls.

Thus passed away three months, the Commons taking no further notice whatever of the king, the king anxiously expecting to hear something

from parliament. At the end of three months he wrote, making certain propositions as to church government and liberty of conscience, and offering the command of the army to the Parliament for ten years, after which it was to revert to him or his heirs. The Commons would not entertain the proposition.

In Parliament, the Presbyterians and the Independents were, as was usual with them, at loggerheads. The Presbyterians had no liking for Cromwell, Ireton, Blake, Sidney, and others of the same stamp. They were for reducing the army, sending a large part of it to Ireland, and changing the whole condition of things military. The army—deep in arrears of pay—was in no humour to be lightly dealt with, nor to yield its favourites. The Parliament became unpopular. The soldiers took the lead in everything, and would have none to rule over them but tried veterans—Fairfax and Cromwell. The common soldiers, no less than the officers, cried out against the Parliament, and found a warm friend in Oliver.

Whitelock tells us that "On the 30th of April, 1647, whilst the debate on the petition and vindication of the army was going on, Major-general Skippon produced a letter presented to him the day before by some troopers on behalf of eight regiments of the army of horse, wherein they expressed some reasons why they could not engage in the service of Ireland under the present conduct, under the proposed commandship of Skippon and Massey (the latter of whom they did not trust), and complained of the many scandals and false suggestions which were of late raised against the army and their proceedings. That they were taken as enemies; that they saw designs upon them, and upon many of the godly party in the kingdom. That they could not engage for Ireland, till they were satisfied in their expectations, and their just desires granted. Three troopers, Edward Sexby, William Allen, Thomas Shepherd, who brought this letter, were examined in the house touching the drawing and subscribing of it, and whether their officers were engaged in it or not. They affirmed that it was drawn up at a rendezvous of those eight regiments, and afterwards at several meetings by agents or agitators for each regiment, and that few of their officers knew or took notice of it.

"Those troopers being demanded whether they had not been cavaliers, it was attested by Skippon that they had constantly served the Parliament, and some of them from the beginning of the war. Being asked concerning the meaning of some expressions in the petition, especially

concerning 'certain men aiming at *sovereignty*,' they answered that the letter being a joint act of those regiments, they could not give a punctual answer, being only agents; but if they might have the queries in writing, they would carry them to those regiments, and return their answers. They were ordered to attend the house upon summons."

Every means—but ready money, which was not at hand—were taken to quiet the soldiery, but the Parliament considered it advisable to bring the king nearer to London, lest the troops should seize on his person. This was precisely what they intended to do and what they did. A little after twelve o'clock at night on the 3rd of June, Cornet Joyce, with a party of horse, road up to Holmby. "After surrounding the house," says one of our historians, "with his troop, said to be one thousand strong, he knocked and demanded admittance, telling Major-general Brown and Colonel Graves, that he was come to speak to the king. "From whom?" demanded those officers, awoke from their sleep. "From myself," said Joyce; whereat they laughed. But Joyce told them it was no laughing matter. They then advised him to draw off his troops, and in the morning he should see the commissioners. Joyce replied that he had not come there to be advised by them, or to talk to the commissioners, but to speak to the king; and speak to him he would, and soon. At this threat Brown and Graves bade their soldiers stand to their arms, and defend the place; but the soldiers, instead of that, threw open the doors, and bade their old comrades welcome. Joyce then went direct to the chamber of the commissioners, and informed them that there was a design to seize the king, and place him at the head of an army to put down that under General Fairfax; and that to prevent another war, he was come to secure the person of the king, and see that he was not led into further mischief; for, added the cornet, "there be some who endeavour to pull down king and people, and set up themselves."

"The commissioners desired him not to disturb the king's sleep, but to wait till morning, and they would tell his majesty of his arrival and business. In the morning, Joyce found that Brown had contrived to send off Graves to fetch up the king's guard; and 'some of his damning blades did say and swear they would fetch a party.' But Joyce—a stout fellow for a tailor, which he had been—did not trouble himself about that, for he knew the guard would not move, as they did not—at length insisted on being admitted to the king himself. According to Joyce's own account, it was ten o'clock in the evening again when he was

ushered, with two or three of his followers, into the royal presence. The soldiers took off their hats, and displayed no rudeness, but a blunt proceeding to business. According to Clarendon, the cornet told the king that he was sorry to have disturbed his sleep, but that he must go with him. Charles asked whither? He said to the army. But where was the army? replied the king. The cornet said they would show him. His majesty asked by what authority they came. Joyce said "by this!" and showed him his pistol, and desired his majesty to cause himself to be dressed, because it was necessary they should make haste. The king sent for the commissioners, who asked Joyce whether he had any order from Parliament?—He said no. From the general?—No. What, then, was his authority?—to whom he gave the same reply as to the king, by holding up his pistol. They said they would write to the Parliament to learn its pleasure, to which Joyce replied, they could do so, but the king meantime must go with him.

"Finding that the soldiers sent for would not come, and that the officers of the guard said that Joyce's troop were not soldiers of one regiment, but drawn from several regiments, and that Joyce was not their proper officer, it was clear that there was a general design in the affair, and the king said he would go with them at six in the morning. At the hour appointed the king appeared on horseback, and found the troop all mounted and ready. The king had overnight demanded of Joyce whether he should be forced to do anything against his conscience, and whether he should have his servants with him; and Joyce replied that there was no intention to lay any constraint on his majesty, only to prevent his being made use of to break up the army before justice had been done to it. Before starting, Charles again demanded from Joyce, in the presence of the troop, where was his commission, enjoining him to deal ingenuously with him, and repeated, "Where, I ask you again, is your commission?" "Here," said Joyce, "behind me," pointing to the soldiers. Charles smiled, and said, "It is a fair commission, and as well written as I have ever seen a commission written in my life; a company of handsome proper gentlemen, as I have seen a great while. But what if I should refuse to go with you? I hope you would not force me. I am your king; you ought not to lay violent hands on your king. I acknowledge none to be above me here but God." He then demanded again whither they proposed to conduct him. Oxford and Cambridge were named, to both of which places Charles objected. Newmarket was next named, and

to that he consented. So the first day they rode to Hinchinbrook, and the next to Childersley, near Newmarket."

The Parliament was thrown into the greatest disorder on receiving the news of these proceedings. The city was thrown into a position of defence, and orders were immediately despatched that the king should be returned to Holmby and that the army should not approach London. The answer returned was that his majesty preferred the air of Newmarket. And in fact the king was so much more respectfully treated, and so much more at his ease, moving from place to place with the army, that he shrunk from returning to the solitude of Holmby. The Parliament was of opinion that Oliver Cromwell was the chief instigator of the plot, as perhaps he was, and they ordered his immediate arrest, but he had left town and joined the army, whither it would not have been politic to follow him.

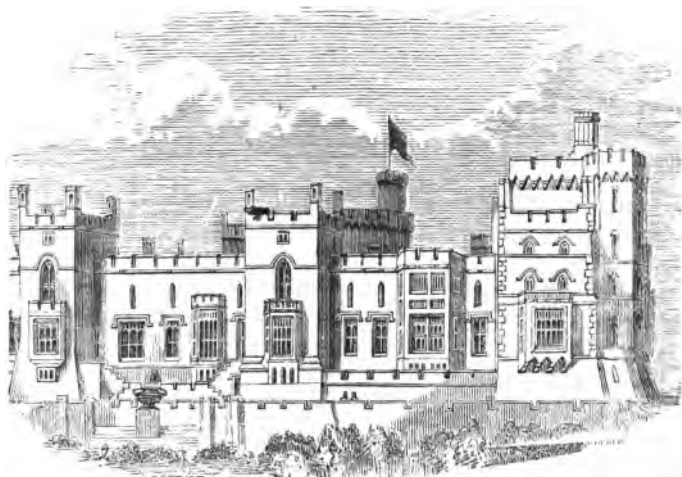
As to disbanding the army, which was what the Parliament earnestly desired, it was a thing impossible. The army steadily refused to be disbanded, and a large part of the people held with the army. The king also lent his sanction to the army, and dreamed of brighter days, for "they used him very civilly," and granted to him an indulgence which the Presbyterians at Holmby had denied him, namely, chaplains of his own selection, and religious worship according to the rites of the Church of England.

Aroused by the persistent efforts of the Parliament to disband or to subordinate the army, the officers and soldiers formally impeached eleven of its members. The members in their turn impeached the leading officers in the army, and the hopes of the royalists rose as they saw this division among the Commons. Parliament complained that the king was held prisoner by the army; the army appealed to his majesty whether he did not feel himself more at liberty with the troops than with the members of the House,—the king frankly owned that he did, and complimented them on their courtesy. And so the army drew nearer and nearer to London, and there was fresh commotion in both Houses of Parliament. For a time the king was lodged in his own royal castle at Windsor, and he was frequently permitted to spend days with his children. These interviews are said to have been so affecting as to have drawn tears from the eyes of Cromwell.

Meanwhile, the Parliament—by which must be understood the Presbyterian element in it—were increasing the feud between themselves and the

army by commanding the latter to remain at a considerable distance from London. The Londoners—that is demagogue tradesmen, turbulent tapsters, 'prentices bent on mischief, and a great company of people bent on anything but peace and quietness—surrounded the Houses of Parliament, shouting for vengeance on the army, and intimidating all moderate members. The army was at Hounslow Heath, the king having been sent to Hampton Court, and to Hounslow most of the moderate members fled, claiming protection from the mob, and throwing themselves on Fairfax and the army.

The troops marched into London, and never was a city in a greater



Windsor Castle.

state of uproar; the shops were all shut up, nothing was going on but enlisting and mustering; news continually arriving of the advance of the army. The city militia and the common council sat late, and a great number of people attended in Guildhall. "When a scout came in," says Whitelock, "and brought news that the army made a halt, or other good intelligence, they cried out 'one and all!' But if the scout brought word that the army was advancing, they would cry out as loud, 'treat! treat! treat!' and thus they spent the night.

"The Southwarkers sent a deputation to Guildhall, plainly assuring my Lord Mayor and Aldermen that Parliament had nothing to look for from them, that if the army marched into Southwark it would be well received,



as indeed it was that very night. The borough, the defences at the Southwark end of London were placed in the hands of the army. The head quarters were pitched at Hammersmith, and the city was compelled to capitulate, promising that the Parliament then sitting should be abandoned together with the eleven impeached members; that the Independents should have charge of the militia, that all the forts, including the Tower, should be surrendered, and that the Londoners should promise to behave peaceably.

"On Friday, the 6th of August, Fairfax entered the city, preceded by a regiment of infantry and another of cavalry. He was on horseback, attended by his body-guards and a crowd of gentlemen. A long train of carriages, containing the fugitive speakers and members, Lords and Commons, followed, and then another regiment of cavalry. The soldiers marched three abreast, with boughs of laurel in their hats. The late turbulent multitudes completed their shame by raising forced acclamations as they passed. Fairfax thus proceeded through Hyde Park, where the corporation met him, and offered him a great gold cup, which he curtly declined, and so rode on to the Houses of Parliament, where he replaced the speakers in their respective chairs, and the members in their old places.

"The eleven impeached members fled, and were allowed to escape into France, whereupon they were voted guilty of high treason, as well as the lord mayor and four aldermen of London, two officers of the trained-band, and the Earls of Suffolk, Lincoln, and Middleton, the Lords Willoughby, Hunsdon, Berkeley, and Maynard. The civic officers were sent to the Tower. The city was ordered to find the one hundred thousand pounds voted for the army. Fairfax distributed different regiments about Whitehall and the Houses of Parliament for their protection, and others in the Strand, Holborn, and Southwark, to keep the city in quiet. His head quarters were moved to Putney, with forces at Chelsea and Fulham. On Sunday he and the officers attended the preaching of Hugh Peters, the army chaplain, at Putney Church, and thus the Independents were in full power, and the Presbyterians signally humbled."

As we have had occasion in these statements with regard to the movement of Parliament, to use the terms Presbyterians and Independents, it is well that we should distinctly state the differences between them.

The Independents were so called, from their maintaining, that all Christian congregations were so many independent religious societies,

that had a right to be governed by their own laws. Robinson was the founder of the sect. It was supposed to have been unknown in England before the year 1640, as it is not once mentioned in the ecclesiastical canons and constitutions, which were drawn up during that year, in the synods or visitations held by the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and other prelates; in which canons all the various sects that were then in England are particularly mentioned. But when, in process of time, a great variety of sects sheltered themselves under cover of this extensive denomination, then the genuine Independents renounced this title, and substituted another in its place, calling themselves "Congregational Brethren," and their religious assemblies "Congregational churches."

Presbyterians were so denominated from their maintaining that the government of the Church appointed in the New Testament was by Presbyteries, associations of ministers and ruling elders all possessed of equal power. They recognized regularly appointed ministers with no difference in rank. They used no liturgy, but permitted the general observation of certain rules, settled and controlled by church courts. The Independents removed all church courts, all government among pastors, all interposition of the civil power in religious matters, all fixed encouragement to spiritual pastors. According to their principles, every congregation, united voluntarily and by common consent, formed within itself a distinct church. The election of the congregation was alone sufficient to confer the sacerdotal character, and as all essential difference was abolished between the laity and clergy, no ceremony, no institution, no ordination was supposed, as in all other churches, to be necessary to bestow a right to the holy order. The sentiments of these two sects were no less different in political matters. The Presbyterians intended only to circumscribe the royal prerogative; the Independents aspired to a total abolition of the monarchy, and even of the aristocracy; and proposed to establish an entire equality of rank and order, in a republic pure and unmixed. In pursuance of this plan, they strenuously opposed all overtures of peace, except on such conditions as they knew could not possibly be procured; and they adhered to the Machiavelian maxim, that whoever draws the sword against his sovereign, should sheath it only in his bosom.

The Independents were principally directed by Sir Harry Vane, Oliver Cromwell, Nathaniel Fiennes, and Oliver St. John, the solicitor-general. The Earl of Essex, displeased with a war of which he began to perceive

the fatal tendency, adhered to the Presbyterians, and zealously encouraged every reasonable scheme of accommodation.

The Earl of Northumberland, glorying in his rank and dignity, abhorred a scheme which, if it succeeded, would reduce himself and his family to the same station with the meanest subject in the kingdom. The Earls of Warwick and Denbigh, Sir Philip Stapleton, Sir William Waller, Hollis Massey, Whitelocke, Mainard, Glyn, had adopted the same sentiments.

A considerable majority in the Parliament, and a much greater in the nation, adhered to the Presbyterian party; but the adhesion of the army to the side of the Independents gave a final blow to the cause of the Presbyterians.

But in the hands of the army and the Independents the king did not fare ill. He was royally lodged in Hampton Court and permitted every indulgence that did not endanger the final triumph of the Commons. That the king should pine for greater liberty, that he should strive for restoration to royal authority, is what we might reasonably expect. But Charles was unwise in the steps he adopted. He told Ireton, "I shall play my game as well as I can," and Ireton had said to him, "if your majesty has a game to play, you must give us leave also to play ours;" that game playing was the ruin of the king. Intriguing with the Scots while speaking fairly to the English Commons, the king betrayed himself. The following anecdote given in Morrice's "Life of Lord Ossery," was taken from Cromwell's own lips:—

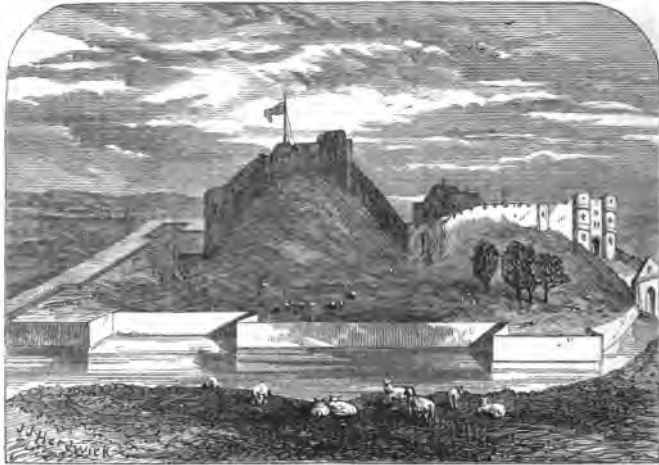
"One time, when Lord Boyhil and Cromwell and Ireton were riding together, they fell into discourse about the late king's death. Cromwell declared that if the king had followed his own mind, and had had trusty servants about him, he had fooled them all. And further said, that once they had a mind to have closed with him; but upon something that happened, they fell off from their design again. My Lord, finding Cromwell and Ireton in good humour, and no other person being within hearing, asked them if he might be so bold as to desire an account—first, why they once would have closed with the king; and, secondly, why they did not? Cromwell very freely told him he would satisfy him in both inquiries. 'The reason,' says he, 'why we would once have closed with the king was this—we found that the Scots and the Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and if they had made up matters with the king, we should have been left in the lurch. Therefore we thought it best to prevent them by offering first to come in upon any reasonable

conditions. But while we were busy with these thoughts, there came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the king's bed-chamber, which acquainted us that on that day our doom was decreed; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but that we might find it out if we could intercept a letter from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. This letter, he said, was sown up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle on his head, about ten o'clock that night, to the Blue Boar in Holborn; for there he was to take horse, and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We were at Windsor when we received the letter, and immediately upon the receipt of it, Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits to go to the inn in Holborn; which, accordingly, we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when a person came there with a saddle, while we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock. The sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately rose, and as the man was leading out his horse, saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him we were to search there all that went in and out there; and as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. Upon that, we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman with our sentinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had the letter, we opened it, in which we found the king had acquainted the queen that he was now courted by both factions—the Scotch Presbyterians and the army—and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the other, etc. Upon this,' added Cromwell, 'we took horse, and went to Windsor; and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, we immediately, from that time forth, resolved his ruin.'"

And his ruin came on speedily enough. Wearied with confinement, hoping for better things, reckless as to results, Charles escaped from

Hampton Court. He fled to Southampton, thence communicated with the governor of the Isle of Wight, who, unfortunately for him, was a sworn servant of the Commons. When Cromwell was roused from his bed at Putney, with the news that the king had escaped, the alarm occasioned by the event was soon over by a dispatch from Colonel Hammond, stating that his majesty was safe in his hands at Carisbrook Castle.

At Carisbrook Castle Charles remained in comparative quiet. Cromwell and Fairfax found themselves in a difficulty with the army, which was growing singularly insubordinate under its insubordinate leaders, and was for maintaining nothing else but the people's freedom and the soldier's



Carisbrook Castle, A.D. 1733.

rights, being for the abolition of King, Lords, and Commons. As it was not the intention of Cromwell to establish a mere military oligarchy, this conduct on the part of the troops became alarming. It was his desire to realize, if possible, a Commonwealth similar to that of the United Provinces. He took Holland for his model—*he*, the Silent William; Charles, Philip the Crafty. There was no close analogy between the two, but there were some points of similarity; and neither the founder of the Dutch Republic nor of the English Commonwealth ever contemplated the idea of making the soldier the chief man in the State. As the army exhibited a mutinous spirit, Cromwell went down to the neighbourhood of Hereford, where the main body of the troops was assembled. There finding the troops exceedingly refractory, he seized the ringleaders, brought

them to a drum-head court-martial, shot one man, condemned others, and held several as hostages for the good behaviour of their fellows. He showed the soldiers that so long as he lived they must submit to authority, and the spirit of the army became totally subdued.

Thus having time on hand to attend to the king's affairs, Cromwell received, but coldly, certain propositions of his majesty as to a speedy settlement of affairs. His majesty was heartily tired of the war, and was ready to concede any terms so that he might be restored to regal honour. But Cromwell and the Commons doubted his majesty's sincerity: once restored to authority, his language might be more imperious, his conduct more absolute than it had ever yet been. Only one plan seemed open, namely, the bringing of the king to a public investigation; that the nation might know precisely what had been done by the king, and what had been done by the Commons, that they might implead each other, and God defend the right!

But the people—the people who knew not much of politics, and who cared more for brisk trade, good cheer, and the making of money, or the enjoyment of what money could purchase, began to be loud in their outcries—for trade was hard, money hard to get, hard times and no signs of a change—they yearned after peace and quiet and good order; they demanded the restoration of the king; they “lusted,” said the Roundheads, “after the flesh-pots of Egypt,” and railed against the Moses who had led them into the wilderness. At Carisbrook the king was placed under close arrest, but he managed to carry on a secret correspondence with the Scotch royalists and with the queen. He sent out and took in letters through a crevice in the door of his room, trusting to one Henry Firebrace, a man soundly loyal, but in the pay of the Parliament, and, as one of the warders of Carisbrook, often employed as king's gaoler. This Firebrace made arrangements for the king's escape. His majesty was to let himself down by a silken cord from his window, and Firebrace showed him how to do it; but the king, in essaying to follow the example, stuck fast in the iron stanchions, and found it impossible to get through.

In the mean time the London 'prentices had declared for the king, and there had been some hard fighting and not a little bloodshed in London streets, ending in the upset of City chivalry. The Scotch royalists had made incursions into England, but they fared no better than the Londoners. The ships at Deal were carried over to Holland and declared for the king's service, and Prince Charles took the command; but after some

show of action, the sailors deserted the royal cause and came over again to the Parliament. The struggle on both sides was becoming each day more terrible, more determined; it was plain to all England and to all Europe that the end was at hand.

One morning there rode up to Carisbrook Lieutenant Colonel Cobbett, in the Parliamentary service, having with him, it was said, a warrant—having with him, it was known, certain grim visaged and well appointed troopers—and he demanded that the king should be given up to him. There was no alternative. The king's chaplain and servants crowded round him in the utmost alarm, but they could render no help. Lieutenant Colonel Cobbett permitted them to take leave, and then carried off his majesty to Hurst Castle in Hampshire, a place that stands in the sea, for every tide the waters surrounded it—a dreary place enough and suggestive of dark deeds.

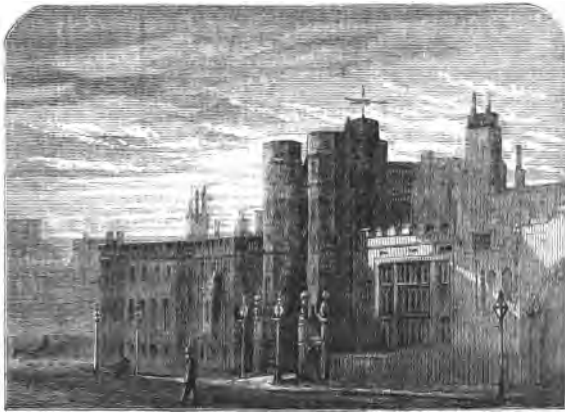
The king suspected treachery. Had not the second Edward been barbarously killed by the cruel ingenuity of his gaolers? had not the second Richard been disposed of by violence? Was it not suspected that other royal heads had been brought low in the dust by murder? Whether or no the king ever foresaw the real intentions of the Commons can never be known, but it is probable that he did not suspect that he would himself be brought to public trial, and die an ignominious death. The execution of a king was beyond his limited horizon.

While Charles lay immured at Hurst Castle the catastrophe of the drama was hastened. The army resolved on ridding the Parliament of all who tolerated the idea of royal restoration. Colonel Pride's regiment of foot surrounded the house, and all those members who presented themselves and were known to be favourable to the king were arrested. The house was thoroughly weeded—ninety-six members excluded, forty-seven imprisoned. No members left but those who were tolerably certain to vote one way. After all this there was "a solemn fast," after this a sermon at St. Margaret's, Westminster, where the preacher enlarged on the text "Bind your king with chains and your nobles with fetters of iron."

The unhappy monarch was transferred to Windsor Castle, and on the very day that he reached that ancient seat of royalty the House of Commons, or the Rump fragment of it as it was now called, appointed a committee of thirty-eight "to consider of drawing up a charge against the king and all other delinquents, that they may be brought to condign punishment." The report was presented on the 1st of January, and set

forth that "Charles Stuart had traitorously and maliciously levied war against the present Parliament and the people therein represented." It was a charge of high treason against the nation.

The report being confirmed by the Commons, was sent up to the Lords—about a dozen peers still continuing to assemble—by them it was rejected. Whereupon the Commons declared themselves the only true representatives of the people, and the origin of all just power, requiring no assistance from or concurrence with the Lords, and on the 6th of January, 1649, they passed the ordinance for the trial of the king. A high court of justice was created for trying him; the great seal was broken up, and a



St. James's Palace.

new seal introduced, and public proclamation was made both at Westminster and in the City as to the approaching work of the tribunal—"in the first year of freedom by God's blessing restored."

John Bradshaw was made lord-president of the court; Mr. Steele, attorney-general; Mr. Coke, solicitor-general; Messrs. Dorislaus and Aske, as counsel for the Commonwealth: the place of trial was Westminster Hall.

The king was brought from Windsor to St. James's, there placed under strict guard, soldiers being on duty in his private chamber, and never leaving him night or day.

On the 20th of January the trial came on. Thousands of people flocked to Westminster, all who could obtain admission thronging every part of the hall appropriated to spectators, the streets about the hall were



densely crowded, and every avenue was strongly guarded by soldiers. The commissioners, to the number of sixty-six, went in procession to the hall, in full state. The king was brought in a sedan chair from St. James's to Whitehall, and from thence to the place of trial.

The arrangements within the hall were as follows: there was a long table behind which sat the president in a chair of crimson velvet, behind him and in a line with him were the commissioners on seats covered with scarlet. At the table sat two clerks. On the table were the mace and



John Bradshaw.  
(From a rare Print.)

sword. At the bottom of the table directly facing the president was a chair for the king. Below, the hall was densely crowded, as were also the galleries on both sides. The commissioners all sat with their hats on. The king also wore his hat. When he appeared at the bar he glared round at the people and sternly eyed the commissioners, after which he sat down and awaited the opening of the proceedings.

Bradshaw addressed the king—"Charles Stuart, King of England, the people being deeply sensible of the calamities which have been brought on the nation, which are fixed upon you as the principal author of them, have resolved to make inquisition for blood, and according to that debt and

due they owe to justice, to God, the kingdom, and themselves, they are resolved to bring you to trial and judgment, and for this purpose have constituted this high court of justice before which you are brought."

Then the solicitor-general rose to make the charge, and notwithstanding that the king interrupted him by tapping him lightly on the shoulder with his cane—in doing which its gold head dropped off—went on with his speech and ordered the clerk to read the formal indictment. Charles again endeavoured to interrupt the proceedings, but finding his efforts in vain, sat calmly—only smiling when he heard himself accused of treason. It was a strange language for a king's ears.

The charge being finished, Bradshaw the president demanded the answer of the prisoner at the bar. The only answer Charles condescended to make was that he acknowledged no authority superior to his own; that he would not yield his right nor submit to a self-elected court. He was indignant at the insult put on him, and demanded in his turn what answer they (the Commissioners) had to make for this outrage on his royal authority. "By what authority am I here? I mean lawful authority, for there are many unlawful authorities in the world—thieves and robbers by the highways. Remember, I am your lawful king: let me know by what lawful authority I am seated here; resolve me that, and you shall hear from me."

There was but one answer, and this answer was not plainly given in word. The king was there because the Commons had revolutionized the country—because they had asserted the majesty of the people as superior to the majesty of the king—because whether the king was satisfied as to their lawful authority or no, they were quite satisfied with it themselves. This, in point of fact, was the final answer of Bradshaw to the king's repeated demand, "Shew me your authority." Still the king refused to acknowledge the legality of the court, declining to plead, yet insisting on being heard, maintaining to the last a bold front, and glancing round at the crowded court with an air as kingly as when he was crowned.

The trial lasted three days: on the third day the commissioners having received evidence as to the late civil war having been provoked by the king, retired to consider their verdict, and unanimously declared him guilty. The names of the commissioners were read over. It was remarked, that in calling over the court, when the crier pronounced the name of Lord Fairfax, which had been inserted in the number, a voice from the gallery exclaimed, "He has more prudence than to be here." When the impeachment was read, "In the name of the good people of

England," "That is a falsehood," replied the same voice in a shriller tone, "not a half nor a quarter: where are the people or their representatives? Oliver Cromwell is a rogue and a traitor." Axtell, the officer who guarded the court, gave orders to fire at the place from whence these insolent speeches proceeded; but it was discovered that Lady Fairfax was there, and that it was she who had the courage to utter them. She was a person of noble birth, the daughter of Horace, Lord Vere, of Tilbury; she had long encouraged her husband's zeal against the royal cause, and



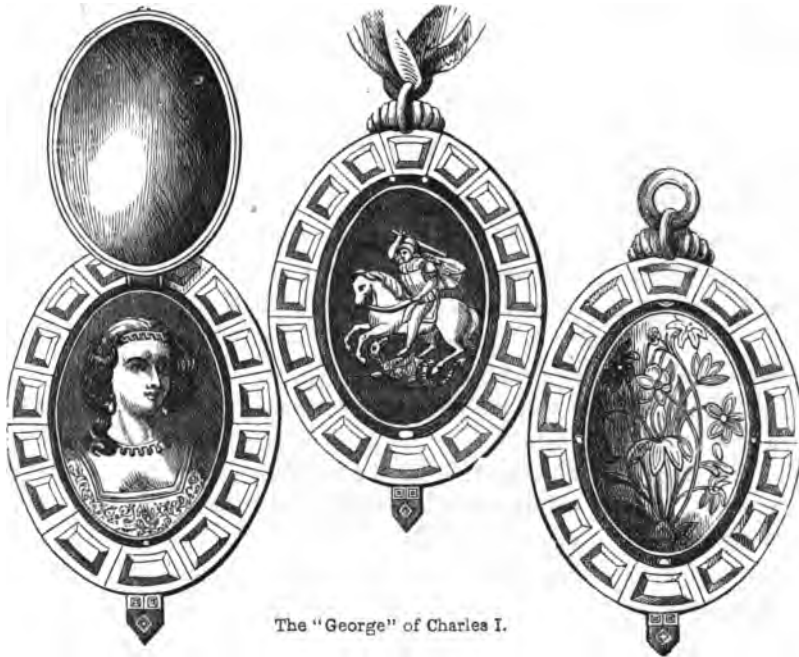
William Juxon, Archbishop of Canterbury.

*(From the original at Lambeth Palace.)*

was now, like himself, filled with abhorrence at the fatal and unexpected consequences of all his victories and successes.

After order was restored, Bradshaw—Charles still attempting to interfere—pronounced sentence: "That the court being satisfied in conscience that he, Charles Stuart, was guilty of the crimes of which he had been accused, did adjudge him as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy of the good people of this nation, to be put to death by severing his head from his body."

The king again endeavoured to speak, but was sternly forbidden, the guards being ordered to remove him from the bar. He was taken back to St. James's Palace, where he spent the remainder of the day, Sunday the 28th, and Monday the 29th of January—the execution being fixed for Tuesday the 30th. Bishop Juxon was in attendance on him, and he was allowed an interview with his children, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth. The interview, an account of which was afterwards written by the princess, was extremely affecting.



The "George" of Charles I.

The king did not perish without an effort to save him. Prince Charles sent over a *carte blanche*, signed in his own hand and sealed with his seal, only entreating the Parliament to spare his father's life and make what terms they pleased. The States of Holland interceded; the Scottish Parliament protested; but protest, intercession, and appeal were all alike in vain.

On the morning of his execution Charles dressed himself with peculiar care, saying it was his second marriage day and he would be as trim as possible. He wore two shirts, saying if he shivered with the cold the

rogues would say he trembled. He was summoned from St. James's by Colonel Hacker, at ten in the forenoon. A double line of infantry formed a path through the park to Whitehall; an escort of infantry with colours flying and drums beating awaited him. Juxon walked on the king's right hand; Colonel Tomlinson on the left. On reaching Whitehall the king ascended the stairs with a light step, proceeded to his own chamber, and there remained until past one, when he was summoned to the scaffold.

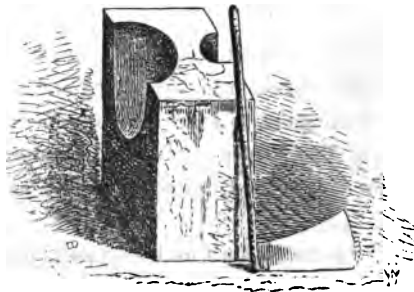
The scaffold was erected in front of the banqueting house, a window being taken out so that it might give access to the platform. The scaffold and the block were draped with black cloth, the axe enveloped in crape. The king addressed the people, but was heard only by those who stood near him on the scaffold. In his speech he asserted his entire innocence of all the crimes laid to his charge, and declared that he died the martyr of the people.

When the king had concluded his speech he put his hair up under a cap and the bishop said to him, "There is but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will carry you a great way—even from earth to heaven."

"I go," he answered, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown—where no disturbance can take place."

"You exchange," said the bishop, "a temporal for an eternal crown—a good exchange."

The king took off his cloak, divested himself of his George, and gave it to Juxon, uttering but one word—"Remember." He then, without any resistance, or any sign of fear, laid his head on the block. There was intense silence, the axe flashed in the light of a wintry sunbeam—a heavy thud—and the Commons had killed the king.



Block and Axe.



Cromwell at the Siege of Drogheda.

## THE STORY OF THE "CURSE OF CROMWELL."

[A.D. 1649-50.]

**I**N the Story of the Irish Massacre we have shown what frightful atrocities were committed by the Catholics on the Protestant settlers. It is an awful picture of blind bigotry and vindictive cruelty. But it is equalled in every dark shade, excepting that of treachery, by the acts of the Parliamentary army under the command of Oliver Cromwell—acts which have made the "the Curse o' Cromwell" the bitterest malediction an Irish Catholic peasant can employ.

Charles the First was dead. His statue in the Royal Exchange and in other places was thrown down, and the words were inscribed on the pedestals whereon they had stood—"Exit Tyrannus, Regum Ultimus, Anno Libertatis Angliæ restitutæ primo, A.D. 1648, January 30" (Old Style). A statement, translated into French, Latin, and Dutch, was drawn up by the Council of State, justifying the change of government from a monarchy to a republic. The King's Bench Court was called the Upper Bench or the Commons Bench—all insignia of royalty were abolished. If there had been a patriotic menagerie owner, as there was in the days of the French Revolution, he would have called, as did that wild beast keeper, his Royal



Bristol.  
(From an old Print.)

tiger—the National Tiger, or the Tiger of the Commons. Several royalist prisoners lost their heads in Palace Yard—others were imprisoned and heavily fined. There was an outcry from the people as to the heavy taxation which they were ill able to bear; famine and pestilence were decimating the Northern counties; levelling principles—principles which set forth that all men were free and equal, and consequently should share alike—were being rapidly promulgated; there was the speedy prospect of a People's revolution overturning the Republic of the Commons; but in the midst of it all the condition of Ireland—in a state of open rebellion—was felt to be all-important—a matter that must be settled—and who so

fit to settle it as Oliver? "Oliver descended on Ireland like the hammer of Thor; smote it, as at one fell stroke, into dust and ruin, never to reunite against him more."

Cromwell set out on his journey to Ireland in royal state. He rode in



The Defeat of Ormond at Rathmines.

a coach drawn by six Flanders mares from Windsor to Bristol, and was attended by a life guard of eighty men, the meanest of whom was a commander or esquire; many of them were colonels—all in rich uniform—with trumpeters in state liveries sounding fanfares at the entrance into every town or city through which the procession passed. He sailed from



Bristol on the 13th of August and arrived in Dublin on the 15th, where he made a speech in the streets, and was received with acclamation.

The only places at that time left to the Parliament in Ireland were Dublin and Derry. The royalist cause was prosperous, and the Marquis of Ormond had even laid siege to Dublin. Advancing on both sides of the Liffey he had cast up works which completely shut in Jones, the governor, and cut off the pasturage for the horses. Ormond lay at Rathmines, and was hastening the work around Dublin with the apparent certainty of reducing the city before many days. No man braver than he, nor more confident of success. Exhausted with fatigue one night, after a hard day's toil, he retired to rest, giving orders to the troops to remain under arms. Hardly, however, had he closed his eyes when he was suddenly awakened with the noise of firing; and, starting from his bed, saw everything about him in the utmost confusion. Jones, the governor, a brave and experienced officer, had made a sally with the reinforcement lately arrived; and attacking a party of Ormond's men, occupied in repairing an old fort which commanded the city, he totally defeated them; improving the advantage which he had gained, he came up at Rathmines with the main body of Ormond's army, which he soon threw into disorder, and drove them off the field. All the ammunition was seized, all the baggage and provisions; three thousand men were killed, upwards of two thousand were taken prisoners—and with these a triumphal entry was made into Dublin.

The defeat at Rathmines, which threw a blemish on Ormond's character, gave a heavy blow to the royal cause. The army which with much labour and industry Ormond had been levying for more than a twelve-month, was entirely dispersed. At the same time Cromwell, with a body of picked troops, was approaching—bent on doing the work he had come to do.

Cromwell on his arrival remained for about a fortnight in Dublin, where he was joined by Ireton. On the 9th of September he began his work at

#### DROGHEDA.

This town, anciently called Tredagh, since the time of Henry II. had been regarded as a place of great importance. The governor of the place was Sir Anthony Ashton, who had a garrison of select men, three thousand in number, commanded by Sir Edmund Varney, whose father was killed in the fight for the royal standard at the battle of Edge Hill.

Ashton, the governor, was so confident of the strength of Drogheda, that he wrote to Ormond saying he need not hurry to their relief as the town "could not be carried by assault." He therefore complacently enough watched the arrival and settling down of Cromwell's army—satisfied that outside Drogheda they might remain for a long while, but that inside they never could be without the garrison surrendered.

Cromwell made immediate preparation for the siege, but before a shot was fired he sent a formal summons to the governor to surrender both castle and town. This command was haughtily refused, and the attack was commenced by assault on the south side of the town, a point where, although the defences were most formidable, the soldiers would have the largest amount of shelter in mounting the breach. Great annoyance was occasioned by guns placed in a church spire, and the first day was spent in battering down this steeple. On the next, two breaches were made in the east wall, and at five o'clock in the evening some seven hundred men, under Colonel Cossele, marched to the assault. With impetuous fury they mounted and rushed in, but the besieged received them on the point of the pike and hurled them back again with the loss of their leader and a considerable number of officers. Discomfited—shattered—the remnant looked round for help, and help was not distant. With a ringing cheer a thousand men came rushing to their aid, General Cromwell at their head. Another fierce combat at the breach, another intense struggle for life or death, the besieged—feeling their peril—fighting with a super-human energy and strength; the soldiers of Cromwell steadily advancing—many dropped—the deepening twilight ushered in the night of death to scores; but they neither faltered nor fell back; they had come to conquer, and not all the men in Drogheda thrice told could divert the fate of the town. They secured the breach; they were masters of the entrenchments; they had forced an entry to the church—church militant from whose "pulpit of stone" so many hurled defiance had been flung. There was an ancient building called Mill Mound, meated and pallisaded; there Ashton and his principal officers had retired; but nothing could resist the impetuous rush of Cromwell's soldiers—the Mill Mound was soon their own—and all within were put to the sword.

The sun had gone down, the dark night had come, but the work which remained for Cromwell's soldiers to perform was labour best done in the black darkness. Two thousand people, at the least, perished that night in Drogheda. There was no sparing—death! it rang out from the clatter

of their accoutrements, it was heard in the psalms they sang! Here were they a host of Israelites with Canaanites at their mercy. There was a pyramid of fire leaping into the air from St. Peter's steeple, where "sundry arrant Papists" were burnt alive. A thousand people flocking to a church for protection were all destroyed. Drogheda became a great slaughter-house; but the butchers, who said grace over the slaughter, grew tired at length with their work, and some victims were spared till the next day when they were killed in cold blood.

It was urged that the "Papists" in the town had insulted the Protestants—had thrust them out of the very church where they themselves so miserably perished; it was declared that such a spectacle as had been exhibited would strike terror throughout the country and save the shedding of blood elsewhere. The fugitives who afterwards surrendered were thus dealt with: all the officers were knocked on the head, every tenth of the privates killed, and the rest shipped as slaves to Barbadoes.

This massacre was described by Cromwell as "a marvellous great mercy," and he prayed that "all honest hearts may give the glory to God alone, to whom, indeed, the praise of the mercy belongs."

The "mercy" was continued for five days, during which the soldiers glutted their vengeance by an indiscriminate slaughter and pillage, and all the friars, to employ Cromwell's own expression, were "knocked on the head promiscuously."

Cromwell returned with great rejoicing from Drogheda to Dublin. From thence he marched to Wexford and appeared before that town on the 1st of October.

#### WEXFORD

Is a seaport town, built on the south side of the Slaney; it was formerly surrounded by a wall and defences of tolerable strength. It is famous as having been the head quarters for a time of the rebels in 1798, who held it till after the battle of Vinegar Hill, but a more melancholy interest attaches to it on account of the massacre of which it was the scene in 1649.

When Cromwell appeared before the walls of Wexford he summoned the governor to surrender; this summons was refused, but the officer who commanded the castle turned traitor and yielded it to Cromwell. A battle took place in the Market Place, where the royalist troops made stout resistance, but in vain. Cromwell informed the Parliament they

were all put to the sword; "not many less than two thousand, and I believe not twenty of yours from first to last of the siege. The soldiers got a very good booty, and the inhabitants were either so completely killed, or run away, that it were a fine opportunity for honest people to go and plant themselves there." Without dwelling on the all frightful incident of the carnage, we may state that about three hundred women clustered round and clinging to the cross—imploing the help of Him who hung upon it—were butchered, every one as another "great mercy."

After the capture of Wexford Cromwell marched upon Ross, a strongly-fortified town on the southern border of Wexford county. The garrison



Cork.

surrendered as soon as a breach was effected. It was commanded by General Taafe, who demanded liberty of conscience, to which Cromwell replied that if he meant "a liberty to exercise the Mass," he must plainly tell him that where the Parliament of England had power that would not be allowed. However, the garrison received honourable terms; they were allowed to march out with arms and baggage; and accordingly the general retreated towards Kilkenny with 1500 men. The rest, to the number of 600, remained and agreed to serve under Cromwell. Ireton, Cromwell's Lieutenant-General, had been sent to lay siege to Duncannon, an important fort, which commands the mouth of the Suir, but he was obliged to abandon the enterprise. The army was now

weakened by the number of garrisons left behind in the conquered towns, and also by sickness, which Cromwell himself did not escape. But the terror of his name, and the dissensions of a doomed people, did his work almost as effectually as his arms. In Cork the garrison joined the Protestant citizens, and, driving out their governor and the Irish inhabitants, declared for the Parliament. Youghal, and other Munster towns, also revolted from their Catholic and Royalist authorities, and submitted to Cromwell. The latter marched against Waterford, but postponed the attempt in consequence of the enfeebled condition of his men; but he advanced towards Dungarvon, which surrendered at discretion, and he made Youghal his winter quarters, distributing his troops in the cities which had revolted; while all the Catholic towns still unsubdued, except Clonmel and Kilkenny, refused to receive the troops of Ormond, the King's Lord-Lieutenant. The latter proposed to assist in the defence of Waterford, but they refused to give his troops quarter, even in huts under their walls outside, though he agreed to pay for all their provisions. He was obliged to retire to Kilkenny, his own city, where he wrote in great mortification to acquaint the king—Charles II.—“how his authority was despised by those great pretenders to loyalty.”

#### CLONMEL.

After reducing Kilkenny Cromwell marched on Clonmel. The siege began on the 28th of March, 1650, and lasted till the 8th of May. In Clonmel, according to Whitelock, “they found the stoutest enemy this army had met in Ireland, and there never was seen so hot a storm, of so long a continuance, and so gallantly defended, either in Ireland or England.” The besiegers endeavoured to take the town by storm, but were utterly confounded. “The fierce death-wrestle,” says an eye-witness, “lasted four hours.” At length when the ammunition of the besieged was exhausted, and no further supply possible, they stole away in the night; the inhabitants agreed to terms of surrender, securing Cromwell's promise to spare civilians not taken with arms. When the army entered they found the garrison fled, and a hot pursuit followed. Some of the troopers were overtaken on the road and killed, but the civilians escaped massacre.

With the reduction of Clonmel Cromwell ended his “handsome spell of work,” as Carlyle calls it, and prepared to return to England. He had spent ten months in Ireland and had certainly done more to bring the

people into subjection than any general before him. Nothing can screen him from the charge of atrocious cruelty in the conduct of this campaign. The royalist generals endeavoured to set him a better example. "I took," says Lord Castlehaven, "Athy by storm, with all the garrison (seven hundred) prisoners. I made a present of them to Cromwell, desiring him by letter that he would do the same to me, if any of mine should fall into his power. But he little valued my civility, for in a few days after he besieged Gouvan, and the soldiers mutinying and giving up the place with their officers, he caused the governor Hammond and some other officers to be put to death." Cromwell avows this in one of his letters. "The next day the colonel, major, and the rest of the commissioned officers were shot to death; all but one, who, being very earnest to have the castle delivered, was pardoned." And this, he admits, was because they refused to surrender at his first summons. He seemed to consider a refusal to surrender, at once and unconditionally, a deadly crime, and avenged it most bloodily. Were all war to be carried on on this principle, it would be a war, not of saints, but of devils. On the other hand, Ormond, in one of his letters, says, "Rathfarnham was taken by our troops by storm, and all that were in it made prisoners; and, though five hundred soldiers entered the castle before any officer of note, yet not one creature was killed; which I tell you by the way, to observe the difference betwixt our and the rebels' making use of a victory."

The charge is exceedingly heavy—the conduct of Cromwell often approaching to savagism. While the soil was still wet with the blood he had shed he penned and published "A Declaration for the Undeceiving of Deluded and Seduced People, which will be satisfactory to all that do not wilfully shut their eyes against the light: in answer to certain late Declarations and Acts framed by the Irish Popish Prelates and Clergy in a conventicle at Clonmacnoise," in which he sets forth that all Christians belong to the spiritual estate, and that there is no other difference between them than in the functions they discharge; that the term clergy and laity is anti-Christian, and leads to discontent and division; that men should never have recourse to carnal means for the advancement of religion; that the people were the last objects of the care and solicitude of the priesthood; that if the people were a flock, they could be but badly fed under such pastors; that the mass was an unmeaning ceremony, and therefore not to be tolerated; that the priesthood, in the propagation of Catholicism,

had made use chiefly of fire and sword; that not an instance could be given of any one man since his coming into Ireland, not in arms, being massacred, destroyed, or banished, concerning whose massacre or destruction justice had not been done; that he should not willingly take, or suffer



Reception of Cromwell at Bristol on his Return from Ireland.

to be taken away, the life of any man not in arms, but by the trial to which the people are subject by law; that if the people should run to arms by the instigation of their clergy or otherwise, they could receive no mercy at his hands; that England had experience of the blessing of God in prosecuting just and righteous causes, and that if ever men were engaged in a

righteous cause in the world, this war would hardly be second to it; that he had come to ask an account of the innocent blood that had been shed, and bring to an account all who, by appearing in arms, had sought to justify the same; to break the power of a company of lawless rebels, and, by the assistance of God, hold forth and maintain the lustre and glory of English liberty; that such as had been formerly in arms might, by submitting themselves, have their cases presented to the State of England, which no doubt would be ready to take into consideration the nature and quality of their actings, and deal mercifully with them, and so with those who were still in arms; while such as persisted and continued in arms could expect nothing else but what in the providence of God (in what is falsely called the chance of war) might come upon them; that such of the nobility, gentry, and Commons of Ireland, as had been actors in the rebellion, might depend on the protection of their property, liberties, and lives; but that if after all this the people should headily run on after the counsels of their prelates and clergy, and other leaders, he hoped to be free from the misery and desolation, blood and ruin, that should befall them, and that he should rejoice to exercise the utmost severity against them!

Cromwell was received at Bristol on his return from Ireland with royal state. Civic officers, local dignitaries, the troops, multitudes of people turned out to give him welcome—salvoes were fired in his honour—he was the hero of the hour—the man who had smitten Ireland into subjection, and left on that unhappy land “the Curse of Cromwell.” His progress to London was an ovation. Some one remarking what crowds went out to see his triumph, he answered—“But if they came to see me hanged, how many more would there be!”

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Charles II.

(From a Painting by *Bidley*.)

## THE STORY OF DUNBAR.

[A.D. 1650.]

**I**N Scotland, after the death of the first Charles, the Prince of Wales—Charles the Second—was proclaimed King by order of the Scottish Parliament. The young king was at the Hague when Sir Joseph Douglas brought him intelligence of what had taken place. He immediately quitted Holland, and after passing some time in Paris, went to Jersey, where he learned that his acceptance of the Scottish crown was burdened with certain conditions—conditions not in any way congenial to his humour. It was thought proper that he should separate himself from his dissolute companions, of whom there were many; that he should renounce Episcopacy and swear to the Covenant—in fact, that he should accept all the terms concerning which his father had in the first place offended the Scottish nation. Still Charles was privately assured by the gallant but sanguinary Montrose, and others, that his

acceptance of the terms would be merely temporary. The Covenanters represented only a section of Scottish loyalists—a large section, but still not all—and with foreign help much might be done, if Charles should at once become monarch of the land.

So Charles agreed to meet the Commissioners at Breda, and Montrose having been created a marquis and received the George, raised the royal standard in the Highlands, and called upon the clans to rise and defend their king before the Covenanters could sell him to the English as they



The Marquis of Montrose.

*(From a painting by Vandyke, in the collection of his grace the Marquis of Montrose.)*

had done his father. He exhibited a banner bearing a representation of the beheaded monarch with the inscription, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord." The name of Montrose was associated with many brilliant actions—but actions fraught with terror. He was represented by his partizans as a demi-god, and by his enemies as a monster. He was the idol of his soldiers, "his course was brief and bright; but the brightness was that of a blood red comet crossing the shuddering midnight, and not of a calm and steady star." The few followers who surrounded him when he unfurled his standard for the young king were totally incompetent to

contest with the forces immediately sent against them by the Covenanters. Leslie, the brave old soldier, advanced to oppose him. Strachan, with a body of horse, was sent to check his progress. Montrose was suddenly attacked and completely defeated. Strachan, before the fight, began calling his men around him, and informed them that God had given "the rebel and apostate Montrose into their hands." He then gave out a psalm, which they sang, and then they dispersed in successive companies, falling in presently with Montrose and making an easy victory. Montrose had his horse killed under him, and though he got another horse and swam across a rapid river, he fled in such haste as to leave behind him his sword, cloak, and newly-acquired star and garter. In the disguise of a peasant he reached the mountains of Sutherland, and found an asylum in the house of Macleod of Assynt, who had formerly served under him. This base man betrayed him into the hands of his foes.

The Covenanters conducted their noble prisoner in triumph to Edinburgh, where he was exposed to the most atrocious insults. After being conducted through the public streets, bound down on a high bench in a cart constructed for the purpose, with his hat off, the executioner accompanying him, and his officers walking two and two in fetters behind him, he was brought before the Parliament. Loudon, the chancellor, in a violent declamation reproached him with the murders, treasons, and impieties for which he was now to suffer condign punishment. Montrose, who bore all the indignities with the greatest firmness, and looked down with a noble disdain on the rancour of his enemies, boldly replied, that in all his warlike enterprises he was warranted by that commission which he had received from his or their master, against whose lawful authority they had erected their standard; that no blood had ever been shed by him but in the field of battle, and many persons were now in his eye—many now dared to pronounce sentence of death upon him, whose life, forfeited by the laws of war, he had formerly saved from the fury of the soldiers; that he was sorry to find no better testimony of their return to allegiance than the murder of a faithful subject, in whose death the king's commission must be so highly injured and insulted; that, as for himself, he scorned their vindictive fanatical rage, and was only grieved at the contumely offered to that authority by which he acted. He was hanged on a gibbet thirty feet high; his head was afterwards fixed on a spike in the capital, and his limbs sent for exposure in different cities.

The young king hearing the fate of his brave ally and servant, protested

to the Scottish Parliament that he had never authorised him to draw the sword—nay, that he had done so in direct opposition to his express command; that, as for himself, he was ready to comply with all their propositions. Arriving safe in the Frith of Cromarty, before he was allowed to land he was desired to sign the Covenant, for the Covenanters had but little faith in his word. He did so, and was recognized as king. At Dunfermline he wished to append his signature to a new declaration, by which he denounced “popery and prelacy,” and asserted that he had no other enemies than those who were the enemies of the Covenant. It was on this occasion that the Rev. Patrick Gillespie said to him:

“Sire, unless in your soul and conscience you are satisfied, beyond all hesitation, of the righteousness of this declaration, do not subscribe to it—no, not for three kingdoms.”

“Mr. Gillespie,” said the king, “I am satisfied, and will therefore subscribe.”

When the news of the young king's reception in Scotland was known in England, active measures were taken to reduce the Covenanters and to banish their chosen sovereign. An army was assembled and the command offered to Fairfax, but declined. Cromwell then consented to accept the command, and immediately commenced his march to the North. The Scotch heard of his advance and David Leslie, with sixty thousand men, prepared to receive him.

On the 22nd of July Cromwell's army crossed the Tweed. They found the whole country through which they marched desolate. It had been laid waste by the Scots to prevent the English obtaining any supplies. The people had fled—all except a few women, who on their knees besought mercy—a report having been circulated that Cromwell had resolved on striking the right hand from every male above sixteen and under sixty, and to pierce with red-hot irons the breast of every woman he could find. It is scarcely necessary to say there was no truth in the rumour, but it was sufficiently terrible—and not without some show of probability, coupled with Cromwell's recent acts in Ireland—to fill the peasantry with alarm and to drive them before him as sheep before wolves. In the twilight of that July night the beacon fires of Scotland were lighted. Fire answered fire and spread through the land the news of Cromwell's coming. The English saw the red light in the sky, and they knew what it portended—they knew that the Scots were rapidly rising—not only to maintain King Charles, but to preserve their nationality—to hold by their Covenant:

that their ancient animosities and rivalry were being quenched, and that a very different sort of work was before them than that in which they had been engaged in Ireland.

The Scottish army, under Leslie, was posted between Edinburgh and Leith, well defended by batteries and entrenchments. Nothing could induce the wary commander to quit this vantage ground, and for a whole month Cromwell found it impossible to draw him from his strong position. Leslie knew that the English army as much exceeded his in discipline and experience as it fell short of it in point of numbers, and prudently



General Leslie.

kept within his entrenchments. By skirmishes and petty reconnoitres he endeavoured to animate the spirits of his soldiers; and in these enterprises he was generally successful. His army every day became more numerous and more expert. The young king himself arrived in the camp—not much to the “godly discipline” thereof—and having displayed his courage in a small excursion, engaged the approbation of the soldiers. Cromwell in the meantime was in a disagreeable position. It was plain he would make no easy conquest—he would never fall as “Thor’s hammer” on Scotia. There was no chance of his obtaining supplies, for the country

between Leith and Edinburgh had been laid waste. He had to depend on his ships which brought supplies from England; but stormy weather interfered with this arrangement, and there was long delay and much letter writing—much letter writing in a Scriptural vein. Those of the Covenanters' cause, and those of the Independent cause, alike confident that they were the chosen of the Lord and must prevail, sometimes commended one another in prayer to the mercy of the All-Merciful—



Edinburgh Castle.

sometimes denounced one another under Old Testament names; they were both loud in their expression as to the "fear of the Lord," and both kept their powder dry.

The most unfortunate part of the whole affair for Leslie and the Scots, was the presence in the camp of a superabundant amount of the preaching element. The preachers were perfectly satisfied in their own minds that nothing was wanting on Leslie's part but a sudden swoop on the misguided Independents in order to their complete discomfiture. Brave

old Leslie, who had seen much of stern work, was not to be so readily convinced—no, not when special revelations were vouchsafed—or, rather, said to be so—to some of the most excitable preachers in the camp, and victory was assured if a sudden attack were made.

At length Cromwell, fairly exhausted with waiting, made a sudden march in the direction of Stirling, as though he intended to cut off that city from communication with the capital. Leslie put his troops in motion—precisely what Cromwell wished him to do. In language as remarkable for its extravagance in point of fact as well as of style, Carlyle describes Cromwell as “Bathed in the eternal splendours—it is so he walks our dim earth; this man is one of few. He is projected with a terrible force out of the eternities, and in the times and their arenas there is nothing that can withstand him. It is great; to us it is tragic; a thing that should strike us dumb! My brave one! the old noble prophecy is divine; older than Hebrew David; old as the origin of man; and shall, though in wider ways than thou supposed, be fulfilled.”

Marching away from his old quarters, Cromwell broke up the camp of Leslie. Hastily the forces were despatched after him. The vanguards came to skirmishing, but the boggy ground prevented a battle. So Cromwell retreated, fired his huts on the Pentlands, and fell back towards Dunbar. The Scots knew he was harassed by sickness, hard pressed for want of supplies; they saw in this retreat an escape into England; and, full of confidence as to the result, Leslie rapidly marched his troops, outstripped Cromwell, and hemmed him in between Dunbar and Doonhill. The ministers in the Scottish camp began to return thanks as for a victory. It was so very plain to them that this Cromwell could not by any means escape them. There was a deep ravine called Cockburn or Coppers path, about forty feet deep and as many wide, with a stream running through it. This separated Oliver from the Scottish army, which lay on Doonhill. On the right of Cromwell's army lay Belhaven Bay, on the left a path leading by Brooksmith House, southward. This pass only was left open, and Leslie determined to secure it. With this object in view, he moved his right wing in that direction—that pass once secured, no pass would be left to the English—nothing but surrender and defeat. Looking through a glass, Cromwell saw the movement of the Scots, divined its purpose, and suddenly cried out, “the Lord hath delivered them into our hands.” He saw that a vigorous attack in the early morning on the right wing of the Scottish army would disarrange all their movements, and probably end

in their defeat. A council of war was called, and at the appointed time the attack was made.

"The Covenant—the Covenant," was the shout of the Scots; "the Lord of Hosts—the Lord of Hosts" the thundering answer of the English. The Scots, though double in number to the English, were soon



The Battle of Dunbar.

put to flight, and pursued, with great slaughter. The chief, if not the only, resistance was made by one regiment of Highlanders—a portion of the army which was least infected with fanaticism. But two of Oliver's regiments of foot that were in the van behaved themselves with such bravery that they not only sustained the charge of the enemy's horse, but



beat them back upon their foot, and, following them close, forced both horse and foot to retreat up the hill, from which they had ventured to make the attack. The body of the enemy, finding their vanguard, which consisted of their choicest men, thus thrown back upon them, began to shift for themselves, in the effort to do which they fell into such precipitation and disorder, that few of them dared to look behind them. "Almost from the first clash of the hostile weapons, it became apparent to which side the victory would incline. Never did Cromwell more enthusiastically, and yet more calmly, exert himself; never, with his slightly-silvered locks, and piercing looks of stern composure, did he appear so like the ancient genius of war, less contending for an uncertain triumph, than assuring it to every soldier of his little band, in whose every breast his energies expanded. In the thick of the fight, the sun then rising in majesty from the sea, he seized upon his appearance with a poet's feeling, united with an intense conviction of the presence and favour of the God of Battles, crying aloud, 'Now let God arise, and his enemies shall be scattered!' And, in truth, vain were all the advantages which the Scots derived from their numbers, and the pouring of their masses *down*, while the English had to toil and fight their way *up*, the steep hills of this bloody contest." No victory could have been more complete. About three thousand of the enemy were slain, and nine thousand taken prisoners. All their baggage, arms, artillery, and ammunition fell into the hands of the English. Cromwell pursued his advantage, and took possession of Edinburgh and Leith. Never had Cromwell obtained such a triumph. The successful issue of the battle determined "that in military action nothing can supply the place of discipline and experience; and that in the presence of real danger, where men are not accustomed to it, the fumes of enthusiasm presently dissipate and lose their influence."


After he had achieved this signal victory, Cromwell wrote to the Parliament in the following terms:—

"Thus you have the prospect of one of the most signal mercies God hath done for England and His people in the war; and now may it please you to give me the leave of a few words. It is easy to say the Lord hath done this. It would do you good to see and hear our poor foot going up and down, making their boast of God. But, Sir, it's in your hands, and by these eminent mercies God puts it more into your hands, to give glory to Him; to improve your power and His blessings, to His

praise. We that serve you, beg of you not to own us, but God alone. We pray you own His people more, for they are chariots and horsemen of Israel. Disown yourselves, but own your authority, and improve it to curb the proud and the insolent, such as would disturb the tranquillity of England, though under what specious pretences soever. Relieve the oppressed; hear the groans of poor prisoners in England. Be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions; and if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich, that suits not a commonwealth. If He who strengthens your servants to fight, please to give you hearts to set upon these things, in order to His glory, and the glory of your commonwealth; then, besides the benefit England shall feel thereby, you shall shine forth to other nations, who shall emulate the glory of such a pattern, and, through the power of God, turn in to the like!

"These are our desires. And that you may have liberty and opportunity to do these things, and not to be hindered, we have been, and shall be (by God's assistance) willing to venture our lives; and will not desire you should be precipitated by importunities from your care of safety and preservation; but that the doing of these good things may have their place amongst those which concern wellbeing, and so be wrought in their time and order.

"Since we came into Scotland, it hath been our desire and longing to have avoided blood in this business, by reason that God hath a people here fearing His name, though deceived. And to that end have we offered much love unto such, in the bowels of Christ; and concerning the truth of our hearts therein, have we appealed unto the Lord. The ministers of Scotland have hindered the passage of these things to the hearts of those to whom we intended them. And now we hear, that not only the deceived people, but some of the ministers have also fallen in this battle. This is the great hand of the Lord, and worthy of the consideration of all those who take into their hands the instruments of a foolish shepherd—to wit, meddling with worldly politics, and mixtures of earthly powers, to set up that which they call the Kingdom of Christ, which is neither it; nor if it were it, would such means be found effectual to that end; and neglect or trust not to the word of God—the sword of the Spirit which is alone powerful and able for the setting up of that kingdom; and when trusted to will be found effectually able to that end, and will also do it."





Worcester Cathedral.

## THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

A.D. 1651.



**W**ORCESTER was the scene of the last struggle of the royalists with the republican party. There, on the 3rd of September—memorable day in the life of Oliver Cromwell—was fought a decisive battle: a sharp fierce struggle on the part of the king's men—a slow sure fight on the part of the Commons. Defeated and dispirited in Scotland, the king and the Scottish royalists, picking up, as it were, such stray wayfaring royalists as could be found on their road—forced their way into England. As to King Charles he was right weary of the covenanters and the restraints which were put on him. Long prayers—long sermons—long graces over short commons—were scarcely in accordance with the genius of the merry monarch. He was glad to run the risk of utter failure rather than remain as he was, so that when the word was given to march over the border, he was one of the first who hailed it with delight. And the army, to the number of fourteen thousand men, quitted their camp, and proceeded by long marches, towards the south. Cromwell, whose mind was more vigorous than comprehensive, was confounded at the motions of the enemy. Wholly intent on an offensive war, he had

reduced himself to the necessity of supporting one of the defensive kind, and saw the king, with a numerous army, advancing into England, where his presence, from the general hatred which prevailed against the Parliament, was capable of producing some grand revolution.

But if this conduct was erroneous in Cromwell, he quickly repaired it by his vigour and activity. He despatched letters to the Parliament, exhorting them not to be alarmed at the approach of the Scots: he issued orders in all quarters for collecting forces to oppose the king: he despatched Lambert, with a body of cavalry, to hang upon the rear of the royal army, and annoy them in their march: and he himself, after leaving Monk with seven thousand men, to finish the reduction of Scotland, pursued the king with all possible expedition. Whatever hopes of assistance the king had entertained from an invasion of England, he soon found that the event did not answer his expectation. The Scots, discouraged at the prospect of so dangerous an enterprise, began to desert in great numbers. The English Presbyterians, utterly ignorant of the king's approach, were totally unprepared to join him. The royalists lay under the same disadvantage; and were further deterred from joining the Scottish army, by the rigid orders which the committee of ministers had issued; not to admit any, even in this desperate extremity, who would not consent to subscribe the covenant.

Charles advanced rapidly into England. He had crossed the Mersey before Lambert and Harrison had formed a junction near Warrington and attempted to draw him into a battle near Knutsford Heath. But Charles eluded the temptation, and passed on to Worcester, where he was received with considerable show of loyal respect by the Mayor and Corporation. But the hopes of the king were blighted by the narrow bigotry of the Presbyterian ministers. They would still allow of no one taking up arms for the king but those who denounced "Popery and Prelacy," and were ready to subscribe the covenant.

When Charles ascertained late in August the number of his troops, he found that his whole force amounted to twelve thousand; and he learned about the same time that Cromwell was rapidly approaching with an army of thirty thousand.

From the tower of the cathedral Charles saw the armies drawing near—the "boa" coiling its fold around the "lion." It was the third of September, the anniversary of the battle of Dunbar. Lambert had crossed the Severn at Upton with ten thousand men. Cromwell a few

hours later also crossed the Severn, and Fleetwood, with another division of the army, the Teme. While Fleetwood was effecting the passage, Charles summoned his troops and sallied out to attack him in the meadows, and there a fiercely sustained battle was fought. Cromwell came up to the assistance of Fleetwood, and pressed hard on the little band of royalists; thousands covered the ground—dying and dead,—but the remainder fought with exemplary bravery, Charles himself displaying heroic courage. Inch by inch the royalists were driven back. The charge of the Ironsides was irresistible. Retreat was inevitable; in vain the young king endeavoured to rally them—slowly but surely they fell back on Worcester, closely pressed by the Parliamentarians, until at length the battle was fought out in Worcester streets, and the beaten, baffled royalists threw down their arms and surrendered.

The dead and the wounded strewed the ground; the king was a fugitive, several of his best friends were prisoners, his army completely beaten—the overthrow of the royal cause was final.

At ten o'clock on that September night Cromwell wrote to the Parliament:

“Sir,—Being so weary, and scarce able to write, yet I thought it my duty to let you know thus much. That upon this day, being the 3rd of September (remarkable for a mercy vouchsafed to your forces on this day twelvemonths in Scotland), we built a bridge of boats over Severn, between it and Teme, about half a mile from Worcester; and another over Teme, within pistol shot of our other bridge. Lieutenant-General Fleetwood and Major-General Dean marched from Upton on the south-west side of Severn up to Powick, a town which was a pass the enemy kept. We, from our side of Severn, passed over some horse and foot, and were in conjunction with the lieutenant-general's forces. We beat the enemy from hedge to hedge, till we beat him into Worcester.

“The enemy then drew up all his forces on the other side the town, all but what he had lost, and made a very considerable fight with us for three hours' space; but in the end we beat him totally, and pursued him to his royal fort, which we took, and indeed have beaten his whole army. When we took this fort, we turned his own guns upon him. The enemy hath had great loss, and certainly is scattered, and run several ways. We are in pursuit of him, and have laid forces in several places that we hope will gather him up.

“Indeed this hath been a very glorious mercy, and as stiff a contest for

four or five hours as ever I have seen. Both your old forces and these new-raised have behaved themselves with very great courage, and he that made them come out made them willing to fight for you. The Lord God Almighty frame our hearts to real thankfulness for this, which is alone his doing. I hope I shall within a day or two give you a more perfect account."



Battle of Worcester.

His heart was too full to give expression to its deeper emotions in the first, and that a single letter. On the following day my lord-general takes his pen in hand again to address the Speaker, and record this "crowning mercy" in his military life:—

"Sir,—I am not yet able to give you an exact account of the great

things the Lord hath wrought for this commonwealth and for his people ; and yet I am unwilling to be silent, but, according to my duty, shall represent it to you as it come to hand.

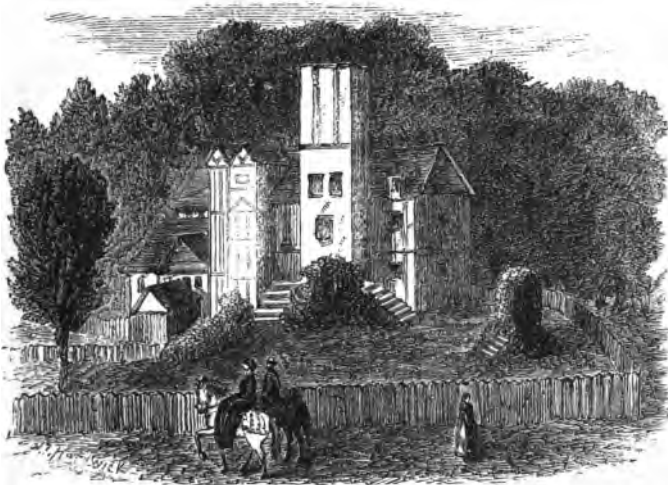
“ The battle was fought with various success for some hours, but still hopeful on your part, and in the end became an absolute victory, and so full a one as proved a total defeat and ruin of the enemy’s army, and a possession of the town, our men entering at the enemy’s heels, and fighting with them in the streets with very great courage. We took all their baggage and artillery. What the slain are I can give you no account, because we have not taken an exact view, but they are very many, and must needs be so, because the dispute was long and very near at hand, and often at push of pike, and from one defence to another. There are about six or seven thousand prisoners taken here, and many officers and noblemen of very great quality. Duke Hamilton, the Earl of Rothes, and divers other noblemen ; I hear the Earl of Lauderdale, many officers of great quality, and some that will be fit subjects for your justice.

“ We have sent very considerable parties after the flying enemy ; I hear they have taken considerable numbers of prisoners, and are very close in pursuit. Indeed I hear the country riseth upon them everywhere ; and I believe the forces that lay, through Providence, at Bewdley, and in Shropshire and Staffordshire, and those with Colonel Lilburn, were in a condition as if this had been foreseen, to intercept what should return.

“ A more particular account than this will be prepared for you as we are able. I hear they had not many more than a thousand horse in their body that fled ; and I believe you have near four thousand forces following, and interposing between them and home ; what fish they will catch, time will declare. Their army was about sixteen thousand strong, and fought ours on the Worcester side of Severn almost with their whole, whilst we had engaged about half our army on the other side, but with parties of theirs. Indeed it was a stiff business ; yet I do not think we have lost two hundred men. Your new-raised forces did perform singular good service ; for which they deserve a very high estimation and acknowledgment ; as also for their willingness thereunto, forasmuch as the same hath added so much to the reputation of your affairs. They are all despatched home again ; which I hope will be much for the ease and satisfaction of the country ; which is a great fruit of these successes.

“ The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts ; it is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy. Surely, if it be not, such a one we shall

have, if this provoke those that are concerned in it to thankfulness; and the Parliament to do the will of him who hath done his will for it, and for the nation; whose good pleasure it is to establish the nation and the change of the government, by making the people so willing to the defence thereof, and so signally blessing the endeavours of your servants in this late great work. I am bold humbly to beg, that all thoughts may tend to the promoting of his honour who hath wrought so great salvation; and that the fatness of these continued mercies may not occasion pride and wantonness, as formerly the like hath done to a chosen nation; but that the fear of the Lord, even for his mercies, may keep an authority and a



Boscobel House.

people so prospered, and blessed, and witnessed unto, humble and faithful; and that justice and righteousness, mercy and truth may flow from you, as a thankful return to our gracious God."

While Cromwell—the great Captain who sheathed his sword at Worcester—was thus writing solemnly to the Parliament, King Charles, in various disguises was endeavouring to effect his escape from England. He quitted Worcester at about three o'clock in the afternoon and without halting travelled about twenty-six miles in company with fifty or sixty of his friends. To provide for his safety, he thought it best to separate himself from his companions; and he left them without communicating his intentions to any of them. By the Earl of Derby's directions, he



went to Boscobel, a lone house on the borders of Staffordshire, inhabited by one Penderell, a farmer. To this man Charles entrusted himself. The man had dignity of sentiments much above his condition; and though death was denounced against all who concealed the king, and a great reward promised to any one who would betray him, he professed

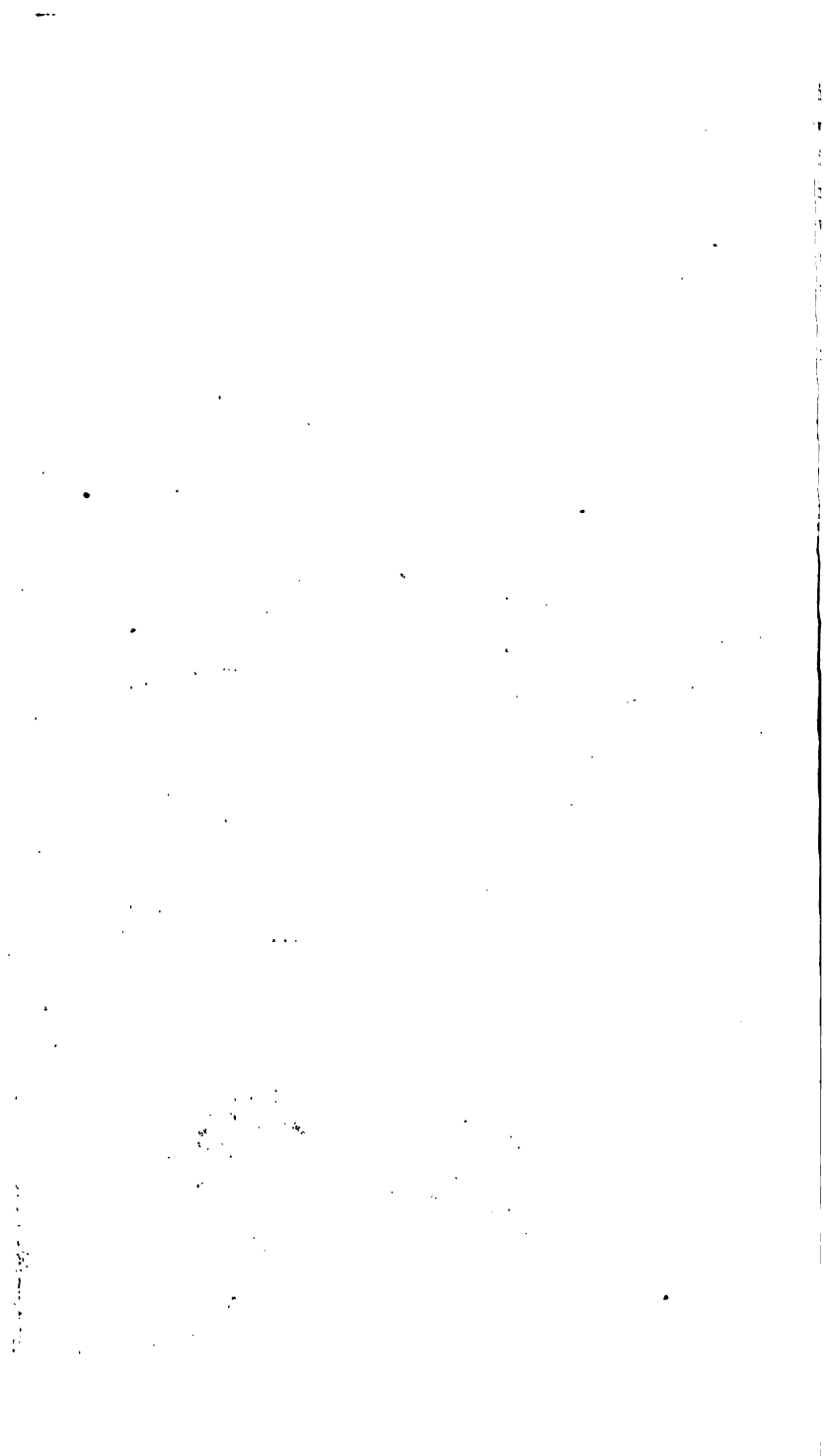


King Charles in the Oak.

and maintained unshaken fidelity. He took the assistance of his four brothers, equally honourable with himself; and having clothed the king in a garb like their own, they led him into a neighbouring wood, put a bill into his hand, and pretended to employ themselves in cutting fagots. Some nights he lay upon straw in the house, and fed on such homely



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND DUTCH FLEETS OFF THE NORTH FORELAND—A.D. 1652.



fare as it afforded. For a better concealment, he mounted upon an oak, where he sheltered himself among the leaves and branches for twenty-four hours. He saw several soldiers pass by. All of them were intent in search of the king; and some expressed, in his hearing, their earnest wishes of seizing him. This tree was afterwards denominated the Royal oak, and for many years was regarded by the neighbourhood with great veneration.

In the course of his adventures, he was frequently exposed to danger no less imminent. He was compelled to ride before a young lady, in the character of a servant; he was even obliged to conceal himself in holes and lurking-places: he was known by a person of the name of Pope, butler to the gentleman at whose house he resided as the lady's servant; but the man had too much honour to discover him: he was once detected by the sagacity of a smith, who observed his horse's shoes had been made in the North, and not in the West, as he pretended; and he very narrowly escaped; at last, after a concealment of more than a month, during which time he had entrusted his life to the fidelity of forty different persons; after assuming various disguises, and passing through many dangers, he embarked in a vessel at Shoreham, in Sussex, and arrived safely at Fescamp, in Normandy.





Robert Blake  
(From an authentic Portrait.)

## THE STORY OF THE PURITAN SEA KING.

[A.D. 1645-54].

**F**OREMOST among the men of the English Commonwealth stands Robert Blake. Both as a soldier and sailor he did good service to the country. He was not educated for either profession; but when the king raised his standard at Nottingham, and summoned the nobility and gentry to defend the royal cause, Blake was one of the first to join the Commons.

The most remarkable event of the war in which Blake was engaged was the defence of Lyme. It was a small fishing town, its port affording shelter to vessels of low tonnage; yet as the only harbour for many leagues on a stormy coast, it was a place of considerable importance. With a few troops Blake took possession of the town, in order to defend the shipping from the cavaliers, and there he was summoned to surrender by Prince Maurice. Receiving a defiant answer, Prince Maurice ordered his trumpeters to sound a charge, and horse and foot came on in full array—steel caps, steel coats, lances, pikes, and swords, all blazing with

the sunlight, as gallant a spectacle as you might wish to see. But Blake had thrown up defences, and he and his troopers were in no mood to yield. The charge was repulsed, and the mortification of Prince Maurice at being so defeated was extreme. He resolved to bring up the main body of his army, and to lay regular siege to Lyme. But storm, stratagem, blockade, failed to make any impression on the little garrison. In the shallow trenches beyond the mudworks flowed the blood of the noblest in England; under Blake's fire more men of gentle birth perished at Lyme, than in all the other skirmishes and sieges in the western counties. The garrison was in a sorry plight: few had shoes or shirts, and fewer still a whole suit of clothes. Some of those who defended the breastworks had never before handled a musket; but they fought like—MEN. The young helped, and the women helped, bandaging wounds and loading guns, and discharging the musket when need be, and many a scented Cavalier was shot by a woman. One night a fierce attack was made by the royalists, and some of them actually forced their way through the rude works into the market. They had reason to repent their folly; for as well might they have walked into the shambles: they perished to a man. One morning, some reinforcements arriving at the besieging lines, the royalists jested over their breakfast, and swore they would take the town before they dined. They came on gallantly, but were beaten back with great slaughter. In the town bread and powder were becoming scarcer every day: the succour which had been expected had not arrived. Prince Maurice knew of their miserable plight, and determined to surprise them; but his purpose was known, and Blake resolved on returning plot for plot. When, as expected, the royalist assailants came up, those on guard at the outworks fled before them, and were hotly pursued. To the number of four hundred the pursuers rushed into the town, and there they suddenly found themselves inclosed: a deadly fire pouring on them from door, window, and parapet, their escape effectually cut off, they fell in heaps, and were slaughtered every one.

Towards the end of May, some vessels arrived from the Parliament with stores of food and ammunition for the besieged. The sailors were shocked at the deplorable condition of the brave defenders of that little town, and munificently gave up every article of clothing they could spare,—“thirty pairs of boots, sixty pairs of stockings, a heap of old clothes, a good round number of shirts, and a considerable quantity of bread and fish.” While

these and still more generous things were being done by the sailors, hard fighting was going on in the town. The Cavaliers had made another attack, only to leave their corpses on the ground; but the garrison suffered severely, and Blake was wounded in the foot. While the dead were being buried, another attack was made with hand-grenades and scaling-ladders. The attack failed as the rest had failed; but the loss to the garrison was heavy.

When the fighting was over for that day, three hundred seamen were secretly landed for the assistance of Blake, and the fleet then weighed anchor. The royalist, suspecting that some of the garrison had been taken on board with the intention of an attack on the rear, despatched scouts to watch, and troops to prevent a landing; and on the following day a last grand attack was made on the town. Blake had about twelve hundred men at command, including the three hundred seamen; Maurice having despatched his cavalry to guard the coast, was provided with a force but little superior in numbers. At six in the evening, the firing began, and so hotly and fiercely was it kept up, that many houses were soon in flames and the third of the town a heap of ruins. The fighting was a well contested hand-to-hand engagement, the most deadly which had yet been fought at Lyme. Maurice, who had anticipated an easy victory, was overwhelmed by his failure, and withdrew his forces as rapidly as he could. Five hundred cavaliers were left dead in the streets and trenches. The siege was raised: the royalists retired, firing into the town, as a parting salute, a shower of red-hot balls and bars of twisted lead.

Having thus successfully achieved the defence of Lyme, Robert Blake prepared for further services to the Commonwealth. At Taunton especially he exhibited his extraordinary powers in a very conspicuous manner, but his greatest achievements were reserved for the maritime defence of England.

When, on the establishment of the Commonwealth, Robert Blake was called with Colonels Deane and Popham to the command of the fleet, abuses everywhere existed in the navy. The dockyards were mismanaged; the ships were unseaworthy; the seamen's wages in arrears; the rations unwholesome; and no hospital was provided for the sick. The sailors were demoralized: lawless ashore,—mutinous at sea. Some vessels belonging to the fleet had deserted from the Parliament and gone over to the Royal cause; the cavaliers were exerting themselves to foment the revolt; Prince Rupert and his brother Maurice were cruising in the

Channel on a marauding expedition, and selling their prizes in the harbour of Kinsale.

Blake was in his fiftieth year when he entered on naval command ; and his first step was to discharge all the idle, vicious, and disaffected seamen, and to fill up their places with good and true men. This occasioned him no difficulty : volunteers were many ; and the Thames Watermen, who under an ancient charter had the right to claim service, insisted on their privilege, and manned the hero's ships. His next step was to reform abuses, and to make ready for sea. His third to set sail in quest of his former foe, Rupert the Robber, who had grown rich in prize-money, and was boastful of what he yet intended to achieve. The union-jack no longer was run up in the ships of the Parliament, instead of this was displayed a plain red cross on a white ground.

When Rupert ascertained that Blake was in command, no doubt he swore that he would make short work of the Puritan. And indeed his prospects at that time were encouraging. Ireland was in revolt ; the Cavaliers in great force, and King Charles the Second—the First had lost his head three months before—was seriously thinking of embarking for the Hague and asserting his claims to the crown. One unfortunate circumstance interfered with this resolve on the part of the young king ; he was short of cash ; to encourage him Rupert caught a Dutch trader—he was no more careful what he captured than the most unconscionable pirate that ever displayed a black flag—sold her for ten thousand pounds, and sent him the money. But Charles did not come.

Kinsale was the favoured harbour of Prince Rupert—there he took refuge, there he sold his prizes, there he ruled as a tyrannical dashing young prince. He run up ten unfortunate fellows to the yard arm on suspicion of desertion ; he shot a young ensign and all his troop on a suspicion of mutiny ; he flung away human life as the dregs from his wine cup, a very model gentleman of the cavalier type. In Kinsale harbour, however, Prince Rupert was compelled to remain for a much longer period than he intended. There he was discovered by Blake and shut up safely within it. There was no escape, except by fighting a battle and running the hazard of total defeat ; there were no means of acquiring fresh plunder ; the weather was delightful, bright summer time, the very season for an excellent campaign in the privateering line,—but rigid, inflexible destiny represented by the Puritan fleet, with Blake for its commander, waited outside Kinsale harbour.



Months passed in this way. Rupert's men murmured and deserted, his money was rapidly diminishing; the winter approaching. But this latter circumstance favoured his escape. As the winter neared, and the strong winds of the north-east set in, Blake was forced to ride out at a greater distance from the mouth of the harbour, it being an extremely dangerous lee shore, and entirely without safe anchorage. Taking advantage of this, Rupert, with seven sail, contrived to escape, and once clear of Blake's cruisers levied black mail on the ships of all nations.

Blake was commissioned to follow and destroy this princely marauder. A small force was fitted out consisting of five ships, carrying altogether one hundred and fourteen guns. To these five ships were afterwards added four men-of-war and five merchant men. Prince Rupert in the meantime had met with a most flattering reception from John of Braganza, king of Portugal; his fleet was permitted to anchor under the guns of Belleisle, and he was assured of protection from all his enemies. At that time Portugal and England were on friendly terms; when Blake therefore arrived at the mouth of the Tagus, and permission was refused him to enter, he sent a formal complaint to the king, very well knowing the actual cause of the prohibition. The king demurred, prevaricated, and endeavoured with a cunning affectation of sincerity to disarm suspicion, while he consulted his ministers on what was to be done. There was the redoubtable Englishman with the Commonwealth at his back demanding his rights, plainly claiming to be allowed to enter and to make short work of the pirate prince, who had no business to find security in a friendly port. The ministers urged the king to yield; the queen, fascinated by the brilliant cavalier, upheld the cause of Prince Rupert; John of Braganza was in extreme difficulty. To add to his trouble the Lisboners sided with Rupert, so did the priests—money and soft speeches ensure a brief popularity. It must be stated that Rupert endeavoured to get rid of Blake after a fashion of his own, and thus relieve the king of the difficulty. He placed a bombshell in a double headed barrel, with a lock in the middle, so contrived that on being opened it would explode. It was sent to the admiral's ship as a ton of oil; but the device was discovered before harm was done.

Failing in this scheme Rupert pushed down the river in the hope of escape, but he found the passage effectually blockaded, and was forced to retreat. Blake then urgently demanded of the king permission to fight himself. The answer was the arrest of several English merchants and a

public avowal in favour of the pirates. It was an open declaration of war, and was so construed by the English admiral, who seized without parley the Brazil fleet of nine sail coming out of the Tagus, with a threat to seize the American fleets as they returned, if justice were not rendered. He kept his word so far as to attack a fleet of twenty-three vessels returning from the Brazils; in this engagement three ships were burnt, the admiral's was sunk, the vice-admiral's and eleven large ships, all laden with valuable cargoes, taken. On receiving intelligence of this disaster, King John ordered an immediate attack on the English; it was made, and failed utterly; a second attempt was made with the same result; the losses to the Portuguese became most serious and alarming; the necessity for making peace was urged upon the vacillating monarch, who at last advised Rupert to fly as he could no longer protect him. Rupert made good his retreat, and a special embassy was despatched to the English Parliament, humbly begging for terms of peace.

In the meantime Rupert and his brother Maurice continued their sea-roving depredations; they found convenient shelter among wild rocky coastlines, such as we may imagine would be selected by the reckless and daring water rats, "I mean pirates"—and stored within their lairs, the corn, silks, wine, and specie which they captured. A new fleet was fitted out by the English Parliament to pursue and punish the depredators; Blake was entrusted with the command, and the instructions he received have been epitomized by his biographers as—"Uphold the interests and the honour of England; pursue, capture, or destroy its revolted fleet; protect its trade and its citizens abroad; overawe its rivals and false friends; harass and humble its avowed enemies." Blake was thoroughly independent as to the methods by which these instructions should be carried out—and who so well as he knew how to use this absolute, unshackled authority? Blake followed the cavalier coursers, and heard with indignation of the pusillanimity or worse of the Spaniards in Andalusia, who had allowed Rupert to burn six English vessels under their very guns. It was not the first cause of complaint which the English Commonwealth had against the Spanish court, and Blake was resolved to bring affairs to an issue. He followed Rupert through the Straits of Gibraltar; picking up information as he sailed as to the movements of the pirates at Cape Palos, near Carthagena, he heard of them as seen in a tremendous squall, where they parted company, some of the ships running for shelter into Carthagena harbour. There Blake appeared, shutting

them in, and demanding from the Spanish authorities permission to destroy them. The governor pretended ignorance of the real state of affairs, and Blake disdaining further parley began the attack, completing the work of destruction by firing some of the vessels, and driving the rest utterly disabled on shore. This act not only vindicated the honour of England, but was a boon to the merchant service of the world. The work of destruction, however, was not yet completed.

Rupert and Maurice, with three vessels, feeling that their occupation was nearly gone, stood across for Toulon; there Maurice arrived in safety, and quietly sold a cargo of plunder. Rupert, less fortunate, was driven by stress of weather to Sicily, where he remained part of the winter, but ultimately joined his brother in the French port. Blake having ascertained where they had found shelter, arrived before the port, and sent a message to the governor, protesting against the succour given to enemies of the English Commonwealth. The French did just as the Portuguese and Spaniards had done—evaded the question, parleyed, and favoured the escape of the pirate prisoners. This rendered Blake indignant. He declared he would make prizes of all the French vessels he encountered, and he kept his word. As for Rupert and Maurice, they reached the West Indies, and there preyed on English, Spanish, and other vessels; at length, in a tropical storm, they parted company. Maurice was never heard of more; but Rupert figured as a gay cavalier in the court of the merry monarch.

In February, 1651, Blake, in his return homewards, captured four French prizes, including a man-of-war, in which action some circumstances happened that deserve to be mentioned. The admiral summoned the captain on board his ship, and having asked him if he was willing to lay down his sword, was answered in the negative, upon which Blake told him to return to his ship and fight it out as long as he was able. The captain took him at his word, and fought him bravely for two hours, when being forced to submit, he went again on board Blake's ship, where upon his knees he first kissed his sword, and then presented it to the admiral. This ship, along with four more, the admiral sent to England, and not long after arriving himself at Plymouth with his squadron, he received the thanks of the Parliament, and was constituted one of the wardens of the Cinque Ports.

But Blake did not remain idle. The cavaliers, following the lead of Prince Rupert, had taken to piratical depredations, and found places of security among the rocks of Jersey, Guernsey, and the Scilly group.

Blake stormed their fastnesses. His fellows seemed amphibious. They fought as well on land as on water. It was hard work driving out the cavaliers, but it was at last accomplished. When Blake curled his moustache and said it ought to be done, you might rely upon his doing it.

The next important event with which the name of Robert Blake became illustrious was the war with the Hollanders. There was much of kindred feeling between the Dutchmen of the United Provinces and the men of the English Commonwealth; both were Protestant States; both had won their freedom; both were busy in conserving their religious and political liberties; but the Dutchmen had erred in their estimate of English prowess, they had delayed alliance when it should have been concluded, they had grown jealous of our increasing power, confident of their own invincibility, and "drifted" into war. They carried on the largest trade in the world, and English money circulated freely in the exchange of Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and many a wealthy burgomaster might trace his fortune to commercial dealings with the English. Great, therefore, was the dismay of the Dutch when the Navigation Act was passed by the British Parliament, declaring that no goods, the produce of Asia, Africa, or America, should be imported into England, except in ships belonging to subjects of the English Commonwealth. It was a deadly blow to the Dutch trade. The Dutch ambassador urged the repeal of the law, and went so far as to hint that Holland was prepared to defend its interests. That menace was enough. Parliament claimed those honours to the Red Cross of England in the narrow seas which had been nominally held since the days of Saxon Alfred, and this led to a speedy rupture.

Blake was cruising in the channel, and there he came up with the Dutch fleet, commanded by Van Tromp. When he observed Van Tromp bear nearer to his fleet than he had any occasion to do, he saluted him with two guns loaded with powder only, to put him in mind of striking his flag; upon which, in contempt, the latter fired on the contrary side of his ship. Blake then fired a second and third gun, which were answered with a broadside. The English admiral, perceiving that Van Tromp's intention was to fight, detached himself from the rest of his fleet to treat with him, and thus prevent the effusion of blood; but when Blake approached, Van Tromp, contrary to the law of nations—the English admiral having come with a design to treat—fired on him a whole broadside. Blake was in his cabin, little expecting to be thus saluted, when the shot broke the windows, and shattered the stern of the ship; this put

him into a violent passion, and curling his whiskers, as he used to do whenever he was angry, he commanded his men to answer the Dutch in his own coin. Blake singly sustained the attack of the Dutch fleet for some time, till his other ships and the squadron under Bourne could join him, and then the engagement grew hot on both sides, when night put an end to it, and the Dutch retired with the loss of two ships, but without taking or destroying any of the English. Blake lost fifteen men in this engagement, and was engaged for four hours with the main body of the Dutch fleet, during which time his ship received a thousand shot. He ascribed his preservation to the particular blessing of God, and his success to the justice of his cause, the Dutch having first attacked him upon the English coasts.

After this signal triumph, Blake remained absolute and invincible in the narrow seas. In less than a month he sent into the Thames more than forty rich prizes. His success reanimated the courage of the Parliament, forty sail and six fire ships were added to the fleet, the navy increased, and the men's wages raised. By the end of the summer the admiral had under his command 105 vessels, carrying 3961 guns.

The Dutchmen witnessed these preparations with concern, but not with dismay; their vast resources and inflexible spirit suggested preparations on an equally magnificent scale. Their renowned admiral was placed in command of a fleet of 120 sail, many of the vessels larger and better equipped than had ever ridden in northern waters. It was confidently supposed by the Hollanders that this fleet would effectually sweep away the English ships, and settle at once the question of English supremacy.

But there was another question which had first to be settled. The Dutch carried on an extensive fishing trade, and every year they fished among the northern islands, and their nets were sweltered with silvery spoil. Their right to fish in these waters was denied by the English, as our own fishermen suffered severely from the invasion. Blake knew that six hundred fishing boats, under a convoy of twelve men-of-war, had appeared among the northern islands, so he fired a parting salute and sailed for that latitude. When he came up with the Dutch he found the draught of fish to have been enormous; the boats or herring busses as they were called were well freighted, and the men-of-war ready to show fight. Blake commenced the attack, and the engagement lasted three hours. It ended in the destruction of three and the capture of nine of the guard ships. The whole fleet of busses was at the mercy of the



No. 1. 1795.

*Michiel Adriaensz de Ruyter*

[MICHAEL ADRIAN DE RUYTER.]

*(From a Dutch Original.)*



conqueror. He might have taken all, but he knew that their boats were the property of poor men, and that their freight was human food; demanding therefore only a tithe of the herrings, he allowed the Dutch fishers to depart unmolested, and was blamed at home as quixotic, rather than applauded as a type of that true chivalry, of which poor Quixot was a parody.

In the meantime Van Tromp appeared with 102 men-of-war and 10 fire ships in the Downs, and Kent was in arms to repel the menacing invader. From Deal to Sandown a double platform was erected mounted with cannon to sweep the shore should the Dutch attempt to land. But a calm kept the enemy as though at anchor in mid channel, and when a breeze sprung up, it blew off shore so that the Dutch were unable to fire in even a broadside. Finding himself baffled, Van Tromp turned his attention to the trading interests of his country. He saw the Baltic traders through the Sounds, the busses disperse to their fishing stations, the Indiamen separate to pursue their several voyages; and then he went and looked out for Blake. But a frightful tempest, in which, in the words of a Dutch writer, the ships "were buried by the sea in the most horrible abysses, and rose out of them only to be tossed up to the clouds," separated the combatants, and completely disabled the Dutch fleet. Blake's ship suffered, but the damage they sustained was slight in comparison with those under the command of Van Tromp, who returned to Holland with forty-two sail only, and was mobbed and dishonoured for a failure which had nothing whatever to do with want of either skill or courage.

A new squadron was rapidly fitted out by the Dutch, and Admirals De Witt and De Ruiter took the supreme command. They fell in with Blake off the North Foreland, and after a long and obstinate battle were disastrously beaten. With this defeat the elements could not be charged, and the Dutchmen began to suspect that they had dealt too hastily and harshly with their old commander Tromp. He was invited to resume his former position, a new fleet was prepared, and accepting the command the old admiral set sail.

It was winter, and in those days a winter campaign was scarcely ever contemplated. Blake had made his usual distribution of the fleet, and, ignorant of the activity in Dutch dockyards, or of the reappointment of Tromp, was unprepared for a great battle. Well aware of this, Tromp appeared off the Goodwins, challenging an engagement. Blake resolved



to fight, but not to leave the coast unguarded, and the unequal battle began. It was obstinately maintained on both sides ; but the overwhelming force of the Dutch, the negligence of some of the English officers, and the want of a proper complement of men, gave Tromp the advantage. He captured two ships, the *Garland* and the *Bonaventure*, the rest of the fleet running into the Thames ; and he vauntingly hoisted a broom at his mast-head, as a sign that he had swept the seas.

Blake wrote to the Parliament soliciting an immediate enquiry, pointing out the necessity for reinforcements, and tendering his own resignation. All his suggestions were listened to and acted on, except the last. He was assured of the full confidence of the country, and confirmed in his command.

As soon as reinforcements could be obtained, and the fleet was in a condition to engage, Blake rode out to give battle to the boastful Dutchman, and in the engagement which followed the enemy was successfully defeated with a loss of seventeen or eighteen men-of-war, and a large fleet of valuable merchantmen. In this battle Blake was wounded, but he thought nothing of his own hurt, so absorbed was he in his attention to his wounded comrades. Another and still more decisive battle was fought in the ensuing summer, after which Tromp told the deputies of the States it was impossible to fight the islanders any longer ; and De Witt uttered in full council the humiliating confession : "The English are masters both of us and of the seas." But the members of the States General who had not personally to brave the seas and defy the sea-king, were resolved that one more blow should be directed against their powerful enemy. The Dutch squadrons, commanded by Tromp, Evertz, and De Ruiter, fell in with the English admiral. It was dusk when the ships hove in sight, and only a few shots were exchanged. In the morning a heavy gale and dirty weather prevented a renewal of the action. On the third day the battle was fought and the last shot delivered. The victory of the English was complete, the Dutch fleet destroyed, the veteran admiral shot through the heart, and, by the ruthless order, not of Blake, but of General Monk, who held a joint naval command, no quarter was given, and the carnage among the Dutch—a massacre rather than a battle.

Holland was forced to entreat terms of peace, to admit the supremacy of England, to banish royal exiles, and to make compensation for losses sustained.

The rejoicings were conducted with great enthusiasm in England ; but

the hero who had triumphed over the sturdy Northerners could take no part in the festivities. Sick of a fever he lay at home, while bonfires were blazing in his honour, and all England sang *Te Deum* after a puritan fashion.

A war with Spain was still pending. Spain had sought an alliance with England; but the English Protector, Oliver Cromwell, had insisted that the terms of alliance should include liberty of trade with the Spanish colonies, and religious liberty for all Englishmen resident in the Spanish dominions. This demand the Spanish ambassador refused to transmit. "What!" he said, "my master has but two eyes, and you ask him to pluck out both at once!" From that time forth a war with Spain had been imminent, and now Blake was summoned from Algiers to the Spanish coast.

Soon after this the fleet sent to the Spanish settlements in the West Indies commenced operations, and war was openly declared by Spain. Nothing of importance occurred in consequence of this declaration, and Blake, who complained with justice of the unsoundness of his ships, alluding but slightly to the unsoundness of his body, came back to England to refit and prepare for another campaign. When the preparations were all made he was still exceedingly ill and unfitted for the voyage; but he went forth at the call of duty, feeling that his presence was essential in the work to be done.

The fleet sailed for the bay of Cadiz, there to maintain a strict blockade and to intercept the trading fleet from America.

Months passed, and the English fleet still rode off Cadiz; the galleons known to be in the harbour would not venture out to give battle, and the town was too strong to attack.

At length, after months of patient waiting, Blake heard on reliable authority that the trading fleet on its way home had run for safety into one of the harbours of the Canary Islands. Satisfied as to the accuracy of the information, Blake abandoned the blockade of Cadiz, and made all sail for Santa Cruz. This port was then one of the strongest naval positions in the world, and the Spanish admiral, fully aware of Blake's movement, had no fear as to the result. He had castles, batteries, earthworks, a spirited garrison, a double line of battle ships, and he said boldly, "Let the Englishman come if he dare." The daring Englishman nevertheless came; he rose from a sick bed to fight the battle, and forced an entrance into the harbour, and after a desperate engagement succeeded in destroying

one of the finest fleets that had been sent forth from Spain since the invincible Armada. "Of all the desperate attempts," says an old writer, "that were ever made in the world against an enemy by sea, this of the noble Blake's is not inferior to any." "The Spaniards," says Clarendon, "comforted themselves with the belief that they were fiends and not men who had destroyed them."

This was the crowning act of the Mediterranean campaign. The ships now bore away for England, through the stormy Bay of Biscay, every knot bringing the brave man nearer to the white cliffs, the green vales, the yellow uplands he so longed to see. He was dying rapidly, and stern duty had compelled him to part with his beloved brother Humphrey, on account of a breach in naval discipline, which the brother might forgive, but the officer could not overlook. As the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall came in sight, the brave captain, surrounded by trusty friends, was in death agony; and when the ships rounded Rame Head, his eyes were closed for ever, and weather-beaten sailors were sobbing like little children.

The only honours that could be rendered to England's Sea King were offered by a grateful country—the body was borne in princely state to Westminster, and buried among kings.

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Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament.

## OLIVER CROMWELL LORD PROTECTOR.

[A.D. 1652-58].

**A** FEW words may serve to close the story of the struggle for civil and religious freedom in England. When the British dominions were restored to order, when the sword was sheathed and men looked about them for what would come next, the Parliament in its divisions—faction fights and small bigotries—

appeared very likely to undo all that had been done. Cromwell saw this and he took the readiest but certainly not the most constitutional method of ending it.

He went down to the House. The crisis had come. To Harrison he said, "This is the time I must do it;" and rating the members in no measured terms, he bid them begone, declaring the Lord had chosen other men to do his work. His troops entered at a given signal—no one made the least resistance—the House was cleared. "What," said Cromwell, pointing to the mace—"what shall we do with this fool's bauble?" and ordered one of the soldiers to take it out of his sight. He then commanded that the doors of the House should be closed, and he put the key in his pocket.

Without a King—without a Parliament—England presented the strangest of all spectacles. Who would be man enough to take the helm? Cromwell—he took it with a bold, strong hand—he held it with no nervous grasp—and he would not relinquish it to hold a regal sceptre: through storms and tempests he guided the vessel of State, so ably that all acknowledged his power—but who should hold it when he was gone? And that time was rapidly approaching. The 3rd of September, 1658—the anniversary of his famous victories—saw the end. Before the sun went down he had "entered the eternities and rested on his arms."

FINIS.













